JUNE 1,
1940

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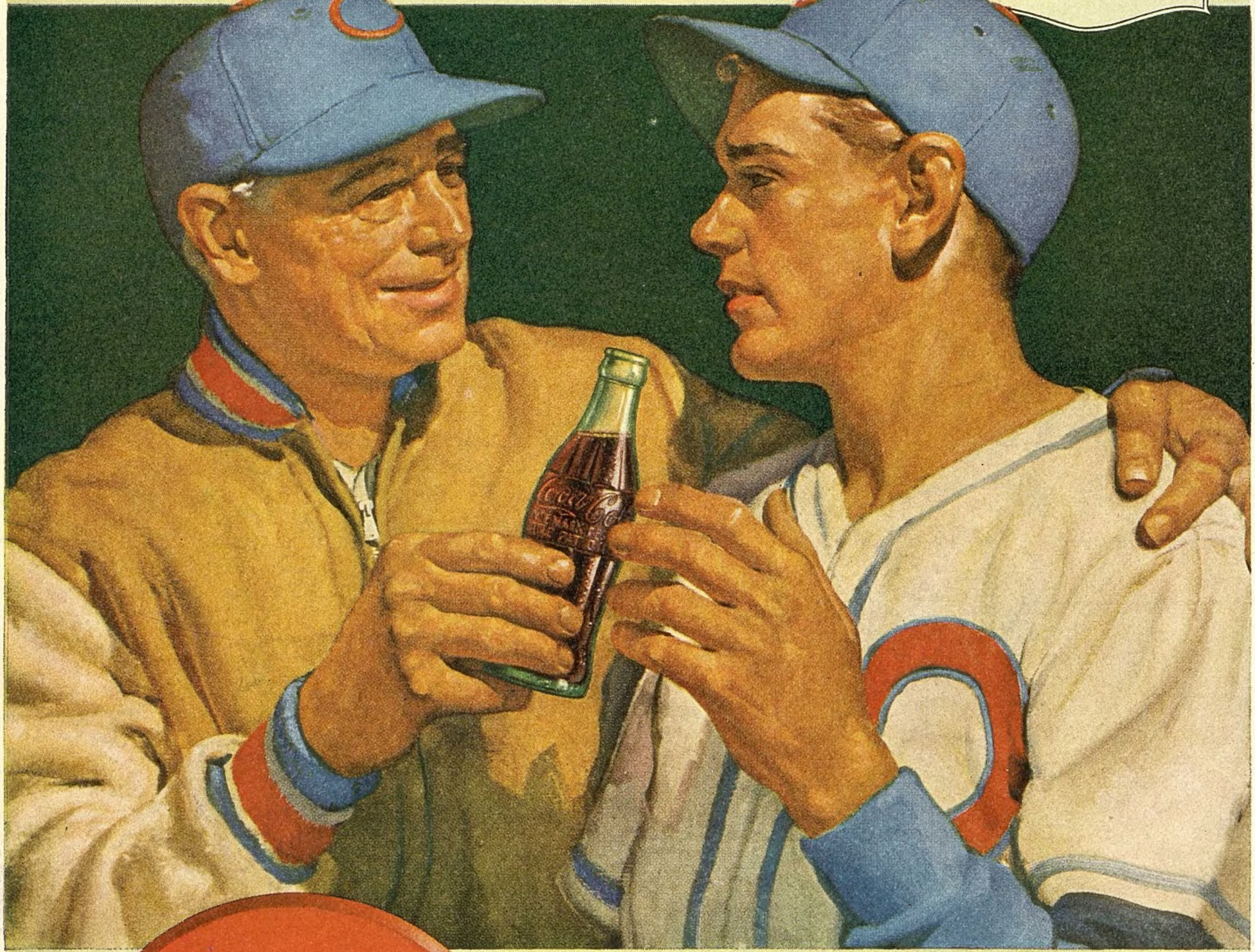

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Delicious and Refreshing

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IT'S EASY TO GET YOUR BEST BUY IN A LOW-PRICED CAR—DO THESE TWO THINGS:

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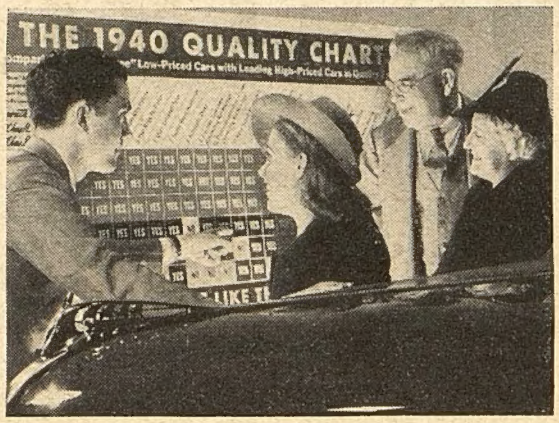

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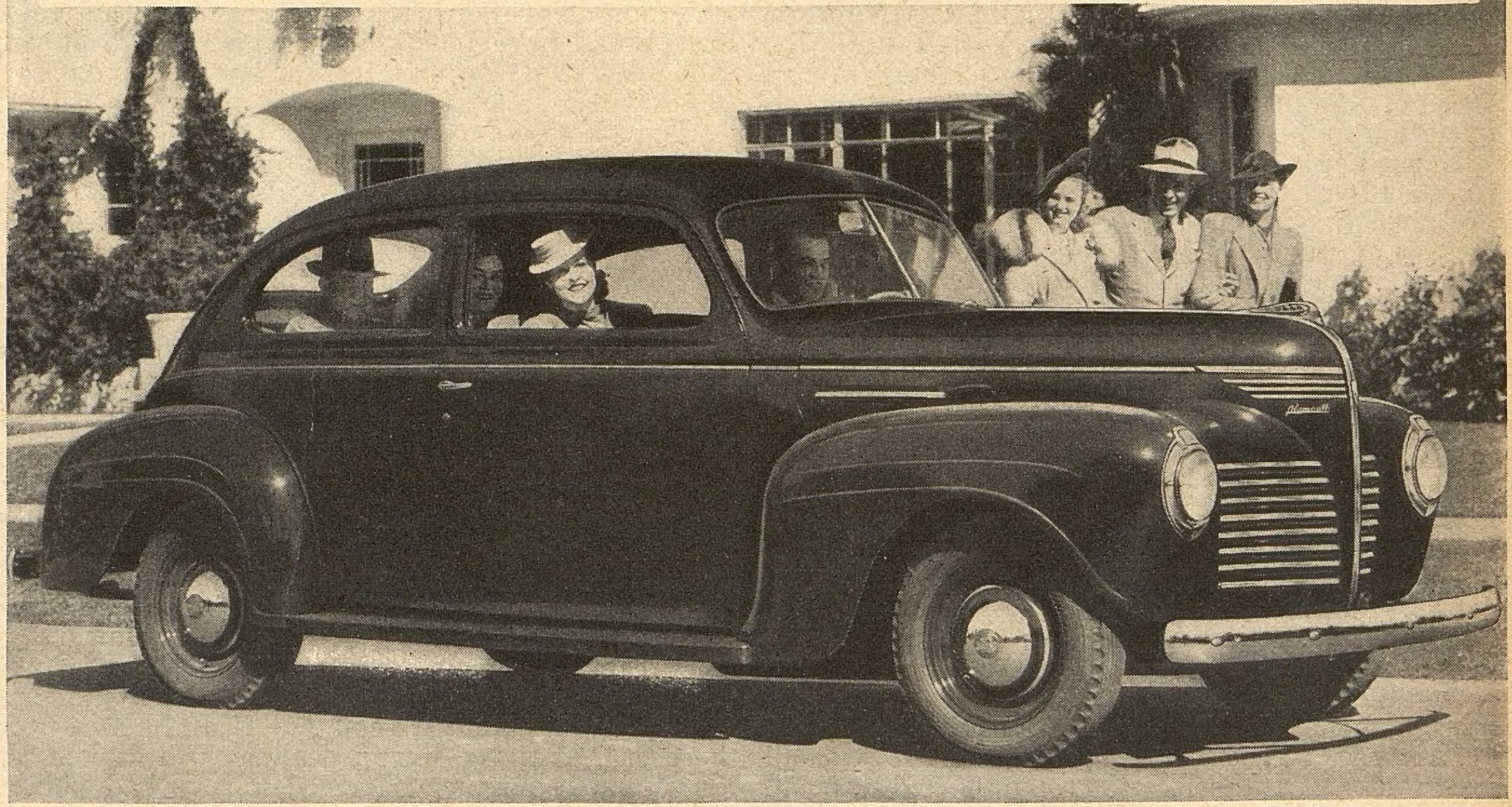
1 SEE THE QUALITY CHART FOR FACTS

2 TAKE THE LUXURY RIDE FOR PROOF



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PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

JUNE 1, 1940

Liberty

VOL. 17, NO. 22

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
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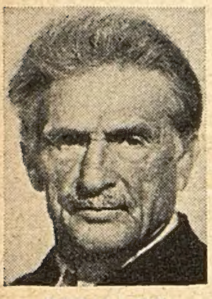
WAR WITH JAPAN—A POSSIBILITY!!



BERNARR MACFADDEN

For nearly two generations, from time to time, there have been rumors of a possibility of war with Japan, but we see here just an instance of history repeating itself.

The Japanese are a prolific people inhabiting an island group, the climate and the soil apparently favoring a liberal increase in population. Their numbers, therefore, automatically increased until the islands became overcrowded. The problem was then faced of feeding the hungry. Then conquest or colonization automatically became inviting.

In such countries the citizens are sometimes sent to other lands where climate and other advantages are appealing; though, when a nation is composed largely of warlike people, they often take possession of smaller countries. Mussolini concluded that his people could use Ethiopia, and he proceeded to take it. Hitler craved Czechoslovakia, Poland, and doubtless he expects to absorb several other small nations. Such a national characteristic is cruel, inhuman, but it usually brings gradual growth.

The English went through this experience. They were truly a fighting nation in the early years of their history. They possessed a stubborn, bulldog tenacity, which they still retain, although somewhat modified by the softening influence of the comforts and luxuries associated with modern civilization. But England spread her colonies throughout the world—developed a powerful empire. India, Australia, Canada, New Zealand are outstanding examples of the phenomenal growth of Great Britain.

Although Germany is not enclosed in a small island, it is nevertheless partly surrounded by small countries, and due to excess population it began to look toward some form of expansion.

It was the United States that started Japan on the road to civilization, which we will have to regretfully admit is often associated with a greedy, grasping desire for more and more, with but little consideration as to how added wealth in finance and citizenship might be secured.

Force rules the world. It is not always intelligently applied, and it is rarely humane. Little or no consideration is given to the means required to attain the ends desired by dictators. It is especially true in the early stages of the life of a nation.

The Japanese are apt pupils. They have well learned the lessons brought to them by so-called modern civilization. They outgrew their little islands. Following the example of England, they too are out for conquest. They want to build a great empire of their own—to be dominant in the East.

They have had their eyes on fertile California for many, many years. One of their plans to add to the Japanese population of our western coast was to send one of their countrymen there with a wife. She would have four children, go back to Japan, and another wife would be sent her husband. How many times this was repeated I am not informed.

The Japanese are clever and analytic. They are apparently looking far ahead. While discussing the Philippine Islands with a former resident I remarked that in case of a war the first act of the Japanese would be to take the Philippine Islands.

"Why, they already have them," was the reply. "They are in control of about everything there."

Now I understand that there are more Japanese in Hawaii than there are citizens of our country, and it is apparently quite difficult for the Japanese to amalgamate with the white race. There has been some "mixing," but several generations seem to be required to wipe out Japanese characteristics.

One of the most irritating phases of the Japanese threat to this country is the high and mighty attitude of some of our officials when dealing with Japanese governmental questions. Our present and some of our preceding officials have assumed that they can give mandatory orders to these people. There may be occasions when such an attitude is desirable, and what we call American bluffing may be useful at times, but in dealing with diplomatic questions it might be termed a very bad policy. Some day it may bring us a bloody conflict.

We have everything we want here. We are a peace-loving people. Nearly all of our citizens would undoubtedly vote against war, but there is an unpleasant suspicion that some of our officials at the present time would welcome such a national calamity. We should watch our steps, and also watch these officials, carefully analyze their acts that lead in that direction, and be ready to object strenuously to avert such a national tragedy.

Bernarr Macfadden

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We highlight 25 years of leadership with this greatest "G-3" All-Weather

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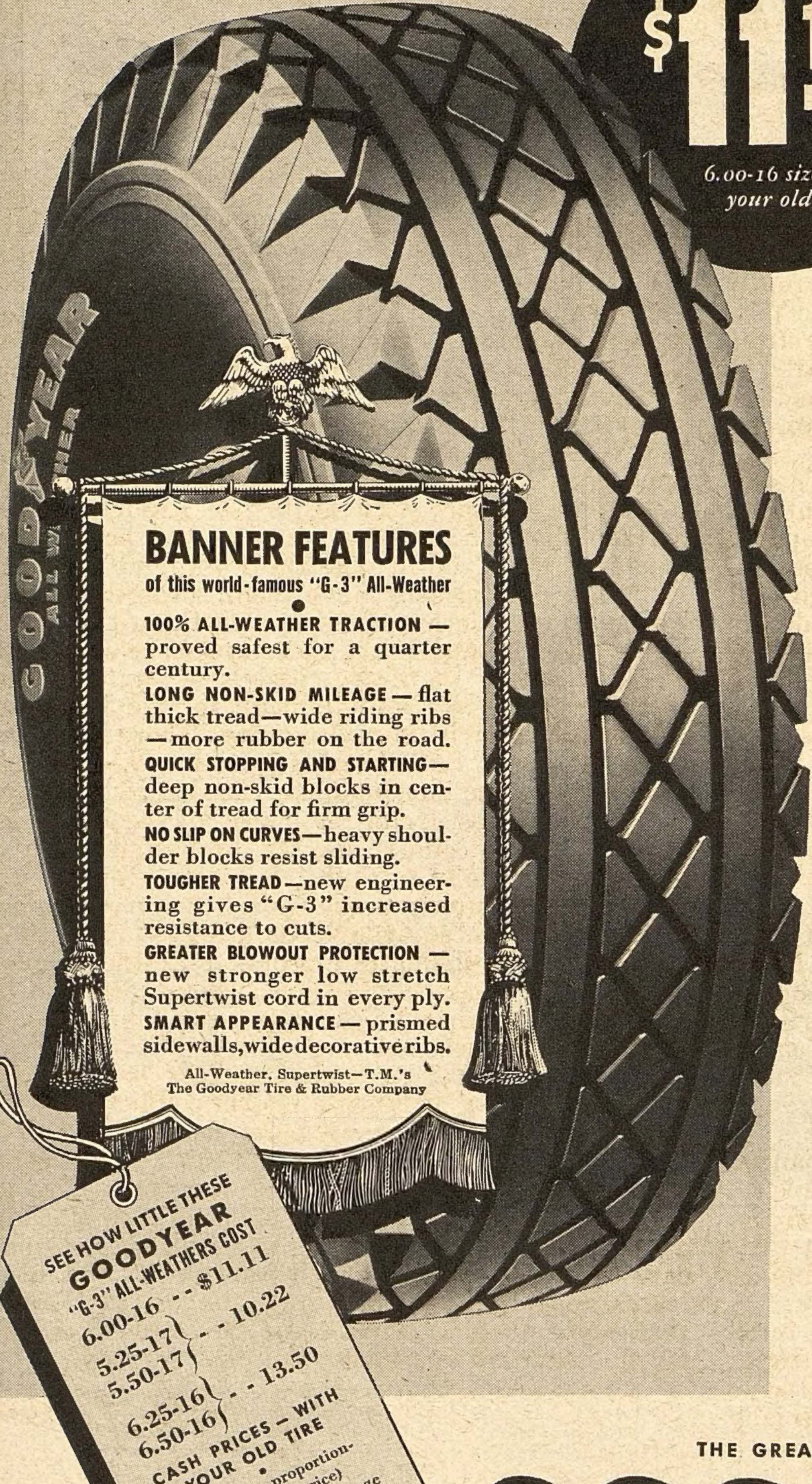
$11.11

6.00-16 size with your old tire



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100% ALL-WEATHER TRACTION — proved safest for a quarter century.

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QUICK STOPPING AND STARTING— deep non-skid blocks in center of tread for firm grip.

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TOUGHER TREAD—new engineering gives "G-3" increased resistance to cuts.

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SMART APPEARANCE — prismed sidewalls, wide decorative ribs.

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SEE HOW LITTLE THESE GOODYEAR "G-3" ALL-WEATHERS COST

6.00-16	$11.11
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CASH PRICES — WITH YOUR OLD TIRE

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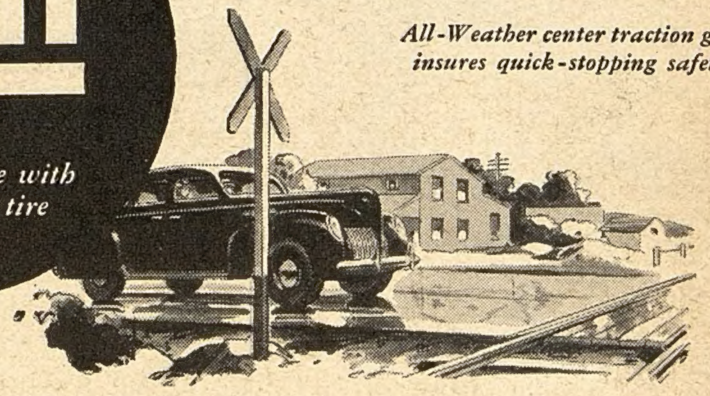
Prices subject to change without notice.



All-Weather center traction grip insures quick-stopping safety.

CONVINCING proof of the higher quality of Goodyear tires is the fact it has now been true for 25 consecutive years: "*more people ride on Goodyear tires than on any other kind!*"

Latest example of this quality leadership is the first-line "G-3" All-Weather pictured here—the finest, sturdiest, longest-wearing tire ever to bear this famous name.

It gives you all the features that have made Goodyear tires the world's first choice—center traction quick-stopping non-skid tread, proved safest in *billions* of miles of highway use—blowout protection in every ply—super-tough rubber—greater resistance to cuts and bruising.

Yet in spite of war-inflated raw material costs, this great "G-3" is priced DOWN, *not up!* By re-equipping our factories with newest, most efficient machinery, by streamlining sales, executive and distribution expense, we've been able to reduce prices and step up quality.

At its new low price you'll find the "G-3" All-Weather the biggest tire value on the market today for so little money. It highlights this fact demonstrated by a quarter-century of motoring experience: *Goodyear tires are as good as you think, and cost far less than you imagine!*

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

GOODYEAR

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AMERICA KNOWS VALUE!

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SEE G-E

THAT'S THE BUY!

Here's Why Thousands Are Replacing Their Old Refrigerators With New General Electrics Now!

1. TODAY'S G-E PRICES ARE LOWEST IN HISTORY. You can buy a bigger, better General Electric Refrigerator today for about one-half the price paid only a few years ago.

2. OPERATING COST IS ONLY ⅓ AS MUCH. Efficiency of the famous sealed-in-steel G-E Thrift Unit has been constantly improved since the earlier models. Today it produces more cold with only ⅓ as much current.

3. CONDITIONED AIR AND SELECTIVE STORAGE ZONES now keep food better, longer. Today's G-E Refrigerators are more beautifully styled, have more usable storage space, more conveniences—and the freezing speed is three times faster.

New Beauty, New Conveniences, Improved Food Preservation Methods And Lowest Prices In History Make G-E Today's Outstanding Refrigerator Buy

RECORD-BREAKING sales tell the story—it's another G-E year! Housewives throughout the country are comparing refrigerator capacities, convenience features, operating costs, performance records, prices—*and they are buying General Electrics at the rate of more than one a minute.*

See the new General Electrics! They are the thriftiest, most complete G-E Refrigerators ever built. Yet prices are the lowest in history. See how a few dollars more in easy monthly payments will buy you one of the bigger, better G-E models—one that will give you more convenience, more years of satisfactory service and the enduring economy for which G-E Refrigerators are world-famous.

A Statement by the General Electric Company

WE BELIEVE the new 1940 General Electric Refrigerator to be the finest product of its kind ever offered to the American public—one that will cost you less to own than any other refrigerator at any price.
(*Signed*) General Electric Company

Conditioned Air Keeps Foods Fresher Longer!

MEATS STAY MARKET FRESH DAYS LONGER

1. New G-E Cold Storage Compartment automatically controls humidity and keeps meats and fowl in prime condition.

AIR IS SWEET AND FRESH—NO STALE ODORS

2. New G-E Air Filter revitalizes the cool, circulating air—practically eliminates transfer of food odors inside the cabinet.

YOU CAN KEEP FRESH VEGETABLES INDEFINITELY

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☞ **Sealed-in-Steel G-E Thrift Unit.** Famous for enduring economy. Has unparalleled performance record. "Cold capacity" for the most torrid of temperatures.

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☞ **Conditioned Air.** Controlled humidity and temperature, and constant circulation of sweet, clean, freshened air for better food preservation.

☞ **Selective Storage.** All four needed zones; (1) *Sub-freezing Storage;* (2) *Extra-Cold Storage;* (3) *Crisping Storage;* (4) *Safety-Zone General Storage.*

☞ **G-E Refrigerators** available in sizes up to 16 cubic feet storage capacity.

GENERAL G-E ELECTRIC

WE HAVE NO *Army!*

BY LIEUTENANT GENERAL ROBERT LEE BULLARD

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

I AM asked, "What kind of army does America need?"

Obviously the question is impelled by the wars now blasting many nations; by the shock of seeing Denmark occupied, Norway made a battlefield, Sweden menaced. Looking at all that, I think the answer should come down to the grim truth, however it hurts. First, then—

The United States now has NO army.

We have a fleet. "Popular opinion" seems to recognize that we must have a good Navy Department; a large naval establishment; a unified and skilled command at sea; warships and personnel ready to fight at the bell.

But turn now to the military side of our defense establishment.

We have a War Department. We have a General Staff *in* the War Department. That at least is a gain since 1917. But we have *no* army staff comparable to the fleet command. And we have no military unit at all comparable to the fleet.

All we have in the shape of an army is a small mass of men, now being recruited to 227,000. They are scattered in regiments and brigades, and in smaller units throughout more than 400 barracks, posts, and forts. And a former chief of staff estimated that one man out of three does civilian duties or some kind of "labor troops" job. Only two thirds are "available" fighters.

Moreover, large numbers of them must be stationed outside the continental United States. The Panama Canal garrison alone is to be increased to 25,000. Additional soldiers are going to Hawaii. More will be needed to protect new naval and air bases in Alaska. A large military force will have to be provided for Puerto Rico.

The fighting force of regulars within the United States, available for quick defense, is only 50,000 to 60,000 men. This force consists of a conglomeration of small units, not trained in either the organization or the mass operations of actual war.

The initial answer to Liberty's question therefore is:

We need, first, to create an actual,

From a soldier who knows . . .
A warning to make America think

functioning army. An army which, like the fleet, can act instantly at any time.

This need now is recognized—at last and tardily — in high places. That's why regulars practiced war in the South during winter months. That's why, this summer, regulars and National Guardsmen are being turned out for the biggest and most intensive war maneuvers of our history. We're trying to create an army. It cannot be a quick and easy task.

About five years ago we had a good plan. The country was divided into four Army Areas. In each, divisions and corps would head up in an Army Command. We'd have *four* " field armies "—mere skeletons, of course, but expandable. However, this remained almost literally a " paper " plan only, for four years.

Then, late last summer, the wait-and-see die-hard conservative element within our military leadership was staggered. The first blow was Plattsburg—our First Army " war game." The second was Poland.

Although one full year had been spent in preparation for the assembly of that little so-called " army " of 52,000 men at Plattsburg, Lieutenant General Drum, commanding, spoke out with rare courage, listing the deficiencies. These included officers, soldiers, specialists, vehicles, and weapons! What was more, in the entire country not a single field army staff existed and it was necessary to improvise one.

However, the real sensation was caused by our little mechanized brigade. Its tanks, armored cars, and swift artillery came over from Fort Knox, Kentucky, and picked up a " tail " of a thousand or two infantrymen in trucks. It then played the mischief with what was expected to be a nice, orderly war exercise. Eluding even air detection, our " hell wagons " struck when, as often as, and where they pleased—even *behind* enemy lines. That bit of modern war spread consternation everywhere.

THERE is no indiscretion now in revealing that Plattsburg-to-Washington official reports were candid and startling. The War Department already was in a nervous dither when blitzkrieg in Poland brought on something like outright jitters.

Could we fight *that* kind of war? No. Could we defend against that kind of war? No. There were startled brass hats who also were asking, " Then, what *can* we do? " The answer to that one is easy: *Wake up! Stay awake! Modernize land defense!*

Americans were for that and for the *balanced* preparedness which Liberty has advocated. Millions of words of debate, report, and comment suggest that we *are* balancing defense. But so many words are confusing. Let's cut through them to the facts.

We demanded more warplanes. We're getting them. We had put two thirds of our defense eggs in one basket and tossed it on the water. I say that was too many eggs—when the inevitable test between air power and sea power was impending, results unknown.

The army remained the stepchild of the defense services.

We are almost buying ourselves a new navy and a new air force, having recognized their condition of obsolescence. The army is woefully obsolete in equipment—only 25 per cent effective, according to General Marshall, Chief of Staff. But nearly all of the enlarged appropriation is absorbed by new bases, increased personnel, etc. There appears to be provision for only a slow beginning of modernization.

A part of that was cut out—tentatively—in a curious and typical fashion. The effect of the shock of Poland and Finland having worn off, it was proposed to " economize " by about $70,000,000, largely on equipment items; while in another section of the Army Bill an almost identical sum was added—rivers and harbors " pork barrel " stuff! However, Germany blitzed into Norway; and, as this is written, Congress appears to be having a second thought.

Curious also—to me, at any rate—is the fact that although at this writing Britain's great sea power has been unable to dominate the Skagerrak because of the air danger, and although reports on bomb hits on naval targets increase, Admiral Stark is nevertheless asking Congress for more money for still more warships. He'll probably get them, too. If there is any place where " wait and see " is warranted now, it would seem to me to be on this point of *further* naval expansion. Definitely, naval power seems to be weakening.

JUST as definitely, air power and " machine-made " war on land are in the ascendancy. That has been proved in Poland, Denmark, and Norway.

Every lesson now readable in Europe emphasizes our need to have —and as quickly as we can get it—a *modern, high-speed, rapid-fire army.* It should consist of four field armies, in line with that paper plan. The spearhead of each should be a fully mechanized division. This means an immediate start on the creation of *four* such divisions, instead of the building of one over a four-year period.

Then we should have one or two so-called " streamlined " divisions in each army area. These are smaller units; infantry, but hitched to motors and heavily armed throughout —so that they should have the firepower of our giant divisions of 1918. They would be capable of operating close on the heels of our mechanized divisions at high speed.

Last September, while " mechanization " was thrusting quick, sharp, deep salients into Poland, some mossbacked skeptics were saying, " But just wait: tanks can't consolidate and hold ground gained." These critics still wait. The Germans didn't. Everywhere their streamliners occupied Poland with precision an hour or two after Panzer divisions crushed defense. Fort Knox, at least, didn't need that lesson: our tanks pick up a streamlined tail whenever they go into action.

Finally, I think there will be reason for retaining large division units, though perhaps only two thirds 1918 size; made up of National Guardsmen presumably, since there aren't enough regulars. However, these should be motorized, their weapons modernized.

All this points to another vital need: We must have in considerable numbers a *new type* of soldier. We must select and train men for machine-made war.

SCARCELY a week passes without some " release," with pictures, on some new weapon. It is never explained that usually we have only a very small supply of such a weapon, a few for test and as models to be copied when and *if* formally adopted, and *if* money is made available.

In the four years since adoption we have accumulated less than 25,000 Garand rifles. This is the semiautomatic which increases an infantryman's fire-power two and one half times. Production rate is 100 a day in one arsenal!

We have ordered 329 tanks, while other leading nations count theirs in thousands. Since they are to be manufactured in one arsenal, we may get the last of these in three or four years! We have some mighty fine artillery pieces and antiaircraft guns developed; but I'm told that a year and a half will be required for their manufacture, when and *if* they are ordered in quantities.

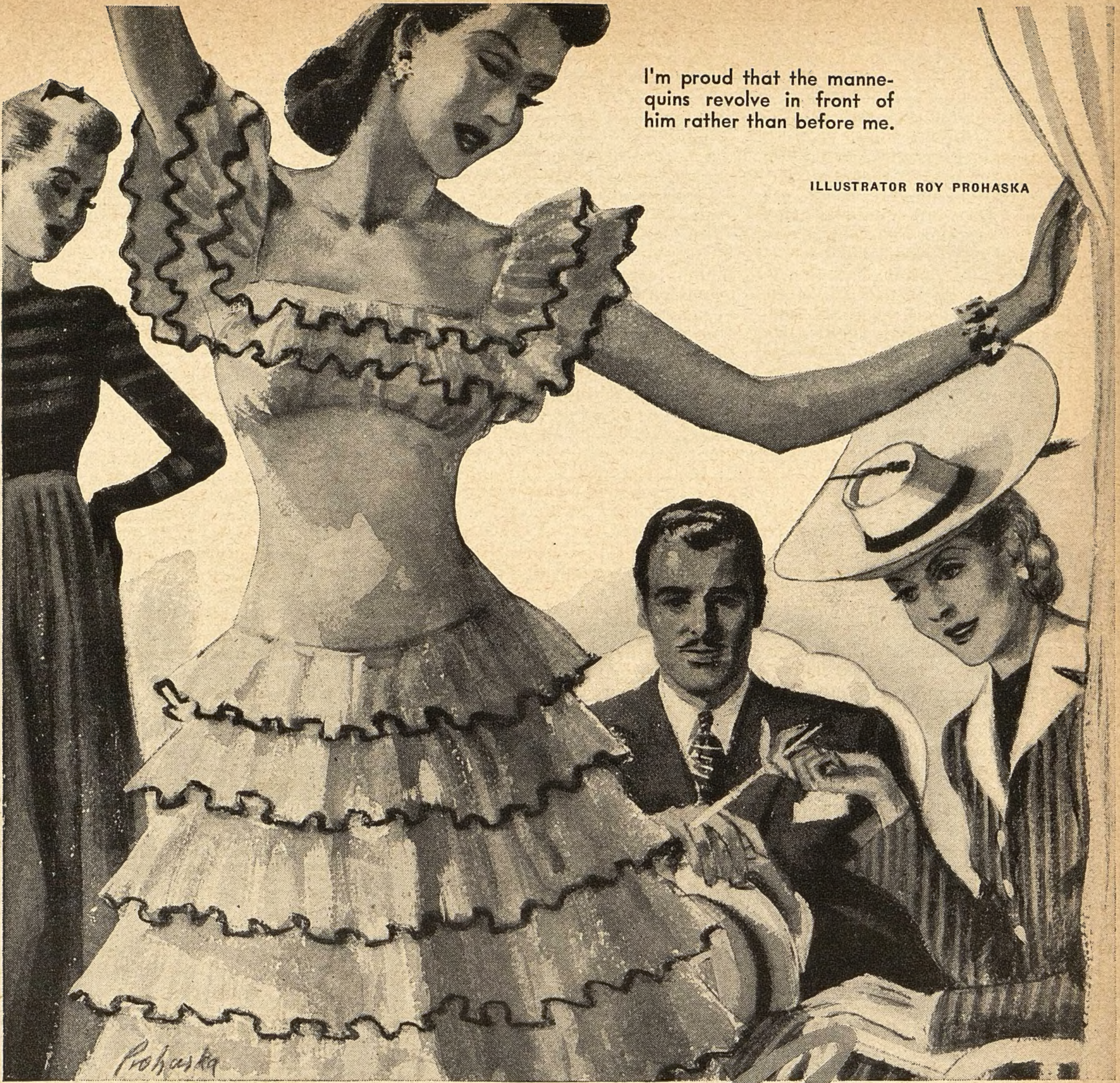
I read that " the horse and mule have disappeared." My information is that our *best* division is only 40 per cent motorized. There are glowing descriptions also of " hell on wheels," implying that we have a mechanized army. The fact is that we have a few score *modern* tanks and armored cars, and a few hundred of 1918 vintage, slow and useless.

I am surprised also to read that a good many military officials have stepped back again to a wait-and-see position regarding the whole tank question. And while they waited, German mechanization pressed onward, occupying Norway, even though it was necessary to forward consolidating troops and ammunition by air!

We are now making progress in welding a unified army organization. Since Plattsburg and Poland, we have also considerably revolutionized and intensified training for regulars and guardsmen alike. All this is good. We are moving in the right direction.

But those young defenders of ours who are being given such an intensive war-games workout are not *really* " practicing modern war." They *cannot,* until we provide them with today's weapons. And tomorrow's, if possible. And until we do so, we *cannot* have the kind of army we need.

THE END



I'm proud that the mannequins revolve in front of him rather than before me.

ILLUSTRATOR ROY PROHASKA

I MARRIED A Latin

Men, beware!—Here's a challenge to all husbands

BY GRACE HEGGER LEWIS

READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

A WOP! That is what the average American male derisively calls any European man born south of 45 degrees longitude. The word "wop" was derived from the Italian *guappo*, which means bold, handsome, haughty, a bully, a dandy.

In 1940 either a Mexican section hand or a once accredited Spanish grandee may be called a wop, and the Spanish gentleman, at least, will smile the insult away as American humor. But what does arouse his pride is when simpering ladies exclaim, "Oh, you Latins! You're all alike!" Then he does protest. First of all that he is not a Latin, and that his race is austere, unlaughing, remote, cruel. "We are jealous lovers, possessive husbands, tender fathers, reverent sons, but always strong, strong—men who are men before they are anything else."

Yes, that they are. I know, for I married one.

To particularize is about as helpful as to generalize, but I have met a lot of wops in my day, and they have certain fine characteristics in common which justify my defense of the foreign husband. Defense it is, because I am pretty weary of the American prejudice against international marriages, especially when it comes not from actual encounter but from reading about certain spectacular mistakes.

In the seaboard cities of the East these prejudices are no longer so intense; but go inland, and what is the reaction of our 100-per-center when he encounters a foreign gentleman in the sturdy flesh? The latter need only have healthy smooth black hair, eyes which look into yours, madame, instead of uneasily over your shoulder, have well manicured nails and a flat stomach, and the American male is at once on the defensive and hopes the stranger will steal a teaspoon so that he can turn him over to the police. " Wop! " he mutters.

THIS kind of oblique suspicion has caused more than one distinguished visiting foreigner to give up his perfunctory kissing of ladies' hands. Abroad it is good form only to kiss the hand of a married woman, but when Monsieur or Signor or Señor X observes the blush and the flutter every time he kisses an American hand, he obligingly begins to kiss hands both married and single. . . . Then he observes the dark looks of the American man, and he stops entirely. He even begins to fear dinner invitations, because somewhere between the soup and the roast so many ladies confess to him that they are not understood by their husbands. Accustomed to the American man's shyness, servility, or indifference, these women capitulate only too quickly to the foreigner's arrogance as a male.

Several years ago, when one of our dollar princesses married a near prince, she explained wistfully:

" It will be nice to have a husband who thinks of something besides business; I mean a man who is not ashamed to be seen lunching with a woman on a weekday."

I, too, wanted a husband who was not ashamed of leisure. A playboy? You mean one of those wizened adolescents, confused by life and too much money? . . . Horrors, no! I wanted a man with a man's face and an adult mind who would know how to grow old with mellowness and dignity and would want me to do likewise—at his side. Americans seem to crumble and die when they slacken their pace, so—I married a Spaniard.

He is a man with great pride but no vanity; he has a balance of good will and good taste; and his good manners are so good that they tolerate my bad ones. He has known many women, so that his appreciation of me is born of experience as well as understanding. I am his joyous companion, but most certainly *not* his pal—that awful word!

Can I, I wonder, describe a day in our life together, describe it without tact or complacency, which are characteristic female attributes that keep women from writing better? Probably not. Nevertheless—

Breakfast. If there is toast instead of muffins, my foreign husband chooses the hottest, thinnest, most golden piece for me. Is there coffee enough for a third cup? He makes sure of my cup before he pours his own.

Fortunately, the paper we choose to read is printed in two sections, so after we both despair over the latest front-page news, he takes the financial section and I take the theater, society, and death notices. Reading the last is for me a new development. I think it must come with the middle years. I say:

" That man was a friend of my father." Then I say: " That man was a classmate of my brother." Then I compute: " Why, that woman is only two years older than I am! " I am considering death.

" Darling, we must die," I whimper.

" Together," he declares passionately. " I will not live without you. Together, in the same grave." . . .

But if I am not to die today, I am certainly one day older.

" Darling, can you bear it that wrinkles are forming round my eyes, that my hair is beginning to gray, that blue veins ridge my once pretty hands? "

" Your eyes are as blue and clear as a child's. Dye your hair—you will not look well with white hair. And as for your hands "—he kisses palms and backs—" those hands have loved me and will always be beautiful."

He does not force me into a hideous race with time. Which does not mean I shall permit myself to grow thick-waisted and thick-witted, but it does mean that I need not make myself the ridiculous rival of every pretty girl he sees. Indeed, it is I who often point out beauty to him first. But says a man friend:

" I bet you don't stare at girls when you're with your wife."

" But I do. In fact, we stare at them together."

The friend guffaws incredulously.

EVERY one says I am better-looking than I used to be. I am not beautiful, but I have an alive face upon which I use very little make-up because it does not become me. To wear false eyelashes or darken my eyelids would be like gilding the buttercup. But many times a day I refresh my skin, and surreptitiously if possible, for men get pretty bored watching women make up their faces in public.

It is time for him to dress for the office. He calls: " I'm wearing the brown suit. Come here. Which shirt shall I put on? Which tie? "

Doesn't he know his own mind?

Very much so, but the real reason is that he dresses for me quite as much as I dress for him. During the day he may buy a new tie and change it at the office, knowing full well that I shall notice it at once when we meet. For meet we do, often, before the dinner hour when most self-respecting husbands permit themselves to return.

The day is gray and has a lonely feeling. Or the day is brilliant and demands laughter, shared. The phone rings: " *Tesoro mio,* how about lunch? I've heard of a new restaurant."

I demur. It is extravagant. I'm only drinking fruit juices today. I have chores to do.

" That's splendid. Meet me at one o'clock in East Fifty-second Street," and he rings off.

IN the late afternoon we go to art exhibitions, a newsreel, for a brisk walk (really brisk—fifty blocks in thirty minutes), or to look at suits for him or dresses for me. I always enjoy the flutter he causes when he enters the woman's department. In Paris his presence would be taken as a matter of course, but here a man who accompanies a woman shopping is either a gigolo or a husband with a hounded expression who mutters, " Very nice, very nice. How much is it? " and sits on the edge of his chair and stares guiltily at the mannequins if there happen to be any around. But my husband leans back in a deep chair, and sees both girls *and* dresses.

" Not for you, dear. Too many bows, too complicated, they destroy your line. . . . Pretty girl, that model, but too short-waisted." The saleswomen turn toward him with respect and the mannequins revolve in front of him rather than before me. I don't care. I'm proud of his knowledge.

But are there no flaws in this foreign marriage? Yes, but they are of my making rather than his. He has had to do far more adjusting than I. We do not laugh in quite the same way. His possessiveness, which is supposed to be so characteristic of women, smothers me at times. I want to be by myself. I even resent being so well understood. Perhaps if he had more Spanish friends in this city, he would not be so dependent on me, but comparatively few Spaniards settle in the United States. . . . Some of my women friends have slipped out of my new life without explanation, perhaps forced to by husbands who may resent this foreign intrusion into their sacred circle of business, golf, and bridge. . . . I once had a job, and at times I miss it. I find my day slipping away in putterings, vaguely awaiting my husband's telephone call to decide what my late afternoon shall be. My conscience aches; my vanity cries: " You are nothing but a housewife! " . . .

Woman, you can't have everything! The dissatisfaction, the unrest you are feeling is not frustrated talent. If you had one great enough it would live and express itself and let all else perish. Your unrest is the unrest of the world. Be glad that while it suffers and men and women die wishing they had had time for each other instead of their careers, you may rest peacefully—and passionately—in the arms of a man who understands.

THE END

I'LL *Love you* TILL I DIE

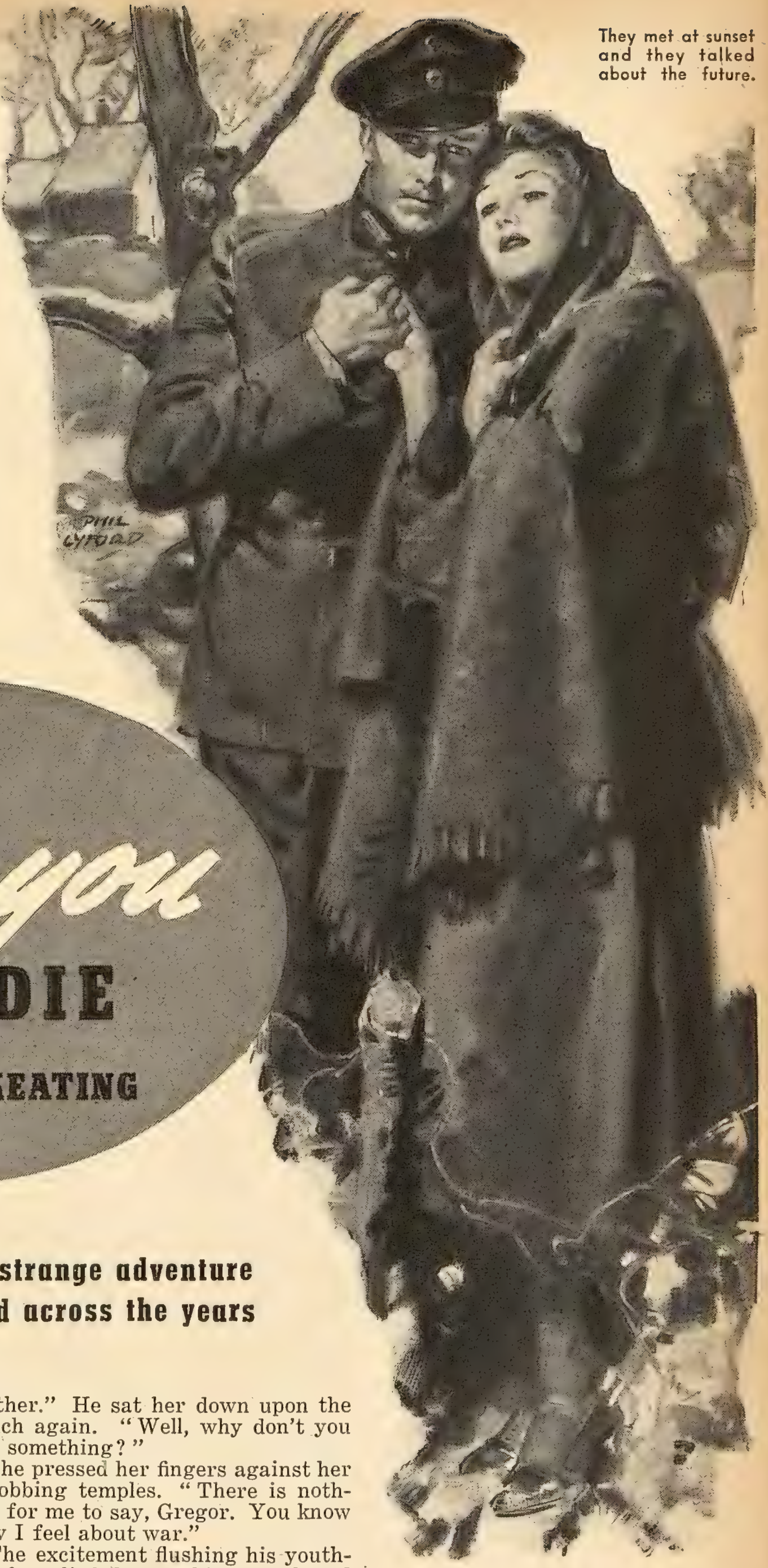
BY MICHELINE KEATING

The poignant story of a strange adventure and a romance that lived across the years

READING TIME ● 22 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

AS Gregor reached the house the sun was already slipping beyond the distant rim of the sea, and he went around to the rear, along the path between the lime trees. Ever since he could remember, his mother had watched the sunset from the rocky ledge where she had made her garden, with the wild mountains behind her and the relentless ocean at her feet.

There she was. His eyes rushed out to her—a tiny woman with a rose-colored sweater about her shoulders, her curly hair tied back with a velvet ribbon, sitting on an old stone bench among the late summer flowers. Often he had watched her like this, wondering what thought lay behind her grave dark eyes, never daring to interrupt her solitary vigil.



They met at sunset and they talked about the future.

But today there was his own life pushing itself into the foreground, with only this hour of twilight in which to say good-by to her. He broke into a run, and she heard his footsteps crunching into the gravel and looked around. In that swift glance the color drained from her cheeks, as if she already knew what he had come to tell her, and she jumped up to meet him. He swung her into the air as lightly as he did his little sisters and hugged her to him until she could feel her heart breaking against the buttons on his uniform.

"I'm leaving for the front tonight, mother." He sat her down upon the bench again. "Well, why don't you say something?"

She pressed her fingers against her throbbing temples. "There is nothing for me to say, Gregor. You know how I feel about war."

The excitement flushing his youthful face died down a bit. He plowed his fingers through his bright yellow hair as he stared down at her, so frail and small, yet able to make him feel as defenseless as the boy he had used to be.

"I'm a soldier, mother. It is my job to go to war."

Her low voice echoed her anguish: "War! You were born in war, Gregor. Must I lose you in it as well? I didn't want you to be a soldier, but you wouldn't listen to me. It seemed to be something in you that was stronger than yourself." She waited a moment; then, "I tell you, I can't live through all that suffering again!"

He stepped near to her and laid his big hand gently upon the nape of her neck where the soft hair curled about it. Gregor loved his mother's dark hair, and feeling it now sent a chill realization through him that perhaps he was touching it for the last time.

Footsteps sounding along the gravel path broke the tension in him, and he wheeled about, grateful for this interruption. It was his father. Just the sight of him coming slowly down the path, as if he were hesitating before intruding upon the boy and his mother, restored some of Gregor's confidence. His father had been through all four years of that other world war, and a more unlikely soldier could not be imagined. What his father had done, he, Gregor, could do!

Claude Marin was a small man, only a shade taller than his wife, with the fine brow and intelligent eyes of a scholar. There was gray mixed with his dark hair and his shoulders were stooped slightly. But in every look and gesture there was understanding and tolerance. And it was those qualities that embraced and warmed Gregor as their hands clasped.

"So you are going," Claude said.

"Tonight."

"We will be proud of you, Gregor."

His mother looked up and her torment poured over the two men as her hand pointed to the purple mountains outlined beyond them.

"Haven't you seen enough of the wounded and homeless pouring through the passes from Spain these past two years? And that is the least of war. I know what it is to have shells breaking about me and see the shambles of human agony left in their wake. I won't have you riddled to death, Gregor!"

Gregor sent a swift pleading glance to his father, and the older man went over to his wife and took her hands.

"That choice was for Gregor to make, Julie. In a few minutes he will be leaving you, perhaps for a long time. Let him have for remembrance the sound of our love for him in our voices."

HE pulled her to her feet and gave her a gentle shove toward the boy and stood silently watching their long embrace.

Finally Gregor broke away. "I must go now."

Julie, looking up at her tall fair son, said, "Remember this, whatever happens: All men are brothers, Gregor!"

Gregor kissed her impulsively. How like his mother to think of people instead of governments and frontiers. "Of course, mother. But this is war!" Then he turned to his father and held out his hand. "Well, I'm off, sir." Inadequate words, telling nothing of the years of love and respect he felt for the small dark man; but he knew his father would understand.

Claude nodded, saying, "Good luck—son."

Gregor turned swiftly and hurried up the path without looking back.

GREGOR'S instructions were to drop leaflets over Heidelberg and return directly to the flying base. Clouds hung low over all the western front, and Gregor was flying above the first layer, so there was a screen between him and the earth.

Gregor was happy because flying was in his heart and his pulse and his imagination. He wished that all of life could be a continuation of these moments in the cool crystal light of mid-air.

But almost immediately a glance at his mileage and his bearings showed him he must be very near the city, and he nosed down, watching the flight of the clouds as he split through them and underneath found the city flattened out like a map from which he picked out the buildings of the university which were his objective.

MICHELINE KEATING

a native New Yorker, was educated in a French convent and has seen most of the world. Her first novel was published when she was sixteen. She became a reporter for a time, then returned to writing short stories and novels.

As he swooped down over them, he reached for the pamphlets and opened the trap door in the floor beside his seat. He could hear the whistles sounding their raid warnings, and see the antlike figures of the people scuttling for bomb shelters. The flight of women and children sickened him, and that was the part of flying that he hated and sometimes made him wish he could be transferred to the artillery, where the fighting was between men.

He cut the string binding the leaflets, and they fell like sudden snow over the frightened city. Almost in the same motion he turned the plane's nose upward and soared back into the protecting clouds, eluding the rain of antiaircraft fire trained upon him. He remained now in the center of the clouds, because he knew the pursuit planes would be looking for him.

The hands of the clock ticked off five minutes, ten minutes, and then the engine sputtered warningly, missed again, and went dead. He banked the plane sharply as it plunged down until there was the earth rising suddenly to meet him, bringing with it a town, a woods, then beyond the trees a harvested field where he could land.

The trees reached him sooner than he expected, and he had to slice over them, first on one wing, then on the other. And then, mercifully, there was the field. He touched upon it with a terrific bounce, came down again, and bobbed roughly to a stop.

Instantly he turned his attention to the stalled engine. If it was only a loose connection, he might be able to fix it quickly and be up again before they could take him. But hardly had the thought passed through his mind when he heard the crackle of underbrush in the woods, followed by a sharp command in German. He looked up into the muzzles of four pistols held in the hands of four German soldiers, and he was seized with laughter that he held back so it lay like a cramp in his stomach.

There would be nothing humorous in being a prisoner of war. He had read about German concentration camps; he had heard even that they shot their prisoners right off and got done with them. But, whatever happened later, there was something incredibly funny about those four intense soldiers all young as himself, pointing at him as if he were a battalion being brought to bay.

THE one who seemed to be in command shouted again, and Gregor gestured that he did not understand German. Then they motioned for him to go with them, and he stepped up, with one taking position at either side of him and the other two following closely behind.

They crossed the field to a country road and went on in the direction of the town. There was the rising cry of shellfire not far away.

Almost from the first moment Gregor was aware of a kind of excitement among the patrol. They chatted in quick gutturals and sent him odd glances, so that he chafed against the difference of language and anger stirred in him helplessly.

Because they knew he did not understand, the Germans talked freely:

"When did you notice it, Erich?"

"As soon as I called to him to surrender and he looked up from the engine. I almost dropped my gun. I thought it was the colonel himself and that we had made fools of ourselves and would be stood against a wall."

"What do you make of it, Theron?"

"Put twenty years on him and there would be no difference."

Erich laughed. "I would like to see the old boy's face when he sees him."

They reached the town and continued along the deserted tree-shaded central street. The stores were closed and there was no evidence of civilian life anywhere and Gregor knew that it had been evacuated.

His captors took him inside the town's hotel, now being used as headquarters for their battalion. It was filled with soldiers who stared curiously at Gregor and then commenced to whisper excitedly. The patrol spoke to them and they nodded in agreement.

When the preliminaries were over, Gregor was taken to a room on the top floor, and an officer who spoke French told him he was to remain

(Continued on page 14)

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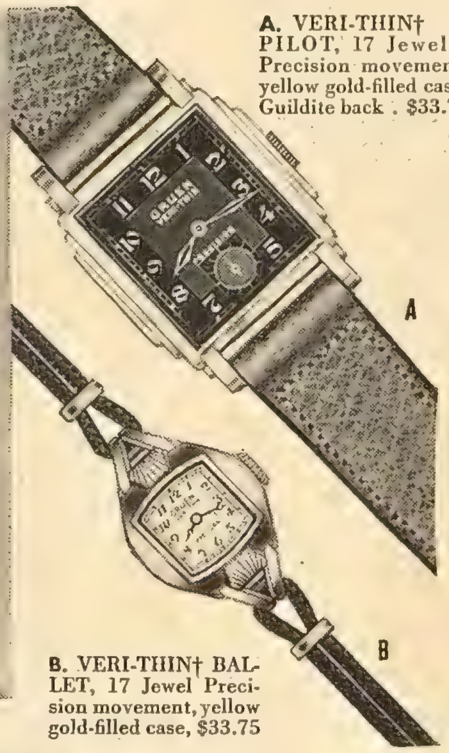

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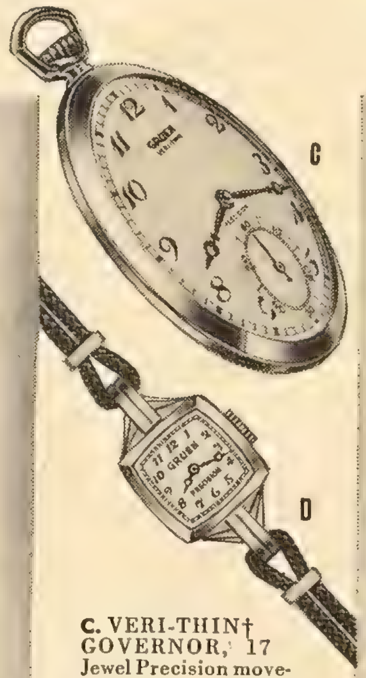

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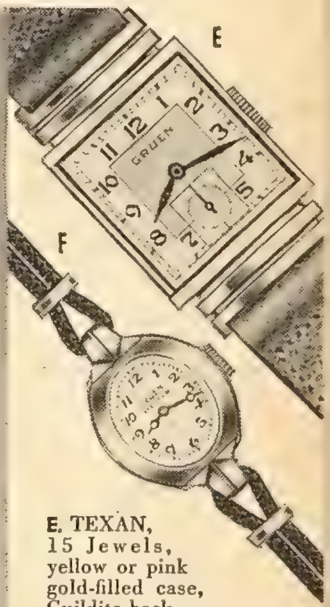

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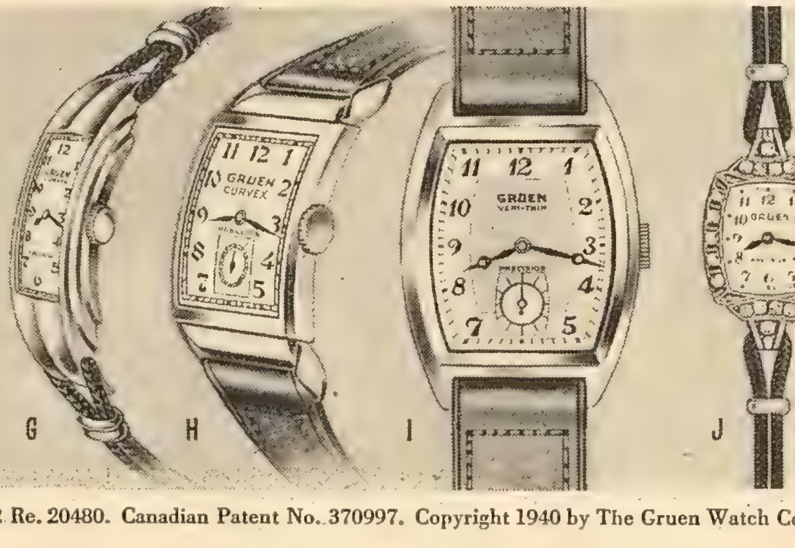

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(Continued from page 12)

there for the time being. He went over to the only window and looked out. There was a sheer drop four floors to a cobbled courtyard. There was no chance of escape, and the uncertainty of what was going to happen to him crept over him like a slow paralysis and held him in its vise.

IN his office on the ground floor, Colonel Baron Gregor von Mommsen was reading one of the pamphlets found in the French plane, when the door opened and the prisoner was brought in.

"Here is the prisoner, sir." Theron Hulst was quite unable to keep the excitement from his voice.

The colonel heard it, and it grated against his nerves. These young pups! They bring in one prisoner and think they have won the war.

Without looking up he said, "You may go now."

"Yes, sir." Theron's voice dropped almost to a whisper.

But not too low for its implication to reach the colonel. Did the fool expect the Iron Cross because a French plane had luckily stalled directly over his head? He glanced up impatiently. But whatever was in his mind to say remained unspoken as his eyes covered Gregor and were held there as he pushed himself slowly to his feet.

Standing opposite each other with only the desk's width between them, the likeness was extraordinary. The same height, the same breadth of shoulder and slim waist. Thick curly straw-colored hair and clear blue eyes. The only differences were the fretwork of fine wrinkles pulling at the German's eyes and mouth, and the mouth itself. The baron's lips were thin and compressed, but the French youth's were generously full.

Von Mommsen pulled himself together and barked at Theron, "I told you to leave."

"Yes, sir." Theron saluted and almost ran from the room in his eagerness to tell the others how the colonel had taken it.

Von Mommsen turned again to Gregor, and now that they were alone seemed a little more at ease. He asked in fluent French: "What is your name?"

"Gregor Marin."

"Why were you called Gregor?"

"I don't know precisely, sir. I suppose my mother liked it."

Gregor had come down steeled to face with creditable courage whatever demands would be exacted of him. Here he was being asked why his mother had named him Gregor. It didn't make sense. And he was bothered, too, by a feeling of familiarity with this German officer, as if he had seen him before.

"What is your father's name?"

"Claude—Claude Marin."

"The novelist?"

"Yes, sir."

A flicker of a smile showed on von Mommsen's face. "We should be able to get an entire company in exchange for you."

A quick sigh escaped from Gregor. At least they weren't going to shoot him.

Then the colonel was asking him where he lived.

"In the south; the Basque country near Biarritz."

Von Mommsen seemed puzzled by that, as if he had been expecting a different answer. Then, "What is your mother's name?"

"Julie Brossier Marin."

Her name curled lingeringly about Gregor's tongue, as if the words were the sweetest ones he could speak, and von Mommsen heard in them all the boy's love of his mother, and his heart was stirred by an old emotion that tormented him with a fragrance blowing from across the years.

"Is your mother a Basque?"

"No. Both my parents came originally from the Somme district. But after the other war my mother refused to live there again. I believe she had a bad time, although she has never told me about it. She—she is very much against war and she did not want me to enter the flying service."

"Why did you?"

"I'm not exactly sure myself," Gregor said. "My mother once said it was in my blood, so her trying to prevent me would be futile. But I don't know of any ancestors who were soldiers, so I guess she meant just my own blood."

The colonel moved suddenly and walked over to a bookcase, keeping his face averted from Gregor.

"Are there any other children?"

"I have two sisters. Claudine is fifteen and Yvonne is eleven. They are in a convent school near Tours."

"Do the little girls resemble you?"

Gregor laughed, now as much at ease as if he were chatting with one of the senior officers in his mess. "Not at all. They are small and dark like my mother and father. I'm the only blond in our family. Sort of a dark horse—only this time it's a fair horse, isn't it?"

"When were you born?"

"January 3, 1917."

AFTER that a silence fell between them, and the only sound in the room was the muffled artillery fire reaching them through the shuttered window. But the noise of battle to which the German was listening was not the one being waged beyond him in the Saar, but a retreat of time through almost a quarter of a century to what remained of a drowsy country town on the river Somme.

The town seemed completely deserted when the Germans entered it toward the end of January, 1916. That was why, during a reconnaissance of the surrounding buildings, it had been so surprising to find stoutly entrenched in the kitchen wing—all that remained of a once fine country house—a spirited old lady and a shy young girl.

The baron felt his heart pounding again as it had on that other day when the girl had smiled gently while the old lady was defying the German soldiers to take her from her home as already she had defied the French order to evacuate.

When they told her they had no intention of asking her to leave if she did not mind the discomfort and the certainty of shelling, she softened immediately and sent the girl downstairs to the cellar to bring up some wine.

While they shared the excellent sherry, the old lady told the nineteen-year-old Gregor von Mommsen, just out of Prussian military school, how her family had tried to make her leave this home that held the memories of all of life for her, how they thought she was crazy when she said leaving it would be stepping out into a living death, so that the occupation of the Germans seemed the lesser hardship, and how her seventeen-year-old granddaughter Julie refused to go away from her.

The young Lieutenant Baron von Mommsen understood that, and in turn explained how his own people had held to their Baltic castle through the sieges of invaders.

THROUGH the long cold winter of the Somme deadlock the German officers spent all their leisure in that half-shattered house with its two women, the one grown old beyond hate, the other too young to have felt its hot touch. They played billiards on a table dragged from under the fallen beams in the game room, and drank the fine wine stored safely in a subcellar.

All the time there was the persistent shrieking of the shells and the rough bark of the three-inch pieces; sometimes it was the British from Amiens, sometimes it was themselves. Always there were the wounded, and the dead to be buried. But nothing touched Gregor. He felt that he was going to be lucky because he had Julie.

In the house there was always the old grandmother watching them with her sharp eyes. So when there was nothing doing along the line, they met at sunset and walked across the fields that were mud and dirty snow and grooved with the digging of the French before they had fallen back. And they talked a great deal about the future when there no longer would be a war and a marriage could be arranged between them and he would take her north to his gray-stone house at the Baltic's edge.

That was in the beginning, before the cold and the hunger and the waiting got into their blood and they understood that for them there would never be a future. After that they went into a deserted house or a barn.

The end came suddenly on that black night when the British commenced their great push into the Somme and caught the Germans unprepared.

Hundreds of shells had dropped in the same instant, and mingled with their explosions were the terrible

(Continued on page 16)

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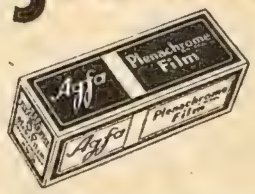

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(Continued from page 14)

cries of the wounded. Almost immediately the order to evacuate came through, and before they had sorted out the wounded from the dead and piled them into ambulances and lorries, the road had become clogged with soldiers falling back from the occupied towns farther up the valley.

Then in the dawn they could see the details of what had been happening, and found there was nothing at all left of the town. Every building had been razed, and from the shambles of plaster and wood rose bright darts of flame and spirals of smoke. Already the air was tainted with the fetid odor of charred flesh as the fires reached out greedily and licked about the dead.

When their helpless flight brought them at last past the place where the Brossier house had been, Gregor von Mommsen, his head and face swathed in bandages and a broken arm held together with a makeshift splint, left the straggling ranks and ran stumbling frantically among the ruins. He found the old grandmother's hand thrust stiff and cold through the chimney bricks entombing her. But of Julie there was no sign, and he had to go on with his company, never knowing that she had waited for him at their meeting place beside the river until the British found her there.

THERE was a knock on the door, and an adjutant came in and told von Mommsen the mechanics had returned from working on the French plane and reported it ready to be taken to the flying base. Lieutenant Ulrich wanted to know if he was to leave with it immediately.

Von Mommsen opened his mouth to answer, clamped it quickly as if the order might escape before he could control his words, then said, "Tell Lieutenant Ulrich to wait until later. I will give him his orders myself."

When the adjutant was gone, von Mommsen looked toward Gregor Marin, and found now he could keep his eyes on the boy without betraying his surprise and shock. He noticed then the full red lips, and again the pain of remembrance stretched and twisted through him.

"Tell me about your mother—what is she like?" Then, before Gregor answered, he said sharply, "No, I don't want to know about her. It would only be a waste of time."

He knew that the middle-aged woman living in the south of France with her famous husband and her blond son and her two dark little daughters had no part of the desperate generous girl who remained like a fever in his blood so that none of the women he had taken in the years between had been able to reach through to his heart.

As Gregor watched von Mommsen, the German pressed his fingers against his temples and an expression came into his face, as if a great battle was being waged within him between love and duty, between desire and his years of discipline.

Then it was that Gregor recognized the likeness and understood at last the patrol's curiosity and the colonel's odd questions. The shock was paralyzing, because with it came insight into too much to be coped with by one so young, who already was standing in the midst of disaster.

Before Gregor could find anything to say, the colonel flung back his head, straightened his shoulders in decision, and, going over to the door, turned the key. He motioned to Gregor to follow him as he turned out the light, crossed to the window, and quietly opened it.

IT was pitch-dark outside as they climbed over the sill and dropped to the ground. The firing had stopped, and the utter quiet that gripped the town was even more disturbing than the sound of the shells bursting. Von Mommsen took Gregor's arm and guided him quickly across the street. There he hesitated a moment, and suddenly flung Gregor against a wall. Gregor sensed rather than saw the figure of a sentry coming close to them and passing without detecting their presence. They hurried along the street. Soon the cobbles gave way to a dirt road, and in a little while they turned into a woods.

The colonel took out his flashlight and used it on the ground.

They came to the end of the woods, and the German stopped and laid his hand on Gregor's arm, detaining him. He lifted his flash so that its beam swept across the field to where the French plane was standing. He made cautious circles of light around it to be sure there was no one there.

When he was satisfied, he said, with no betrayal of emotion in his voice: "Your plane is ready for flight. I can't guarantee your safety once you are in the air. That will be up to you."

Gregor hesitated, wishing he could see the other's face, wishing the German would be less—impersonal.

"Do you really mean that I may return to France?"

"If you can get there. Don't let the searchlights pick you up. If you're brought down this time, you'll feel your back against a wall whosever son you are."

There it was at last, "whosever son." And Gregor asked, "Why are you letting me go, sir, when this is war and you are a soldier?"

When the German answered, his voice had grown suddenly tired. "I'm doing this because of a memory—because at this moment your life seems more important to me than my own. Soldiers fight for honor and for liberty. When those things are gone internally from a country, they are no longer soldiers, even though they wear a uniform." Then he handed Gregor the flashlight. "Take this with you—and good luck!"

"But you will need the light going back."

"No; I will be able to see where I'm going."

"Thank you, sir." Gregor held out his hand. "I—I shall tell my mother how you sent me back to her. Every night at sunset she sits alone in her garden, thinking of things she has never shared with the rest of us. I used to resent those hours she kept to herself because I didn't want to be shut out of any part of her life. But now I understand that I am a part of them, too. Is there a message you would like to send to her?"

Colonel Baron Gregor von Mommsen pressed his son's hand in the only embrace they would ever know. And for a minute he could not speak. Then he said, "Just say to her that she will never again be alone at sunset. Now you must go."

Von Mommsen watched the light as Gregor ran across the field, and then it was flashed cautiously as he checked the engine and equipment, and the German smiled because the boy had not accepted his word and he thought, "He should get through."

Gregor took his time until he was thoroughly satisfied. He looked back toward the darkness of the woods once, and flashed the light in a signal of good-by. Then the noise of the engine disrupted the quiet. Soon the dark shadow of the plane was taxiing across the field, lifting just in time to clear the trees.

Then four shafts of light pierced the dark curtain of the night, circumscribing arcs in their intent search for the plane. The colonel cursed. He had hoped Gregor would get more height before they turned on the searchlights.

He kept his eyes tensed on the shifting courses of the beams. He was breathing fast and a sweat broke out upon his forehead and hands.

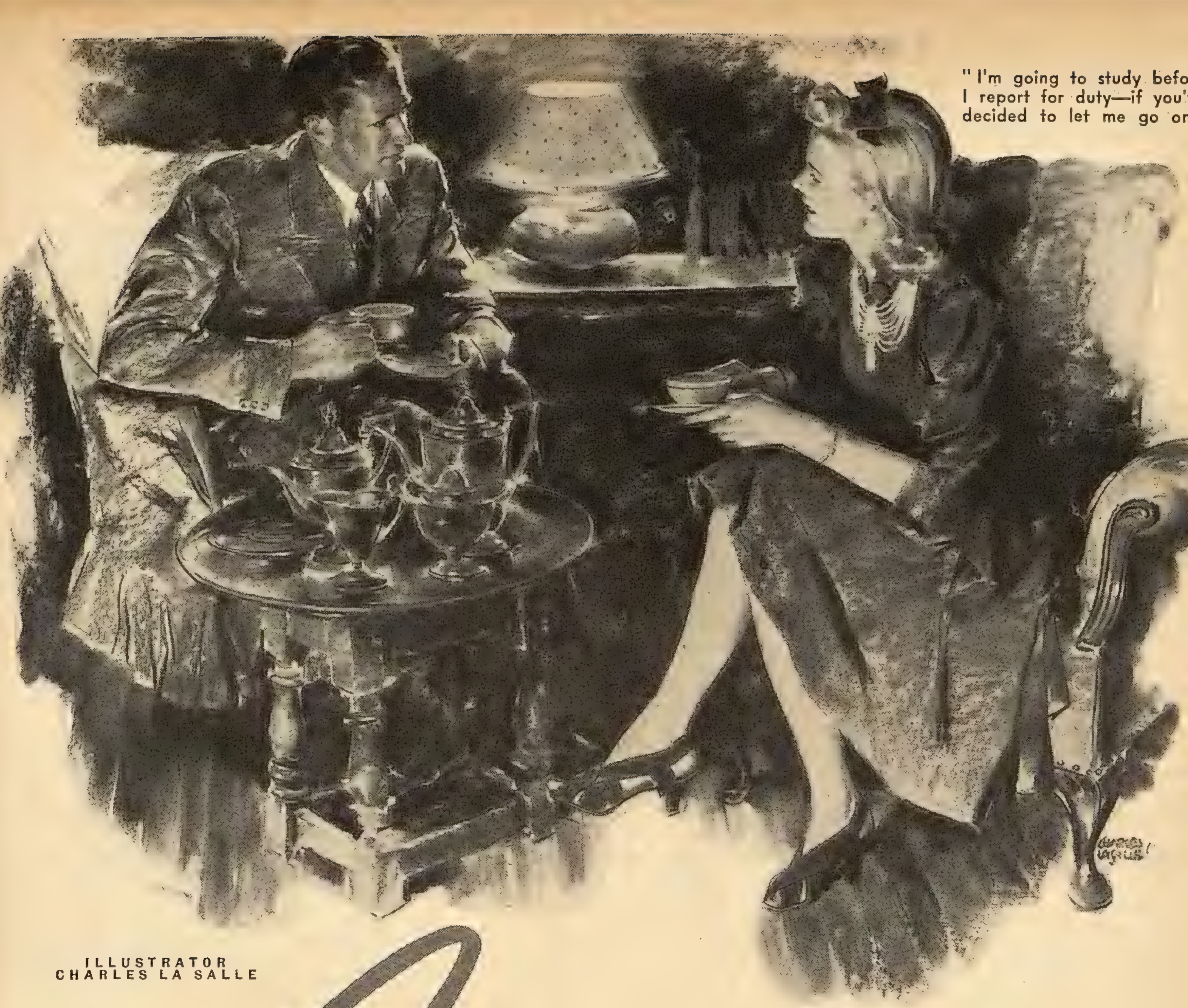
He saw the plane riding high on the tip of a beam. The other shafts were quickly thrown across at the focal point for clarity. Any second now the tattoo of the antiaircraft guns would rain upon the swiftly moving target.

But Gregor dove suddenly, pulled the nose up sharply, and zoomed off at an angle out of the paths formed by the lights. The beams wavered and swung frantically in their efforts to relocate the plane. For a fleeting moment one shaft picked it out, a mere speck that had no reality in its continued withdrawal from the earth. Then the plane was lost again.

STANDING in the blackness between the woods and the open field, Gregor von Mommsen held on to the sound of the engine until its faint buzz became confused with a louder ringing in his head, and then there was only the sound within himself, and that too faded as his nerves relaxed. He waited until the searchlights were turned off and there was left only the pitchy darkness and the still clear air.

For a long time now he had known that his world was finished; but perhaps out there beyond the dark horizon his son could find a brighter future which would be free. Then his hand reached steadily for his pistol and closed about it.

THE END



"I'm going to study before I report for duty—if you've decided to let me go on."

ILLUSTRATOR CHARLES LA SALLE

Wings OF WRATH

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PART THREE—A GHOST FROM THE PAST

A synopsis of the preceding chapters of this novel appears on page 18

CLAUDIA faced her mirror in a frock conceived just off the Place Vendôme — an inspired thing, black, tightly bodiced, flaring in the skirt, with a gilt necklace to lend a flash of brightness at the throat.

She glanced at the bedroom clock. It was almost four thirty. That meant Kurt Freel should be here at any moment. . . . At noon—uneasy with the idea that he might not have passed the authorities at Harwich—she had telephoned the Royal Crown Hotel, and they had reassured her with the report that Mr. Cresson had left for London on a morning train. So there was nothing to do now but wait.

She sat down at the dressing table to adjust hair that needed no adjustment. Since yesterday she had been thinking about Kurt Freel. Thinking of him too much. She could still see the bitterness and the tragedy that had haunted his features; she could remember every line in his lean face as he peered up at British bombers, envying them their chance to "hit back." . . .

Fundamentally, she supposed, he puzzled her. He was an American; yet there was a more violent sincerity in his wish to fight than she had encountered in any other man. But then, she reflected, hadn't he greater reason to hate dictatorship than had any one else she knew?

You had, of course, to understand the contradiction in him. He was just as passionately determined to keep his country out of the war as he was to enter it himself.

Claudia abruptly rose, impatient even with her thoughts. She forgot

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

WHILE bound from Scandinavia to Great Britain, the English steamer Carthage is torpedoed by a German submarine and sunk. Among the victims is Professor Anton Freel of Berlin. His son Kurt, born in the United States when his father taught at Harvard, burns to avenge his death as well as the annihilation of his two brothers in Nazi concentration camps.

A fellow passenger aboard the Carthage, also rescued from the mid-sea tragedy with Kurt and about eighty others, is Claudia Gage, a member of the British Women's Auxiliary Air Force, whose father is a commanding officer in the R. A. F. She and Kurt strike up a friendship in the midst of disaster.

In the coat of a drowned man which Claudia gave him Kurt discovers the papers of one David Cresson, an English aircraftman who had been ordered to report for immediate duty. Determined to fight at any cost, Kurt gives the dead man's name as his to the authorities. He had been an aviator in America, but had been grounded on account of an accident that blinded one eye.

When Claudia learns of this subterfuge, she challenges him. Kurt tells her his family has been wiped out, that he must fight the pitiless enemy, that this is his great chance. But he omits the mention of Hilda, the girl back in Berlin.

Reluctantly Claudia consents to keep his real identity secret, though fearing the consequent complications, and before they part at the port of Harwich she invites him to call on her in London. There they can talk over ways and means. Claudia fears David Cresson's family may turn up, and points out that Kurt does not talk like an Englishman.

Not many hours go by before Kurt hears the disquieting news that Charles Harvey Cresson's ship is bringing back to England the commander of the submarine that torpedoed the Carthage, the U-boat having been destroyed. And Charles is David's brother! Kurt wonders what to do.

---

her hair and went into the drawing room.

Outside it wasn't yet dark, but the black window shades were already drawn in conformity with blackout regulations. In the hearth a few flames danced on the logs. Their reflection quivered rosily in the silver tea service which Marcia, with knowing tact, had set on a low table between fireside chairs. It was a cozy room, a warm room. The walls were crowded with books, and Marcia had celebrated her mistress' home-coming by filling a vase with yellow roses.

"Everybody in London's been telephoning," Marcia had reported. "Asking how you came through the wreck. You'll be 'aving lots of visitors, Miss Gage."

Lighting a cigarette, Claudia sat on the arm of a chair and gazed into the flames. She couldn't recall ever having anticipated any one's visit with such tension as she awaited Kurt's. Was it solely because his coming would draw her deeper into a conspiracy?

The telephone's ring startled her out of the reverie.

She put down the cigarette in quick apprehension. Kurt was late. Perhaps he was calling to say he wouldn't come. . . . But it was her Aunt Emily's voice she heard. A brittle voice, almost testy.

"For heaven's sake, child!" As always, Aunt Emily plunged without preamble. "What ghastly thing have you been up to now? Who is this Aircraftman Cresson?"

Claudia was too amazed to answer. She stammered, "Cresson? Why? What—what is it?"

"Precisely what I'm instructed to find out. What is it? You wired your father about him."

"Oh! Well, yes; but—"

"And your father, being occupied with a war, has in turn wired me. The usual procedure. 'What's my daughter doing?' Does he think I have nothing to do in London but investigate his daughter's aircraftmen?"

"Aunt Emily, there's nothing to investigate. I'm astonished at father."

"I'm not. What shall I tell him?"

"Aircraftman Cresson is a friend. A man I met on the Carthage."

"The Carthage? My dear, you were on the Carthage less than fifteen hours. Am I to infer that in fifteen hours—"

"Add a night in a lifeboat and a day on the Blaarendt."

"It still sounds frightfully fast. . . . Also, I must add, rather romantic. Tell me, Claudia, may one see this aircraftman? Or is he to be a secret?"

"Aunt Emily, he's reporting for duty. He'll probably be sent off immediately, like every one else. I don't know how you can possibly see him."

"Very well," laughed Aunt Emily. "I'll wire your father something discreet and vague, like 'Trust me. Emily.' That should hold him."

Claudia felt bewildered as she put down the telephone. She sent a hand sliding up her forehead. Aunt Emily, she foresaw, might become a serious problem. Then she saw that Marcia was waiting in the door.

The maid whispered, "It's Mr. Cresson, ma'am. He's here."

"Oh! . . . Show him in, Marcia."

When he entered, her first impulsive words were checked by astonishment. He seemed younger. His dark hair had been trimmed, and he was shaved, and he wore a new gray suit that fitted his tall figure remarkably well. Moreover, he was actually smiling—the first time she had seen him smile.

"I'm very late," he said, "but blame the shop that sold me this suit. They kept me waiting for alterations."

She went across the room to greet him. And as she caught his hand, Claudia's eyes suddenly shone. She said, "I'm so glad you came!" Claudia, drawing Kurt to the fireside, knew the afternoon was going to be exciting.

OVER Marcia's scones and pastries he talked quite gravely. "I got a Bristol telephone directory at the exchange," he said. "There was only one Cresson listed. Gerald Cresson. I telephoned him."

In wide-eyed amazement she whispered, "As *David?*"

"No. I said I was a newspaper correspondent. Wanted some information from the family of this naval lieutenant Charles Harvey Cresson who was bringing in the German U-boat commander. The man I spoke to turned out to be the lieutenant's uncle. He said there were no parents—both were dead. The family now consisted of two brothers: Charles, the lieutenant, and David. That was all. As you can imagine, I felt immensely relieved."

"It does simplify your ethical problem," Claudia quickly admitted; "but you'll still have to look forward to the possibility of meeting this Charles."

"He's on duty. He won't be likely to look me up until he gets leave. That may be a long time from now."

She sat silent over that thought, stirring her tea.

"And I managed a few other things," he went on. "I began this morning by going around to His Majesty's Printing and Stationery Office. They sold me an Air Force Manual. Regulations. Also, it indicates how much a man with four years' training in the reserve is supposed to know. I don't think I'll have any difficulty with the technical requirements." He hesitated. "Of course, there are the military customs. Methods of salute, methods of making up kits—all that sort of thing. I'm going to study them for a couple of days before I report for duty. That is"—he looked at her searchingly—"if you've decided to let me go on."

There it was. Claudia drew a deep breath and put her cup aside. "Shall I tell you," she suggested, "exactly what I've been thinking about you?"

He sat motionless, holding his cup. The firelight revealed the beginning of the old look of strain.

"I've been thinking," she went on, "that you're living in an emotional chaos. You've seen and felt too much of death. And you are, basically, an idealist, a hater of violence. I know you ought to go back to America. That would be the sensible thing to do. For, in a national sense, this isn't your war. You ought to keep out of

(Continued on page 20)

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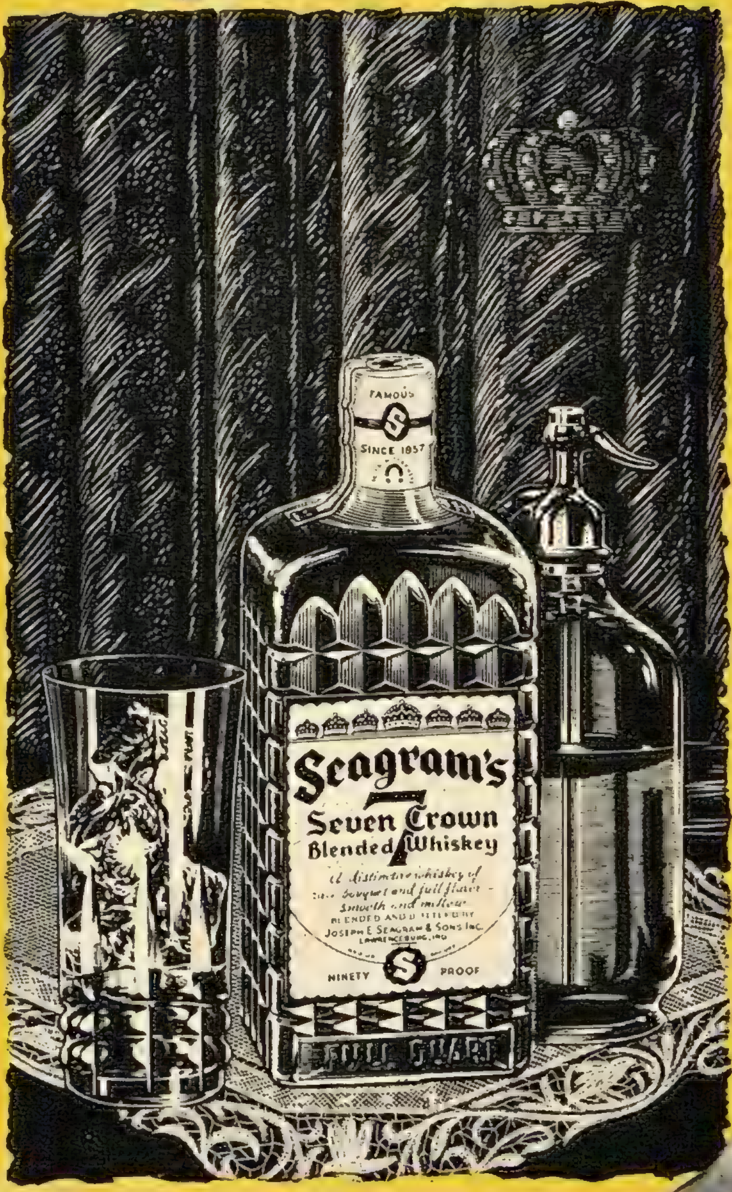
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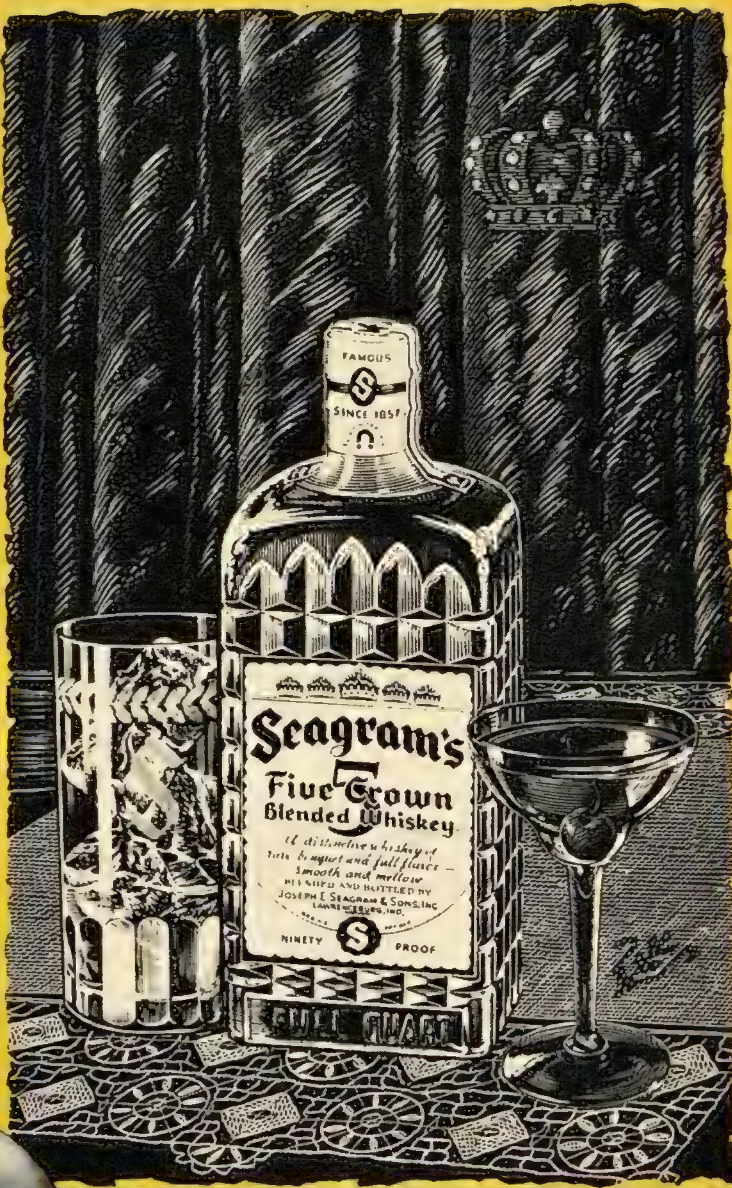
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(Continued from page 18)

it. But I know also that going home now would fill you with frustration that would be as torturing as—as madness. . . . I hope you realize I'm saying all this to explain not only your actions but my own."

"I do. Please go on."

"The only outlet you seem able to find is in fighting. So I'm going to let you do what you feel is best. . . . But also I intend to—to *direct* your course, in a way."

"I'm afraid I don't quite understand that."

"Has it occurred to you that if you report for duty as David Cresson you will probably be sent for training to Cresson's old quarters at Rosyth? Once there, you'll be among his classmates in the reserve. You couldn't possibly deceive *them*. They know Cresson. The officers know him."

Actually, that hadn't occurred to Kurt. He put the cup down unsteadily, so that it clattered. He started to rise, then sank back again. Claudia smiled faintly at his dismay.

"So," she resumed, "I've wired my father about you. He has a bit of influence, and I've asked him to request your immediate transfer to Craymoor*—the air base up in Scotland where he's stationed." She paused, rather amused by his continued stupefaction; there was in it a boyish quality at utter variance with his usual self. She went on, "I shall, incidentally, be at Craymoor myself in a day or two. Either driving an official car or keeping account books—something of the sort. I'm in the Women's Auxiliary Air Force."

This time Kurt slowly rose and looked down at her with eyes full of uncertainties. He no longer knew what to anticipate from this girl. She was completely unpredictable. And amazing. He appreciated fully what she had done—indeed, he heard himself muttering thanks—and still he was bewildered.

Why was she doing all this?

Sitting there, she was young and slim and lovely. Especially in firelight, with its glow dancing in her hair, flickering in her eyes. He hadn't realized how attractive she was.

A QUEER uneasiness began to stir in Kurt. He remembered again that he had never mentioned Hilda. It might have made a difference. He didn't believe it would, yet the possibility disturbed him profoundly. His fingertips rubbed against one another with increasing nervousness.

He was about to speak of Hilda, but there was a crash in the fireplace. Fountains of sparks leaped toward the flue as a log, falling from its perch atop others, rolled against the screen. For a few seconds it offered a welcome relief from tension. Kurt removed the screen. With Claudia bent beside him, wielding a poker while he handled the tongs, he replaced the log and set the screen back.

And when they straightened and turned toward each other, his eyes were only inches from hers.

What happened, they didn't quite know. They searched each other's eyes, seeking deep into things unfathomable. Kurt's hands slowly rose, of their own volition, to hold her arms. It was as if he wished to preserve this moment, keeping her exactly as she was—beautiful in the trembling light. And she made no move to draw away.

It was strange and incomprehensible that silence could be so much more eloquent than words. The hush was like a benediction.

Perhaps Kurt drew her toward himself. He didn't know, and it didn't matter. All that mattered was that his arms were around her and he was pressing her against himself, and she was looking up into his eyes with wisdom and understanding. When he kissed her, it was with the feeling that this had been inevitable. It was the most natural thing that had ever happened.

THEN it was over, and Claudia, a little flushed, thrust wisps of hair up from her forehead and let herself sink into the chair. She sat like that, silent, looking into the fireplace as if it held incredible revelations.

Nor did Kurt speak. Nothing you said could add to the beauty of such a moment. Yet, he suddenly knew, there was a thing he must do. He could delay it no longer. He should have told her about Hilda at the very outset.

He began in a very low voice, "I've got to tell you—" Why was it so difficult? Why should it make him clench his fists? It was futile to hedge. He said tightly, "I've got to tell you, Claudia, I'm—married."

Instantly he knew he had been right. He should have spoken of it before. He could see it in the way her fingers tightened on the arms of the chair. In her sharp intake of breath, in the startled change of her expression. A kind of dazedness came to envelop her.

He wanted to go on quite rationally. And he couldn't. What he did say sounded awkward, forced.

"I don't know why I never spoke of it," he said. "There simply wasn't any occasion."

Claudia sat very still, unconscious of whispering. She said, "No—no, of course there wasn't. Why *should* you have spoken of it?"

"I don't know. I just wish I had."

"It—doesn't matter." Wasn't that the thing to say? Toss it off. Be casual. What else could you do? . . . But Claudia, inwardly shaken, knew it did matter. It mattered terribly. She wasn't deceiving herself.

Again they were still. Then she asked abruptly, "Aren't you being frightfully unfair to her? Dropping out of life like this? Disappearing, going to war?"

"It can't affect her. Not any more."

He sat down and spoke quickly, almost savagely. Having begun, he told her everything there was to say about Hilda. They had been married two years. She had gone to Germany with him. When she had repeatedly visited Johannes Bernhaus, an official in Berlin, Kurt had thought it was to help secure his father's release. Bernhaus' word was influential.

It wasn't until the last day that he had learned Hilda intended to remain with Bernhaus.

At the beginning it had been a demoralizing shock. But the shock had passed, and with its passing had come cynicism. Hilda had been born in Leipzig. He had met her in New York, where her father represented a German manufacturer of cameras. Now she was home again—that's what it amounted to. She had chosen to leave Kurt, to stay behind with Johannes Bernhaus. . . .

As Claudia listened, new feelings welled up in her. A sense of anger against Hilda but of liberation for herself. She couldn't analyze the sensation. Not for a second did she regret the things she had done for this man. On the contrary, she was glad she had done them.

Kurt sat watching her uncertainly, wondering what she would do, what she would say. The flames crackled, and their light trembled on Claudia's face.

In the end it was Kurt who spoke again. He muttered, "So, you see, I'm quite free to do what I want."

She nodded. "Yes, you—you're quite free. But—are you sure it's for *ideals* you want to fight?"

"What else is there?"

"Jealousy, perhaps. And revenge for a wounded pride."

His very stare stopped her. After a pause he whispered, "No. No, it has nothing to do with jealousy or pride. Or with Hilda. I want to fight just because I'd want to fight anything I considered vile and ugly."

She believed him. His intensity compelled it. She rose, and he watched her cross the room to a writing desk in a dark corner. She took a slip of paper from it.

"This morning," she told him, unexpectedly, "I visited a friend of my father's in the Medical Corps. I copied this from the chart on his wall. You wanted to memorize it."

Kurt stared at the paper. It was more than a gift. Coming now of all times, it was an answer, a symbol of her complete understanding. And it brought him a flood of relief that verged on joy.

There were letters on the paper—lines in which the alphabet had been scrambled in printings of various sizes. A copy of an eye-test chart. . . .

"It's the standard one used in the service," she said quietly. "And no military secret. Any one can copy it. With luck, you should be at Craymoor in a week."

SHE was, it developed, prophetic. Eight days after his tea with Claudia—eight days almost to the

(Continued on page 22)

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* A fictitious name is used here and throughout the story at the request of the British authorities, to avoid naming, locating, and describing a wartime air base.

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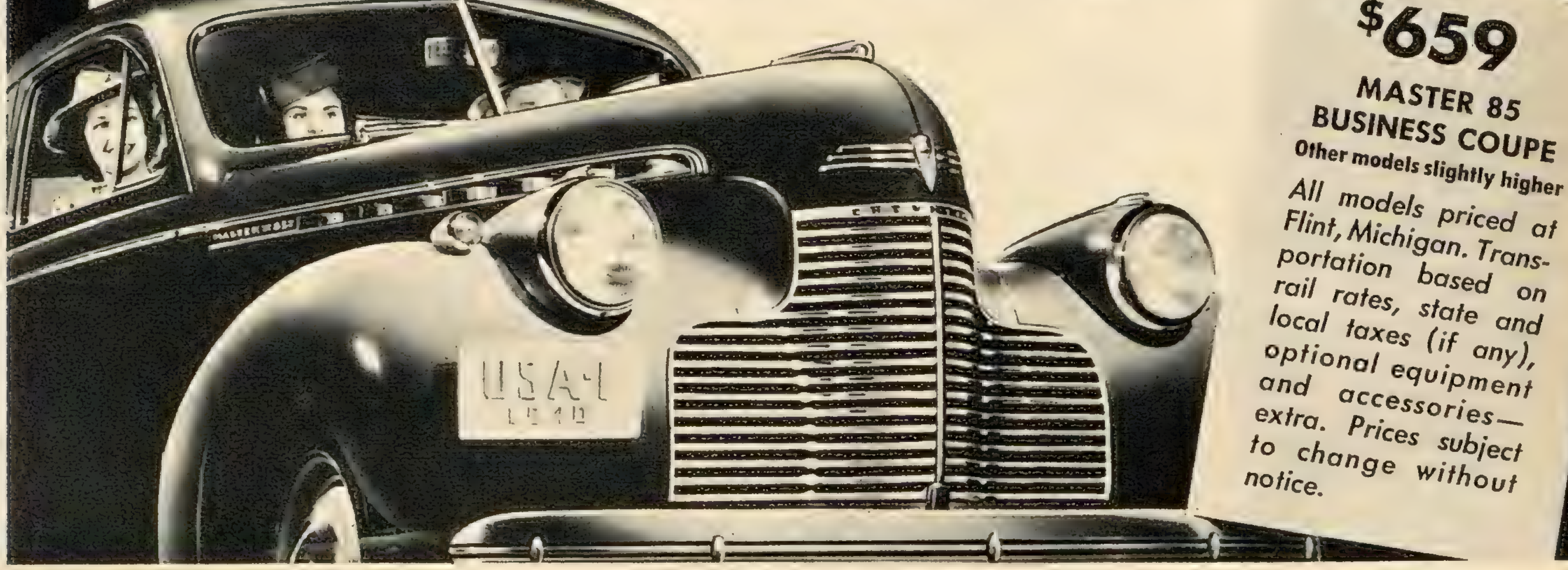

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(Continued from page 20)

hour—Kurt Freel sat on a bunk in the gray barracks at Craymoor.

The room was crowded and noisy with newly arrived men unpacking kits. An hour ago they had all come by train from London, and their first orders were to have all personal effects properly arranged before mess.

Their kits had been issued in London. Now, while he worked over his bag, Kurt tried to appear as casual as the others. But he couldn't quite manage it. There was in him a profound and throbbing excitement that left him flushed, his eyes abnormally bright. These others might regard reaching Craymoor as a matter of routine; for him it was a triumph.

He thought a great deal about Claudia, too. Ever since he had crushed her in his arms for that unearthly moment his thoughts of her had affected him in a way he dared not analyze; they stirred him too deeply.

Claudia had started for Craymoor five days ago, and he supposed she was stationed somewhere around the airport. It was so vast a place, however, so crowded with its thousands of men in training and its "regulars," that he wondered where and how he was to see her. He wanted desperately to see her.

IN a far corner a boy began to sing. He bawled out his words audaciously, with good-humored defiance, like one challenging the fates. It was the song that service men were already singing throughout England, calling it the Tipperary of 1939:

"Even Hitler had a mother,
Even Adolf had a ma.
Although we may suffer from his blinkin' sins,
At least, thank God, *he wasn't twins!*"

"'Ere, you! Give over! Enough of that!" A bellowing voice blared through the din like a ship's foghorn. It was so loud and startling that the singing at once subsided. The men stared toward the door, where a sergeant with the physique of a professional wrestler glared them into silence. He held a sheaf of papers.

"Hattention!"

Kurt straightened like the others.

"There's orders for you new men," the sergeant continued, his manner belligerent. "First, no lights to show anywheres after dark. Second, some of you will find letters waitin' at Training School Headquarters. Get them before five thirty. Third, all new men report to the mess hall fifteen minutes early today—at five forty-five. Captain MacCord's to speak to you. . . . That's all, except—" He glowered into a corner. "This is Craymoor, me lads, not Billingsgyte! We'll 'ave no more o' that blarsted 'owlin'!"

The sergeant departed and the men relaxed. They all chattered; all but Kurt. He kept warning himself he must say as little as possible; he mustn't permit his accent to make him conspicuous. . . .

"This is a bit of orl right now, ain't it?" chuckled the man at the adjoining bunk. He was examining his blankets. "And do the nights get shivery up 'ere in Scotland? Not arf they don't!" He was a big red-haired fellow with ruddy cheeks, a stubby nose, and the ingenuous grin of a child. He fixed it on Kurt amiably. "Looks like we're to be bunkmates, 'ey? Wot might your nyme be?"

"Cresson."

"Mine's Balder. 'Enry Balder." He thrust out an enormous hand, which Kurt shook cordially enough. "I'm a Sussex man myself, though I've 'ad me share o' London." He laughed slyly. "Where might you be from, Cresson?"

"Bristol."

"Brissel, 'ey? Not arf bad, Brissel, though I can't say I 'old much with its weather. Where've they been training you? Gatwick?"

"No, Rosyth."

"Go on, now! I've an uncle runs a pub near Rosyth. Best ale you could arsk. The 'Ound and Fox, 'e calls it. 'Appen to know the plyce?"

"Can't say I do."

"Why," chuckled Balder, "you missed the best o' Rosyth!"

There was a sudden deafening roar overhead. A plane seemed to miss the roof by inches. The whole building trembled with its thunder, and the men rushed to the windows.

Kurt identified the plane easily—a North American Harvard, designed for advanced training. Its pilot was clearly a student—and a rather ineffective student. He came down upon the gray waters of the Firth with a splash that must have jarred him and his instructor, to say nothing of the craft itself.

"Comes in like a bat out of 'ell," growled Balder, "an' almost cuts our 'eads off. I could do better meself."

THOUGH the men returned to their bunks loudly deriding the novice, Kurt remained at the window. He gazed at the Firth with yearning. If he too could fly . . . if he could help carry destruction against that most terrible of all destroyers . . .

Well, he must wait. First, there would be four weeks of intensive training. Meanwhile he must be grateful for what he had already achieved.

From where he stood he could look over a vast region of workshops, hangars, barracks, officers' quarters, and other buildings he could not yet identify. Beyond them lay the Firth, its waters whitecapped by the winds that raced down from Scottish hills. Craymoor was tremendous. Not only a training school but a powerful air base. If he were careful, he should have no difficulty in submerging himself among its thousands of men. There must be innumerable accents among them, too, he reflected. Why should his be too noticeable—particularly if he cultivated the habit of broadening his American *a* and dropping an occasional *h?*

"I say, there, Cresson."

He turned quickly, to see Henry Balder buttoning his tunic.

"If you're finished," Balder suggested, "come along an' see if we got any post."

"I'm not expecting any."

"Come along anyway. Gives you a chance to look over the blinkin' plyce."

Most of the men were going out, and it occurred to Kurt that congeniality was the safest way of making himself part of the group. So he nodded, reached into the bunk for his cap, and accompanied Balder.

NOT until they were outside did the possibility of a note from Claudia rouse him. In London he had received a brief letter from her; merely a few words to wish him success and a promise to watch for him at Craymoor. The idea that there might be another message hastened his stride.

"Quite a plyce, quite a plyce," Balder commented. Scores of planes were drawn up on land in lines of military precision, and scores more floated on the water. High above the Firth a squadron of bombers circled.

"Looks like we could send them Boches a deal of trouble from 'ere, 'ey?"

"I 'ope so." Kurt was rather proud of the way he pronounced "hope." He watched Balder closely; his accent seemed in no way to strike the man as odd. . . .

There was a long queue at Headquarters. When "David Cresson" asked for his post, he was startled to receive not one but two envelopes.

The first gave him a genuine emotional lift. It bore no stamp. Its handwriting was Claudia's. The second, however, sent a stab of apprehension to his heart. It was postmarked Rosyth, scrawled in a man's hand, and had originally been addressed to Aircraftman David Cresson, Royal Air Force Volunteer Reserve, London, with a "Please Forward" request in a lower corner.

He read Claudia's letter first. He opened it in the privacy of a corner, near a window. She had written:

Dear David:

I do hope you came through without difficulty. I shall be looking forward to seeing you again when you arrive. My days are uncertain, for I'm father's chauffeur and go where he goes. But I'll be at the canteen almost every evening after mess. Helping to provide entertainment is one of my jobs. I shall be looking for you there. CLAUDIA.

Not much; nothing that would betray him if the letter were opened by a military censor; just enough to tell him where and how to find her. It filled him with a warm sense of anticipation.

Then, frowning, he read the letter from Rosyth.

Dear David:

By grace of the devil's own luck, I'm here at the Base Hospital, with a broken leg. Fuming and helpless and as useless as an old woman. And it's no honorable casualty inflicted by the enemy. I slipped, that was all. Came a cropper on a wet companionway in high seas, with my right leg broken under me. So here I am, writing from a bed, with my leg in a cast and my temper broiling.

I've been meaning to write you for days—ever since I read your name among the Carthage survivors. You cannot know how overjoyed I was to know you'd come through safely. By this time I expect you've read it was my personal privilege to bring in the commander of the U-boat (now at the bottom, thank God) which torpedoed the Carthage. Sort of poetic justice in that, what?

They won't let me write for more than a few minutes at a time, so I must be brief. You probably won't have leave for several months, so I can't hope to have you visit me here. When I can hobble around, however, I'm sure I'll be able to manage a trip to whatever place you're stationed at. I do want to see you. It's been too many months since we had a chance to talk. Write to tell me where you are, and I'll come as soon as possible.

Until then, best of luck and bless you. Cheerio! CHARLES.

Kurt stared at the letter. It stopped his breath. Charles, David Cresson's brother, the naval lieutenant . . . *planning to come* . . . He felt appalled. Yet there was something else, too. Something deeper than fear for himself. A sympathy, almost a pity, for Charles Harvey Cresson, who believed his brother was still alive. The thought actually pained. If there had been any other way—

"Well, there, Cresson!" Henry Balder's cheerful voice boomed behind him. A hand slapped his shoulder. "So you did get your post, 'ey? Always pays to look, I say."

At quarter of six Kurt stood, with two hundred other newly arrived men, at rigid attention in the mess hall. They faced a platform on which Group Captain Denis MacCord waited to speak. The captain's hands were clasped behind him. He looked over the room with obvious satisfaction—a splendidly proportioned man, deep-chested, long of leg, with close-cut curly hair the color of chestnuts.

"There are a few things I want to say to you new men, and then I shall have done," began Captain MacCord. He spoke with a precise Oxford accent in a voice which, without being raised, was distinct throughout the room. "You are now part of the youngest service in the Empire. In April the Royal Air Force reached its twenty-first birthday as an independent arm of the National Defense. In that short time it has established traditions as proud and noble as those of any branch of His Majesty's service.

"I ask you men to acquaint yourselves with those traditions—to observe and enhance them, to do them honor. I ask you to remember that you are members of a force to which Britain has given and is giving its

"You little imp!
HOW DARE YOU MAKE FUN OF ME!"
AW, AUNT MOLLIE, I DIDN'T MEAN TO MAKE YOU MAD. EVERYBODY SAYS YOUR CLOTHES DO HAVE TATTLE-TALE GRAY
HA! HA! TATTLE-TALE GRAY
HE'S A SCAMP, MOLLIE, BUT DON'T GET SORE. MY CLOTHES LOOKED WORSE THAN YOURS TILL I STOPPED USING WEAK-KNEED SOAPS AND SWITCHED TO FELS-NAPTHA!
TRY THE BIG BAR OR THE WONDERFUL CRINKLY CHIPS! EITHER WAY, FELS-NAPTHA BRINGS YOU RICHER, GOLDEN SOAP TEAMED WITH GENTLE, ACTIVE NAPTHA. AND THOSE TWO BUSY CLEANERS GET OUT ALL THE DIRT IN JIG-TIME!
FEW WEEKS LATER
WHOOPEE! IS IT ALL FOR ME?
YES, YOU LITTLE INDIAN! MY WASH LOOKS SO GORGEOUSLY WHITE THIS WEEK I BAKED YOU A CAKE FOR TIPPING ME OFF TO FELS-NAPTHA SOAP. THAT BIG, GOLDEN BAR SURE IS A WONDER IN A TUB
AND FELS-NAPTHA SOAP CHIPS ARE GRAND FOR WASHING MACHINES. HUSKIER, GOLDEN CHIPS — THEY'RE NOT PUFFED UP WITH AIR LIKE FLIMSY, SNEEZY POWDERS. SO WONDERFULLY SUDSY, TOO, THANKS TO THAT NEW, ADDED SUDS-BUILDER!
Golden bar or golden chips—
Fels-Naptha banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"
FELS-NAPTHA
FELS-NAPTHA SOAP
FELS-NAPTHA SOAP CHIPS
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finest men. Remember, too, that it is the most rapidly growing branch of the service—indeed, its growth is so phenomenal that we must be doubly careful in the training of our personnel. You and I who are in it have the highest standards to maintain—standards of absolute perfection."

Kurt realized the man was making a good inspirational speech. Yet, curiously, there was something about this Captain MacCord he didn't particularly like—a touch of arrogance, possibly; of superiority that had nothing to do with his rank. He was too consciously handsome, too meticulously tailored. The captain spoke for ten minutes, then concluded:

"There is but one thing more I want to add. Britain is building planes as fast as she is training men to fly them. Perhaps faster. That is why some of you originally assigned to ground service may find yourselves transferred to combat service in the air. Especially those of you who have already had three or four years of reserve experience. Those will be trained, during the next few weeks, as gunners, wireless operators, flight mechanics, and observers. To whatever duty you may be assigned, however, I feel confident you will give your best. England expects it of you. . . . That is all. Carry on!"

Captain MacCord departed.

Combat service in the air.

Throughout the meal the phrase thrilled Kurt. That was what he wanted — aerial combat duty. He must *fight.* Nothing less could satisfy the bitterness in him.

HE had almost finished eating when the ponderous sergeant — Sergeant Orrin Muldoon—came up the aisle between the long benches. Muldoon was the possessor of tiny twinkling blue eyes which, Kurt had thought, could probably be quite merry when the man was off duty. Now they were as expressionless as marbles.

"Aircraftman Cresson," he called. "Who's Aircraftman Cresson?"

Kurt looked around, startled. He rose to face the sergeant.

"Here, sir!"

The sergeant carried a sheet of paper which he consulted. "You're to report to Captain MacCord at 'Eadquarters at nine in the morning."

Kurt had an overwhelming presentiment of trouble. He knew that to question the sergeant was unmilitary, but he couldn't repress the strained: "Is—is anything wrong, sir?"

Sergeant Muldoon had a sense of humor. "'Ow should *I* know?" he demanded, passing on. "Maybe 'e wants to pin a medal on you."

Why does Captain MacCord want to see "Aircraftman Cresson" in the morning? Has he been discovered as an impostor? Can he outface a cross-examination—go on with his dangerous masquerade? He will need all his daring and determination in next week's Liberty. Join him then!

THE *Jobs* WE WANT

COLLEGE YOUTH SPEAKS OUT

READING TIME • 15 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

BY BETSEY BARTON

ONCE upon a time a public discussion about Youth was pretty certain to be something about the Promise of Youth. Today it is pretty certain to be about the Plight of Youth. Youth's troubles in the decade after the war were not economic but spiritual. This was the Period of the Lost Generation. . . . After 1929 the Plight of Youth ceased to be spiritual and became economic."

These sentences are from an editorial which appeared recently in the New York Times. The editorial is basically right but it does not go far enough. There is no mention of the changes which have taken place in youth itself. The spirit of youth has changed in the past ten years. It has whittled down its idea of an ideal life. No longer does youth expect to rise from humble life to wealth and power. It makes its own opportunity and it asks little. For youth has trimmed its sails.

Listen:

" I don't have the slightest desire to be rich or comfortable—it makes for flabby men with flabby minds."

" The student of today expects the competitive right to prove himself worthy of the right to work for his own support."

" I desire no more than enough to live on and give any children I may have a decent education. A few of the ordinary comforts of life would be nice but expensive luxuries don't charm."

" I feel I have a share coming if I work for it."

" All I ask is a chance."

These quotations are taken from the comments of college students from all over the country. In answer to a questionnaire sent to 2,000 men and women in 150 of the nation's large and small colleges, the students speak their minds. We asked them what they hope from their world of tomorrow. What do they hope to find in the way of a job? Do the hordes of unemployed frighten them? Have the wars abroad confused them? What do they hope from their family life, and from their play?

Here are their answers:

If they could have their own way, a fifth of the men students and a fourth of the women would choose teaching as their profession; over 15 per cent of the men and 9 per cent of the women would choose newspaper work; 7 per cent of the men want to be lawyers and 7 per cent want to be salesmen; 6 per cent choose government service, 6 per cent would like to be business men, and 5 per cent advertising men; 4 per cent want to go into medicine; 3 per cent want to write; 3 per cent hope to go into the ministry; and 3 per cent want to act or direct in the theater and motion pictures.

An eye-opening survey of American ambition

The remaining men are divided among the following occupations: engineer, chemist, personnel manager, banker, stockbroker, politician, farmer, accountant, musician, architect, manufacturer, recreation director, field geologist, interior decorator, television director.

After teaching and newspaper work, secretarial work is chosen by 13 per cent of the women; 8 per cent want to go into social service and 8 per cent want immediate marriage; 7 per cent want to write and 5 per cent would like to be artists. The remainder is divided among the following fields: advertising, personnel, dietetics, government service, chemistry, library work, acting, business executive, music, hostess, missionary.

Why do the students pick these jobs? Listen to typical reasons:

Teaching—Men:

" I can continue my studies and research work with young people, have security, and the opportunity to write." Stanford University.

"I like the freedom teaching offers, the limitless opportunity to study developing manhood. . . ." Hampden-Sydney.

Teaching—Women:
"I hope that I may play my part in preparing youth to find a place in the world and to live a full life." Wellesley.

"The future peace and well-being of the world depend upon the development of better individuals. This can best take place through education." Carlton College.

Newspapermen:
"I want to be a reporter so that I may gain the essential experience and training to prepare myself for a position in advertising or on a magazine." Syracuse University.

"I would rather be an unsuccessful writer than a successful business man." Rice Institute.

Newspaperwomen:
"Reporting is always new, always exciting." University of Alabama.

"I have a profound interest in the struggles of society to become adjusted to and integrated with the scientific external world and a desire to contribute to that adjustment or awakening." Millikin.

Lawyer—Men:
"I want a job I can fall back on, because I am going into politics after getting some experience." Yale University.

"Law is good work for a moderate income and offers the opportunity to be of service to mankind." Amherst College.

Ministry:
"People seem to be in need of a philosophy of life. I want to help them find one that is religious. I would also like to help people solve their other problems of life." Millikin.

Farmer:
"I know how to farm and I like outdoor work, and all I want is just enough money to be happy and healthy." Randolph-Macon.

Medicine:
"A beneficial science in which there is work for both head and hands. By working hard in it, I won't have to worry so much about the future." Hampden-Sydney.

ADVENTURE and youthful schemes for getting rich quick have been erased from the minds of these students. Seeking one's fortune has become a grim business, and the walks of life where pay is moderate but sure are crowded. As nearly as we can find out, 70 per cent of the college graduates for the year 1929 went into the business world. This interest in the uncertain world of business is smaller now; only 42 per cent of the students questioned by us choose it.

What type of employer do these students want? The majority want an employer who will be sympathetic to their youthful mistakes and help them to learn without becoming angry and impatient. Many prefer to work for themselves.

And what does the man who hires expect? On the prospective employers' side, we find, in a survey conducted by the Investors Syndicate in the spring of 1939, that they are looking for "scholarship, character, and adaptability." "The all-round student who works hard in and out of class, yet is not the college grind, campus hero, or beauty type, is being preferred, for he or she will work hard after commencement."

"The market for outstanding men of quality, purpose, and brains who are sensibly aggressive," said an official of one of the nation's largest companies, quoted in the American Magazine, "is always good."

ENCOURAGING as these words may sound, the market, to aspirants, does not always appear so "good." A senior at Syracuse, who has already tried to get a job, speaks bitterly about the attitude he has found among employers: "Present-day employers are dogmatically prejudiced against the college man without experience. How can the graduate acquire experience if no one will employ him?"

The justification of this young man's attitude is backed up by the American Youth Commission, which states in a pamphlet called Unemployed Youth, dated January, 1940: "The tendency to close employment to beginners has for many years been a disturbing feature in this country. . . ." And again in the same pamphlet the Commission states: "The fact that the older people own the property and control practically all the jobs lays upon them the major responsibility for making the opportunities match the number of youth they have brought into the world."

Youth votes heavily in favor of marriage and children. Ninety-six per cent of the men and 97 per cent of the women want to marry, but jobs come first. The largest group doesn't expect marriage for five years after graduation, and the next largest will wait three years.

Three is the ideal number of children for a family, both men and women believe. Two children are preferred by 23 per cent of the women and 29 per cent of the men.

How do these young people want to live? Eighty-eight per cent of the men and 90 per cent of the women want to own their own homes. Only 1 per cent of both men and women want to rent their homes; 4 per cent of both sexes will live in apartments; 7 per cent of the men don't care where they live; and 5 per cent of the women are not particular.

The trend is away from large lonely cities. Thirty-five per cent of the men and women students questioned want to live in a medium-sized town, and this same per cent of both sexes expect to live in a suburban town. Three per cent will live on farms, 5 per cent in the country, 11 per cent in a small town, and 15 per cent in a large city.

Will these students be able to afford the home and wife and children of which they dream? They expect to. Their salary hopes are not high: the average expects to earn about $50 a week after working five years.

At the start, the majority of men students expect to be earning $1,300 to $1,500 a year ($25 to $30 a week). After they have been working five years 64 per cent expect to be earning $2,000 to $3,500 a year ($40 to $70 a week). In ten years the majority expect around $5,000. And in twenty years the largest group, over one quarter, expect $10,000.

By profession, the male students who want to be teachers (chosen by the largest percentage) expect to get $1,800 a year to start with, $2,500 in five years, and $5,500 in twenty years. The newspapermen (second choice of students) will start at $1,200, and after twenty years hope to be raised to $10,000. The lawyers expect $1,700 to start with, and to be earning three to five thousand dollars more every five years after that until they are receiving $13,000 a year.

The women do not expect as much as the men in the way of salary. As teachers, they want to start at $1,200 a year. As secretaries the women will start at $1,600 and in ten years hope for $3,300.

THESE figures seem modest and comparison proves them to be sound. Three years ago a survey covering forty-six colleges, conducted by the Market Research Corporation, showed that the starting salary for college graduates going into sales, manufacturing, advertising, and other businesses was $130 a month. The students our survey covered who are going into business expect $120 a month at the start.

In March, 1939, the American Association of School Administrators and the National Education Association reported that the average wage for the elementary schoolteacher in the country's medium-sized cities was $2,100 a year. The average wage for high-school teachers in these same cities was $3,100 a year (no time limit was given). The male students in our survey expect $3,200 a year after working *ten years* as a teacher; the female students expect $2,200 after the same length of time.

Despite their fundamental seriousness, students of today love to play. They plan to release the imagination which they do not feel they can use in the working sides of their lives into their hobbies. The length and variety of the list is extraordinary. Athletics will be the hobby of the greatest majority (61 per cent); 12 per cent of the students will spend their spare time learning to play musical instruments or listening to music; 10 per cent prefer photography; 11 per cent are most interested in reading; and the rest will while away their leisure writing stories or novels or tales for children.

These college students know what they want. Their demands are small. But in spite of this many hardly dare hope that they will be granted their wishes.

Listen:

"The above are my desires, but I do not expect over 75 per cent realization." TUSKEGEE.

"The above is only what I dream of." RANDOLPH-MACON.

"Nine out of ten college kids will fall into something and stay there the rest of their days." VALPARAISO.

"The average graduating senior feels his future is pigeonholed. We must wait our only chance. . . . ."
UNIVERSITY OF IDAHO.

COMPLETE confidence is not one of the students' traits, then. They doubt that they will succeed. They are prepared to be disappointed. And this, unluckily, is a good thing.

"It is extremely hard to decide on a career today. I hardly know what to expect to do," writes a senior at Carleton College. And he voices the concern of many students. "What jobs are open?" they ask. "How can we be ready for them?"

The students have answered our questions. What helpful answers can be made to theirs?

Probably the most competent surveys of job openings for youth are being made by Lyle M. Spencer and Robert K. Burns, two young men from the University of Washington who, in 1938, started the Science Research Associates. Schools and other institutions paid $100,000 last year for their information service.

The findings of the Research Bureau show that the students we questioned are, for the most part, aiming for overcrowded fields. (Schoolteaching, journalism, business led for men. Stenography and journalism for women.) An article about the Bureau in the April Reader's Digest says:

"To young women we report that routine stenography is pathetically overcrowded. The stenographer fares best who acquires a specialized vocabulary in chemistry, medicine, or law." . . . "Schoolteaching looks less attractive every day as the population trend reduces the number of children. But there may well be an expanding field for teachers of music. . . . A frank appraisal of the young lawyer's prospects is far from encouraging. But a new type of lawyer, groomed to appear before labor relations boards, to adjust the conflicts of business and government, will have little trouble finding practice."

The hopes for journalists are dubious. "All the metropolitan dailies added together draw on city news bureaus and smaller dailies for reinforcement at the rate of less than 100

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AMOUNT* TO BE FINANCED	FOR 12 MOS.		FOR 18 MOS.	
	Finance Charge	Monthly Payment	Finance Charge	Monthly Payment
$300	$18.00	$26.50	$27.00	$18.16
350	21.00	30.91	31.50	21.19
400	24.00	35.33	36.00	24.22
450	27.00	39.75	40.50	27.25
500	30.00	44.16	45.00	30.27
550	33.00	48.58	49.50	33.30
600	36.00	53.00	54.00	36.33

*NOTE: You take the cash delivered price of car plus insurance cost and documentary fee or tax, if any. (Your dealer will supply these figures.) Then take off the amount of your down payment or trade-in allowance. The result is the *amount to be financed.*

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each year. Jobs are few in small towns as well."

On the cheerful side, however: "The ceramics industry is one of the fastest growing; cement, tile, glass are branching out. . . . Yet there are only 1,500 engineers specializing in the field. Statisticians have increased 50 per cent in the last three years. The continuing improvement of our motor roads means a steady increase in highway jobs, all the way from engineer to pick swinger. Transportation—trucking and railroading —offers a promising field to those who study its expanding phases and specialize in one of them. . . . The growth of the small service businesses in radio repair, photographic studios, bakeries, laundries, beauty parlors is one of the marvels of recent years and offers the best chance to be one's own boss."

Thus, for the young men and women who are prepared, America is not barren of jobs. "The time to start looking for a job," say Spencer and Burns, "is five years before you need it. That gives the chance to choose rather than just find work." And time for training in the interval, adds the article. For the properly trained, opportunity still awaits. But college and self training do not entirely prepare the graduate for a job. How can he be further prepared to meet the employment openings?

It is up to the employer to help him. In an article in Nation's Business for March, 1939, Professor E. H. Schell of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in Business Administration says: "As I look back over the past twenty years, I realize that the transitions from college to industry (or any job) demand a greater quality of gradualness. One of my friends saw the light not long ago. When charged with the task of building a strong second-line organization of young blood, he insisted upon a long-time program which permitted him to bring second-year college students of more than ordinary promise to his factory for summer employment. . . . When graduation came, the students could judge of their interest in permanent employment. . . while the company . . . had studied the students in factory environment."

And the American Youth Commission states: "The success of combining part-time schooling with part-time jobs has impressed the Commission and it recommends the rapid extension of this scheme for eliminating the hiatus between full-time schooling and full-time employment."

Upon graduation, the student of 1940 will not be without help from many sources. Agencies, both federal and private, have been set up to aid him in seeking employment. Among them are the National Youth Administration, the Civilian Conservation Corps, the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A., the Boys' and Girls' Clubs of America, the United States Office of Education, which set up the Youth Commission in 1935, and many local and civic placement bureaus.

America is alive to the problem of youth, but, most of all, youth knows its own problem thoroughly. These college students have changed their ideas of living and their hopes so much in the past eight years, without losing either fight or ambition, that it looks as though they will be able to further readjust themselves to the world they will enter this spring.

They know what to expect; the war overseas has not upset them; they are still turning their eyes inward, toward this country. Their homes and jobs and babies will be part of the American future. And this future is viewed by young eyes that have acquired an appalling wisdom. The new attitude is summed up by Burnett Anderson, editor of the Campus at the University of Rochester:

"We college students have not yet lost faith in the type of representative government that has endured so long. We do not believe that we are either less or more fortunate than preceding generations. Our ideas and dreams today are realistic, perhaps because we know that not all of us will be successful millionaires, or even succeed. Our tendency is to more truly evaluate our own worth, to find a job which fits us and for which we are fitted, and to do it well."

THE END

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Ed SHOOTS IT OUT

•

BY WALTER BROOKS

•

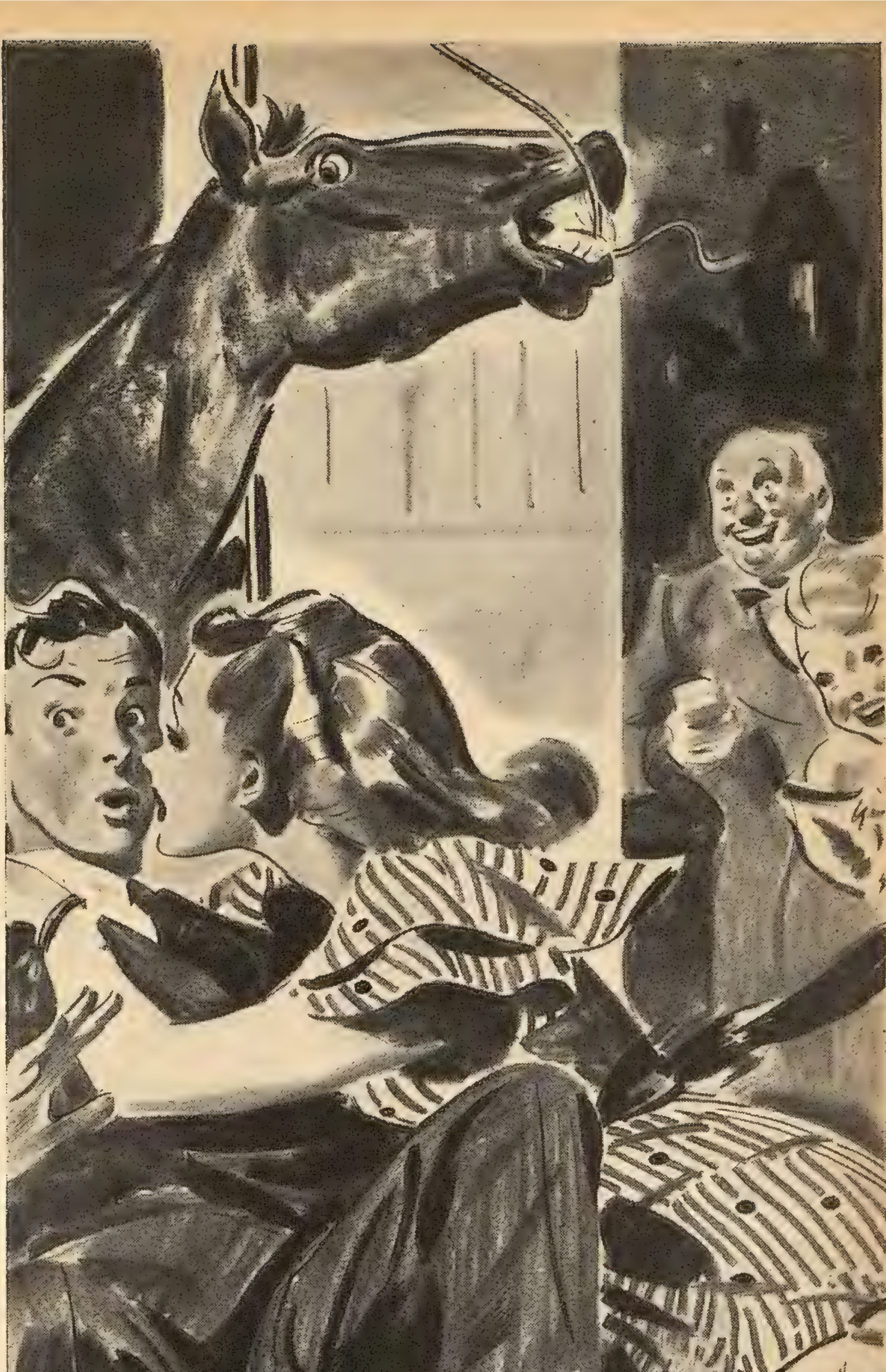
He's in again—A joyous tale of our talking horse

READING TIME ● 15 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

WHEN anybody tells you that animals are just stupid and haven't any initiative you tell them about Wilbur Pope's horse. I guess you've heard about him. His name was Ed and he lived with Mr. and Mrs. Pope up in their little country place near Mt. Kisco. That is of course Ed lived in the barn. Mr. Pope had bought him so he could ride Saturdays and Sundays when Mrs. Pope was giving cocktail parties. And he was just as surprised as you or I would have been when he found out that Ed could talk.

Well of course being an advertising account executive Mr. Pope's first thought was of how he could cash in on Ed's gift. But Ed said nothing doing. So Mr. Pope had to give in and afterward he was glad he did. They ambled around Westchester stopping now and then for beer or to talk or take a nap under a tree and it settled down into a nice friendship.

Well one of Mr. Pope's neighbors was Senator Watson Kirby who had a big place on a hill overlooking several reservoirs. Senator Kirby had a noble head and the kind of eloquence that can take two from four and leave six and so he was being spoken of as the next governor. He had a daughter named Wilma who was a large healthy girl fond of the kind of sports that make you sweat. She usually wore breeches and stood with her feet apart when she talked to you. Mr. Pope liked her fine at first and when she dropped in one Sunday when she



Shouts of delight hailed the brilliantly spotlighted embrace.

was out riding he talked to her and showed her Ed and by and by they went for a ride.

Well Miss Kirby was one of the hearty kind who say what they think and in the first half mile she told Mr. Pope what she thought. Were those people all your friends? she said and when Mr. Pope said Why yes didn't you like them? she said Don't they ever do anything week-ends but sit around and drink? What they need is more exercise and less whisky. You could do with a little more exercise yourself she said giving Mr. Pope's figure a critical looking over. Suddenly she startled Mr. Pope by exclaiming But man alive! Why don't you pull up your girth? Why I could get both hands under it. Eh? said Mr. Pope blinking at her and fumbling with his belt. Saddle girth said Miss Kirby. O said Mr. Pope Why Ed don't like it tight. Pooh said Miss Kirby get down and let me show you. You're riding for a bad fall.

So they both dismounted and Miss Kirby put one knee against Ed's side and hauled on the strap until she had it tight enough to suit her. You have to pull 'em tight she said. A horse always swells himself up when you're saddling him. Though strictly speaking she said eying Ed doubtfully I don't think this is a horse at all. Look at the angle of that pastern. And those withers.

Mr. Pope who didn't know what a pastern was and for whom withers were merely something that were better unwrung mumbled faintly.

WHEN he had left Miss Kirby at her gate Mr. Pope steered Ed homeward. We'll stop at Jake's and have some beer he said. Get off and loosen that girth first said Ed. Do my eyes look funny Wilb? I can feel 'em bulge and I don't believe I can hold 'em in much longer. So Mr. Pope loosened the girth. So I ain't strictly speaking a horse at all eh? said Ed. Well if you ask me she ain't a girl. She's one of these sadists you hear about. O she's all right said Mr. Pope. Yeah? said Ed. Well you keep away from her Wilb. I don't like the way she looks at you. Hungry. Like you was a lump of sugar.

Well it wasn't long before it began to look as if Ed was right. Miss Kirby dropped in nearly every Sunday and then she and Mr. Pope would take a ride which usually ended at the Kirby place where there were comfortable chairs and mild but cooling drinks. Mr. Pope rather enjoyed it. Miss Kirby's conversation put no strain on the intellect as it was all about horses and skiing and golf and mountain climbing so that it was easy to follow. Also he met the senator and discovered that he was the largest stockholder in Corbetson-Ives which was one of his best accounts.

The riding part wasn't so much fun. It was cross-country and had fences and walls in it. The first time Ed was put at a wall he refused point-blank. Damn it Wilbur he said I can't jump over that thing. It's—well it's illegal. Go on! said Mr. Pope What are you giving me? Well said Ed it's suicide. And that's against the law ain't it? But by coaxing and threatening Mr. Pope finally got him to try it in a low place. After that they did better and as Miss Kirby was usually some distance ahead it was nearly always possible to scramble over or to find a way around. But it was tiring.

By August Miss Kirby was almost a daily caller and nearly all Mr. Pope's spare time was taken up with some form of sport. Not mild sport either. Even croquet at Miss Kirby's hands was a game to be pursued with steamy energy. The least strenuous was shooting at a mark with the .22 automatic rifle that Mr. Pope kept out in the barn to discourage rats.

BUT at last Mr. Pope struck. It was on a Sunday. A cross-country ride had been followed by eighteen holes of golf and after lunch at the Popes' they had had six sets of tennis at the Kirbys'. Mr. Pope lay gasping like a hooked trout on the grass. Come on Wilbur said Miss Kirby gaily. Sets are three all. We'll play it off and have a swim. More likely a funeral said Mr. Pope. No Wilma I'm through. I just can't keep it up. Nonsense my dear man! said Miss Kirby. Exercise never hurt anybody. You've sat around too many years lapping up highballs—that's what's the matter with you.

At that moment Senator Kirby came across the lawn. Ah Pope he said with a nod and then to his daughter Well child having a pleasant game? Wilbur wants to quit said Miss Kirby. You're dead right he does Wilbur said. Doesn't she ever get tired sir? She is a true Kirby said the senator. Sound old American stock Mr. Pope that plays as it works —strenuously. The pioneer strain sir that has never learned to cry Hold! Enough! Well you know this isn't a battle senator protested Mr. Kirby. You young fellows are too soft today said Mr. Kirby. Why when I was a young man . . .

On the way home Ed said to Mr. Pope I don't see why you played those extra sets after you said you wouldn't. I had to said Mr. Pope defensively. It's policy for me to stand well with the senator Ed. Corbetson-Ives is one of my best accounts. Anyway he went on I enjoy a certain amount of it. And I like Wilma. She's restful. Sure said Ed when she's sitting still. But just the same you look out for her. Go on—laugh. You wait and see.

Ed was worried about Mr. Pope all right but he was worried about himself too. He wanted the old peaceful days back. There was too much galloping and coming home in a lather and too many stone walls and woodchuck holes in these rides. Also he was uneasy about the suggestions Miss Kirby kept making that Mr. Pope buy a better horse. Wilbur's so darn easy to influence he said to himself. I guess I'd better take steps.

Well having been brought up in a stable Ed's methods were pretty direct. A couple of days later they were out riding and they came down through a wood lot into a pasture and there right in front of them was a large stern-looking bull. Miss Kirby said Hey Wilbur let's have a bullfight! and urged her horse into a canter right across the bull's bows. The bull put his head down and made a short run toward her and Miss Kirby laughed and circled around him and came across from the other side and the bull did it again. Gosh Ed what'll we do? said Mr. Pope. She'll get into trouble. But to his surprise Ed suddenly took the bit in his teeth and headed at a gallop straight for the bull. Olé shouted Ed. Here comes Wilbur the Matador!

Well of course Miss Kirby thought it was Mr. Pope who had entered into the spirit of things and she turned in the saddle to smile encouragement just as Ed swerved sharply and cannoned into her mount. Looking back as he swept by Mr. Pope saw her topple from the saddle. Stop Ed! he yelled and tried to pull up and then as Ed kept right on going he kicked his feet free and dropped off. He ran back to Miss Kirby but she had kept hold of the rein and was already mounting. Quick! she said Get up behind me! But the bull instead of rushing them gazed for a moment with grandfatherly disapproval then turned aside and picked a mouthful of daisies.

Later Mr. Pope had it out with Ed. At least he tried to. But Ed said he hadn't meant anything. I just slipped he said. And anyway he said I didn't think you'd jump off. I suppose you didn't think Wilma'd fall off either said Mr. Pope. That bull might have killed her. Ed gave a hyprocritical leer. Yes he said I should be more careful Wilbur. Dear me I don't know what came over me.

A COUPLE of nights later the Popes had a party. Miss Kirby and Mr. Pope spent most of the evening at a ping-pong table up in the barn loft. About half past ten they stopped playing but halfway down the stairs Miss Kirby said Don't let's go out with all those people. Can't we sit somewhere quietly? I won't put the light on then said Mr. Pope. They felt their way down and Mr. Pope pulled an old bench out into the barn doorway and they sat down facing out toward the lawn. It was a hot night and most of the party was out on the lawn. We can see them and they can't see us said Miss Kirby. I like that don't you? Gosh! she said suddenly What's that behind us? It's only Ed said Mr. Pope. I don't tie him up. It seems mean to confine him in a stall. Hello Ed he said. Hot tonight isn't it?

Ed didn't say anything. He had a plan. And the first time Miss Kirby turned her head a little away from Mr. Pope he put it into operation. He stuck his head forward and kissed Miss Kirby lingeringly on the cheek.

O Wilbur! cried Miss Kirby. Don't be mushy! Mushy! exclaimed the

(Continued on page 32)

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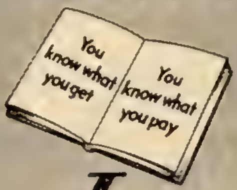
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More Winners Liberty's $2000 Stargazing Contest

(Continued from May 25 issue)

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(Continued in an early issue)

(Continued from page 30)

stupefied Mr. Pope. But before he could say any more she threw her arms around him and embraced him with an athletic fervor that drove the breath out of him. O Wilbur! she said I *knew* that you cared! And at that moment Ed seized in his teeth the string of the big floodlight that hung over the barn door and pulled.

Shouts of delight hailed the brilliantly spotlighted embrace. The party crowded up around them as they sprang apart. Three to one on Wilbur! said some one. I'll take it said Jed Witherspoon. He hasn't a chance poor chap. Are you doing charades darlings? asked Mrs. Pope sweetly. Why didn't you tell us so we could guess? And then Mr. Pope found the light and turned it off.

WELL Mr. Pope found Miss Kirby as she was getting into her car and she was pretty mad and said he ought to be horsewhipped for putting on the light but he finally persuaded her that he hadn't done it. No she said I guess I know you couldn't have. Not after kissing me like that. And let's be straight about this Wilbur. I've known for a long time that you cared for me. Now why don't you divorce Carlotta and marry me?

But good gosh sputtered Mr. Pope how can I—why I love Carlotta. Nonsense my dear man said Miss Kirby you can't. She's not your type. Besides I know you couldn't have kissed me as you did if you didn't care. Perhaps it did come as a shock to you. But you've got to face the truth Wilbur. You and I were made for each other. And she seized him and kissed him terrifyingly and then drove off.

Don't say it boss—don't say it said Ed as Mr. Pope came into the barn. I can't say it now replied Mr. Pope There are too many people around. But I suppose you know you're looking the auction block right in the eye? I was only acting in your best interests said Ed. When you started hugging and kissing that wench—I started! exclaimed Mr. Pope. Why yes said Ed. Didn't you? I couldn't see very well. I don't know just what did happen said Mr. Pope. But I'm in a sweet mess *now.* And your putting on that light— I did it all for the best said Ed. I thought if Mrs. Pope saw you it would make her jealous and she'd keep the girl away from you. Instead of which—well she thought it was funny. He snickered. Well damn it Wilb it *was* funny. Bah! said Mr. Pope and left the barn.

Mrs. Pope didn't think it was so funny next day when Miss Kirby came to see her and asked her to give Mr. Pope up. She told Mr. Pope about it at dinner. She's crazy! said Mr. Pope bitterly. Well I don't know said Mrs. Pope. She seems quite sane to me. You can't be asking me to believe that she made the whole thing up? Of course she did said Mr. Pope. O no Wilbur Mrs. Pope said. This thing has been going on a long time. If you want to marry her I won't stand in your way. I've never interfered with you as I told her and if you want a divorce— O my heaven said Mr. Pope. I'm going over to see her father.

But the senator greeted him with a depressing cordiality. Ah Pope he said Well my girl tells me you've arranged it all between you. Congratulations my boy. Eh? said Mr. Pope But Mr. Kirby don't you understand—I'm already married. I understand Pope I understand replied the senator. Your agitation does you credit. But divorce is no disgrace nowadays as long as it's accomplished quietly. And I understand your wife will offer no objection— But my dear senator interrupted Mr. Pope I don't want to—I haven't any intention of marrying Wilma.

What's this? demanded the senator and his brow began to build up voltage. If you've been playing fast and loose with my little girl— Then the brow cleared. I think I understand he said. But nowadays an uncontested divorce can have no effect on a young man's prospects. And surely if I in my position am not concerned you hardly need be. He laughed throatily. Tut-tut Mr. Pope he said. I hope you agree that my little girl—*our* little girl—must get what she wants?

Well Mr. Pope stayed a while but he didn't get anywhere so he went home and talked to Ed. That Wilma's a tough baby said Ed. You were right trying to work on her old man but you worked on him the wrong way. Now if he thought your wife might make a scandal— It's perfectly plain Carlotta wouldn't said Mr. Pope. I'm not so sure said Ed. But anyway— Well the guy wants to be governor doesn't he? I think I got an idea. Well said Mr. Pope what is it? I got to think it out said Ed. By the way Wilbur I saw a couple rats last night. Is that rifle of yours loaded? Mr. Pope took the rifle down from its hook. Yes he said. Then he looked suspiciously at Ed. I hope you're not planning any shooting? he said. Me shoot? said Ed. With hoofs? Don't be silly.

MR. POPE alleged pressing business and spent the next three nights in town. The first two evenings Mrs. Pope went out but the third she stayed home and went to bed early. About eleven o'clock Ed got busy. He had stolen a pink felt hat of Mrs. Pope's that she had left in the garden a day or two before and he got that and then he carefully took down the rat rifle from the hook and with these two things held firmly in his mouth he started for the Kirbys'.

He came through the Kirby property from the back and worked up close to the side of the house under cover of the shrubbery. There was a light in Miss Kirby's room but the downstairs rooms were dark. Ed dropped the hat on the lawn and propped the gun against a stone bench and pushed it around until it pointed at the window next the lighted one. He managed to get the safety catch off with his teeth and then he stood still and watched the window which was open although the shade was down. Pretty soon Miss Kirby's shadow moved across it and Ed called in a high falsetto voice Wilma!

Miss Kirby raised the shade and looked out. Who is that? she said. O there you are you husband snatcher you! yelled Ed. Take that! And he leaned down and pushed the rifle trigger with his nose. There was a bang and a crash of glass and Miss Kirby herself let out a very creditable yell. And Ed gave a wild shriek of laughter and then trotted off into the bushes where he hid and watched.

Pretty soon lights flashed on and Miss Kirby and her father and a couple of disheveled servants came tumbling out with flashlights and pokers and walking sticks. Soon one of the servants found the rifle and the hat. Heavens! said Miss Kirby That's Carlotta Pope's hat. That's Wilbur's rat rifle too.

The senator came down and examined the relics. Mrs. Pope's? he said. But child you assured me— He stopped and pulled himself together and then managed a hollow laugh. All right Hicks he said You and Wallace go in. I know all about it. I'd forgotten for the moment. It's just a—a bet. A joke.

When the servants had gone he said to his daughter You heard that shriek. The woman is plainly crazy. Good heaven if I'd had any idea of this— But there must be no scandal. But I must find Wilbur Miss Kirby said and tell him. I think you will not be seeing Wilbur again said the senator. Come in at once. So they went in and Ed went home.

THE next evening Mr. Pope came out. Mrs. Pope acted funny at dinner he thought. But at last she said Queer the Kirbys dashing off on a South American cruise so suddenly wasn't it? The senator called me up to tell me. Said he thought it might set my mind at rest. You mean they've really gone? said Mr. Pope. Mrs. Pope showed him the item in the evening paper. My gosh what a break! he said. Then he looked at her mournfully. Or isn't it a break for you? Mrs. Pope got up and came over and sat on the arm of his chair. Darling she said sometimes I think you're just a little stupid. And she kissed him. When she was through Mr. Pope said dazedly Gosh! Yeah.

Later he went out to see Ed and tell him the news. Well now that's something said Ed. Yeah said Mr. Pope and how is that idea of yours coming? Idea? said Ed. O I gave that up. Nothing to it. Mr. Pope looked at him suspiciously. You act funny Ed he said. And the Kirbys dash off without any explanation— O sure sure said Ed bitterly. If something happens you blame it on me and if nothing happens you blame that on me too. Gosh I don't know why I don't join the navy.

O. K. Ed said Mr. Pope. My apologies. I've got some new Bourbon in the house. I'll bring you out a bottle.

THE END

STANDARD SIZE→
←DINNER SIZE

My guests raved about these new "dinner" size frankfurts!

They're so juicy and fine-flavored, and unbelievably *tender!*

Simmer—do not boil—frankfurts 5 to 8 minutes and serve immediately. Accompany with new potatoes combined with peas in a well-seasoned, medium thick white sauce.

REFRESHINGLY *different* for dinner are these links of fine, savory meats . . . plump and fairly bursting with juice, and so tender they cut with a fork!

Yes, Swift & Company have promoted frankfurts to the "banquet" class! A new method (patent applied for) "tenders" the skins in pineapple juice. Not a trace of pineapple flavor remains . . . but by making the skins almost unbelievably delicate, the entire link becomes *fork-tender*.

Into these extra-good frankfurts go only *fine* meats . . . selected cuts of good beef and pork. Skillfully seasoned with a fragrant blend of spices, they're smoked over real hardwood fires.

Serve this new dinner favorite soon. But be sure to get Swift's Premium Frankfurts . . . the delicious *fork-tender* kind.

Take your choice! *In addition to the big "dinner" size, your dealer has Swift's Premium Tender Frankfurts in the standard size, equally delicious. But whichever you choose, look for the "Swift's Premium" seal of finest quality.*

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SWIFT'S PREMIUM
Tender Frankfurts

Swift's spic-and-span kitchens throughout the country make many other "SWIFT'S PREMIUM" meat products, including Meat Loaf . . . Braunschweiger . . . Cervelat . . . Lunar Loaf . . . Leona . . . Salami . . . Liver Cheese . . . Cheemeat . . . Pot Roast of Beef . . . Ham, Delicatessen Style. Look for the "SWIFT'S PREMIUM" seal of top quality!

SOMETHING ON THE BALL

By O. B. KEELER

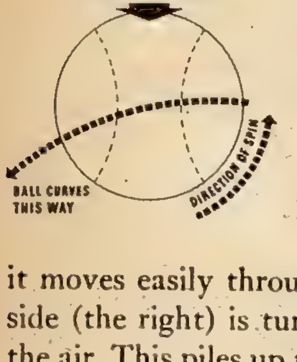
Co-author (with Bobby Jones) of "Down the Fairway" and "Goodbye to Golf"; member of Collier's All-America Football Board; nationally noted sports authority and columnist for the Atlanta Journal.

ILLUSTRATED BY BURRIS JENKINS, JR.

WHO'LL be the champions of 1940? Look for the men with *something on the ball* . . . the men who've added *brains* to strength and speed . . . who've made a fine art of what was once an accident.

An old story? No. Baseball was about 30 years old before pitchers learned how to put something on the ball. Soon freak deliveries like fadeaways, spitballs, emery balls, shine balls, fingernail balls and knuckle balls were wrecking batting averages on every diamond in the country.

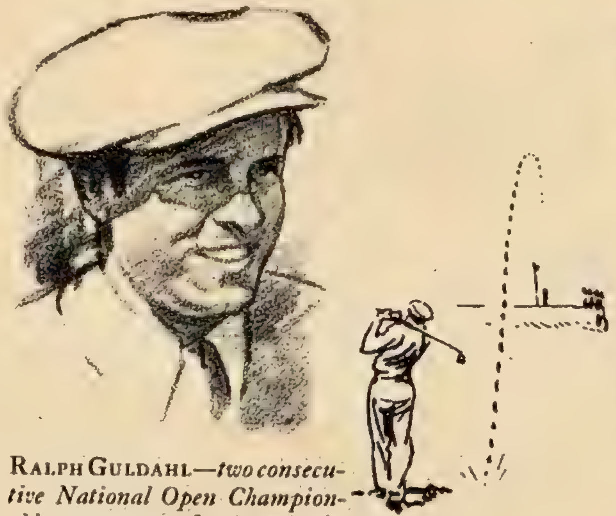
What did it? Science got busy. The university professors demonstrated that it was all a matter of air pressure. When you throw a ball forward *without any spin*, the air is churned up behind it, and suddenly creates pressures one way or another that put the ball off its course. Thus, the sharp, deadly, unpredictable break of the spitball.



Throw the ball forward *with* a spin, and something else happens. One side of the ball (say, the left) is turning backward, so it moves easily through the air. The other side (the right) is turning forward, *against* the air. This piles up the air pressure on the *right* side and pushes the ball to the *left*, as shown in the diagram.

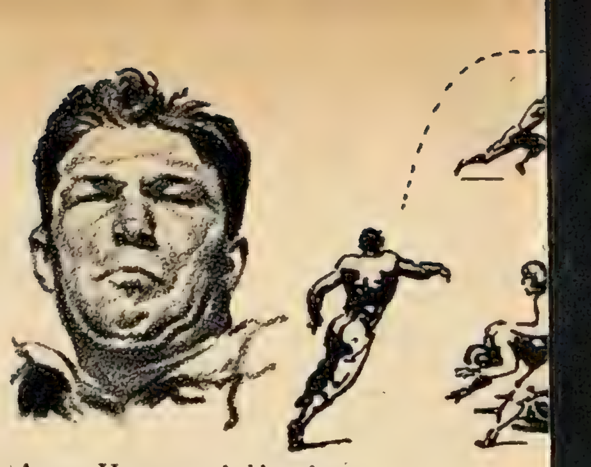
In other words, a spinning ball follows its nose. If the nose is spinning to the left, the ball *curves* left. If the nose spins upward, the ball will be an upcurve. A *down*-spin causes a *drop*.

Outcurve, incurve, upcurve, drop. Seems simple, doesn't it? It isn't. Ask the mighty Giants, who stood and swung helplessly all one sunny afternoon in 1925, while Walter Johnson curled bewitched balls tirelessly across the plate. And when the "Big Train" smoked that last pitch in, the stands' roar was tribute to one thing—"something on the ball."



RALPH GULDAHL—*two consecutive National Open Championships, 1937, 1938—proved that Ralph Guldahl has plenty on the golf ball.*

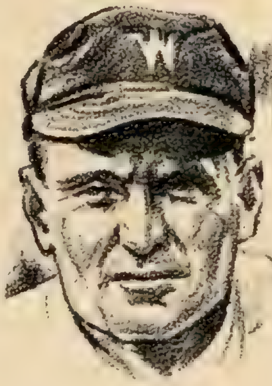
It goes for golf, too. Remember the shot that helped win the 1937 Open for Ralph Guldahl?* It came on the short 13th at Oakland Hills. Guldahl's Number 6 dropped the ball four inches from the —a birdie 2! He says it is the best s shot he ever made.



ARNIE HERBER—*holder of pro records, most passes completed and most yards gained from passes; Green Bay Packers' star.*

Something on the ball. That's wh making the champions today—yes, eve football, as any coach will tell you.

In last year's pro championship foot game it was the educated fingers of G Bay's Arnie Herber that rifled a bullet-pass between two Giants straight into arms of a waiting end to give the Pac the lead that spelled victory.



"Something on the Ball" *made* WALTER JOHNSON *of baseball's immortals. struck out 3400 men in phenomenal career as a league pitcher . . . for 20 ye averaging 20 wins per seas*

THE BEER THAT

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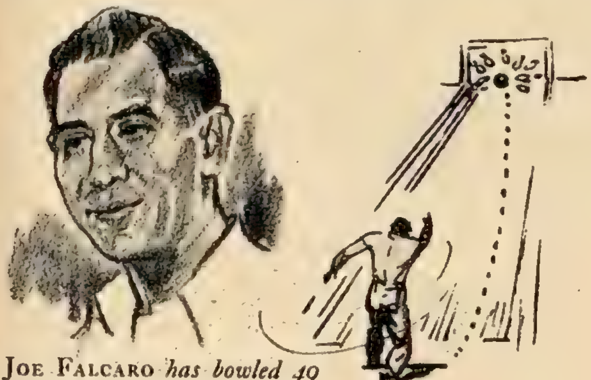
*In the Saturday Evening Post dated June 12, 1937, Mr. Keeler had an article on Ralph Guldahl entitled "Money Player"—naming him as the best bet in the United States Open Golf Championship. The article was written in April. On June 12, 1937, Ralph Guldahl won the U. S. Open!

Go indoors—watch Joe Falcaro, outstanding match game bowler of America—if you want to see something on the ball. He'll tell you it's *spin* that does it . . . spin that sends the pins tumbling in all directions, avoiding the heart-breaking "splits" that wreck scores.

And when you come to tennis—just think of Vincent Richards, whose terrific service and dazzling assortment of spins, chop-strokes, forehand and backhand smashes made him a leading star of the net world for over two decades. Among many tennis "greats", he personifies this ability to put "something on the ball".



Joe Falcaro *has bowled 49 perfect (300) games—holds match game record for 30 games with a 255 average and has rolled 33 consecutive strikes!*

Have they reached the limit—these artists of sport?

Not by a long shot. On every baseball diamond, golf course, tennis court and gridiron, you'll find athletes studying new and ever-dizzier ways to put something else on the ball. And the one who has *most* on the ball—Well, he's your champion for 1940!

* * *

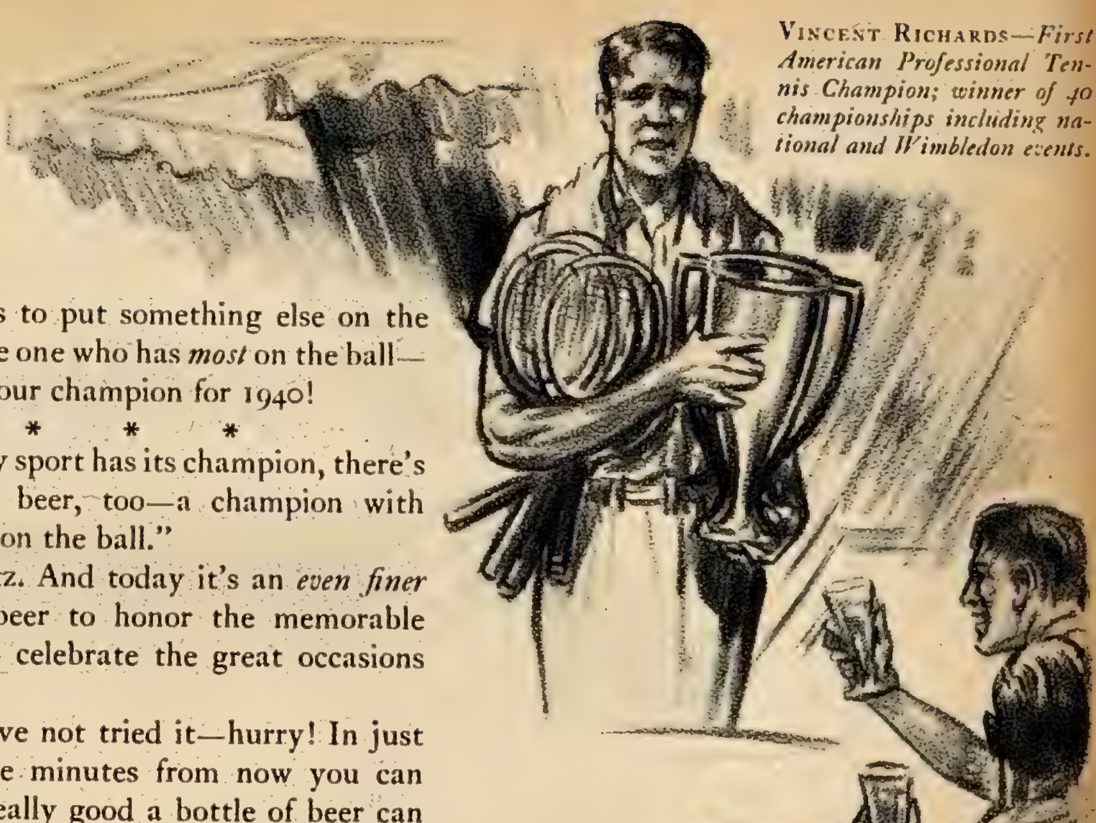
Just as every sport has its champion, there's a leader in beer, too—a champion with "something on the ball."

It's Schlitz. And today it's an *even finer* Schlitz—a beer to honor the memorable victories, to celebrate the great occasions of life!

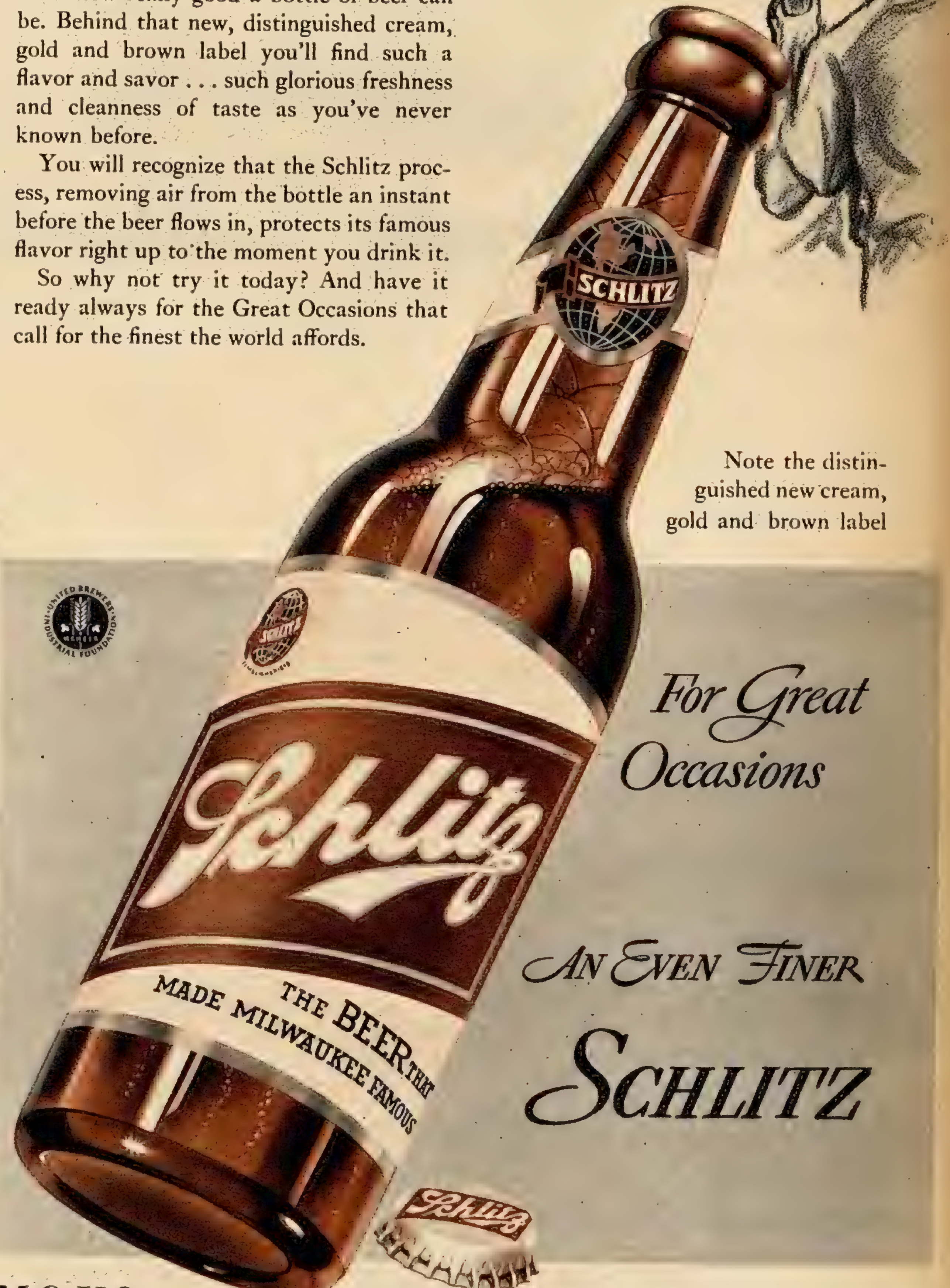
If you have not tried it—hurry! In just two or three minutes from now you can learn how really good a bottle of beer can be. Behind that new, distinguished cream, gold and brown label you'll find such a flavor and savor . . . such glorious freshness and cleanness of taste as you've never known before.

You will recognize that the Schlitz process, removing air from the bottle an instant before the beer flows in, protects its famous flavor right up to the moment you drink it.

So why not try it today? And have it ready always for the Great Occasions that call for the finest the world affords.



Vincent Richards—*First American Professional Tennis Champion; winner of 40 championships including national and Wimbledon events.*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THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS
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Note the distinguished new cream, gold and brown label

For Great Occasions

AN EVEN FINER

SCHLITZ

DE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

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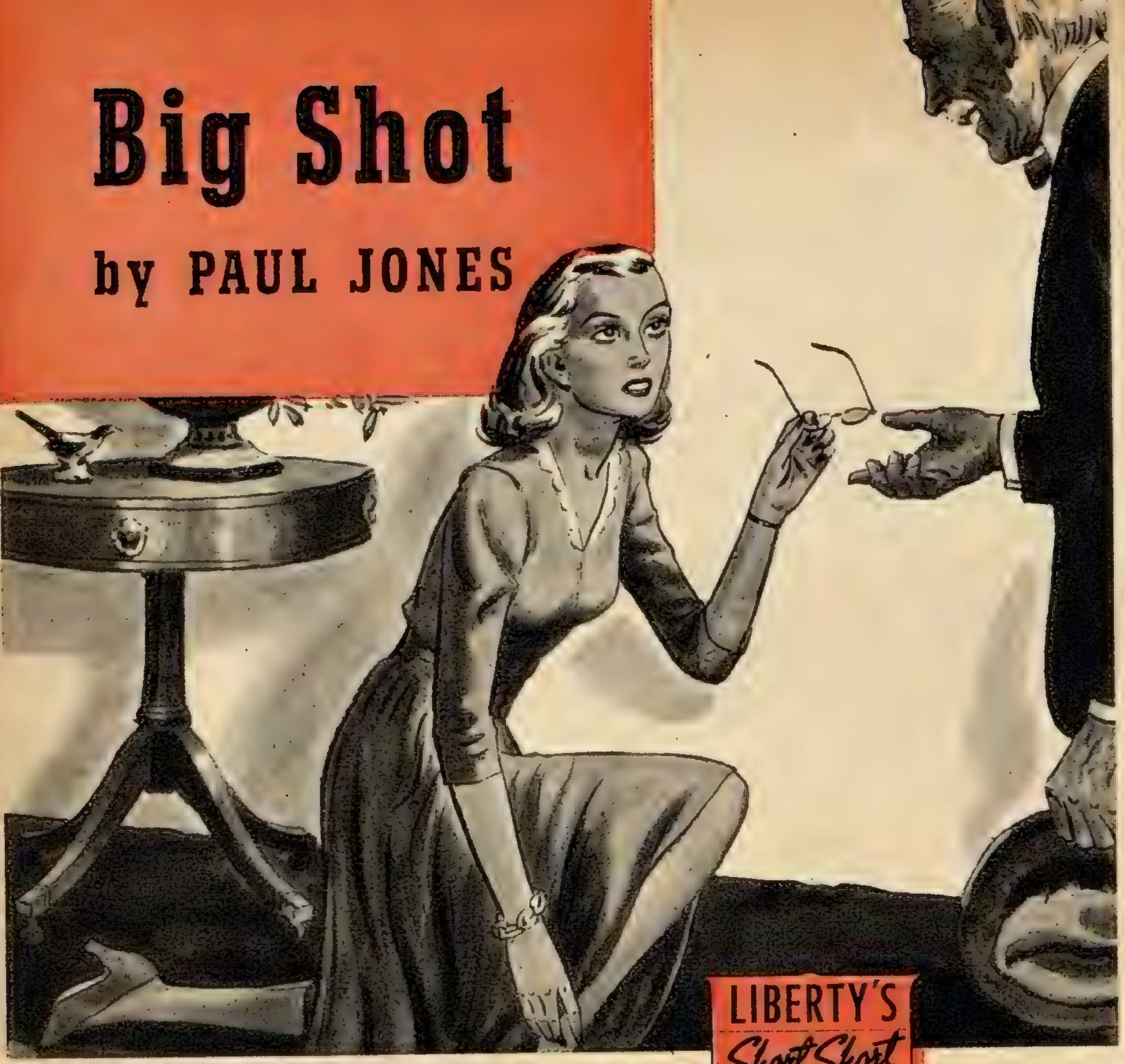
Big Shot

by PAUL JONES



LIBERTY'S *Short Short*

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

IN Kenilworth Close, a dead-end court not a stone's throw from Millbrook suburban station, there are eight English-type half-timbered houses, four on each side of the driveway. On the right are the Nileses, the Carmodys, the Warners, and the Lees. Opposite live the Connells, the Schultzes, the Poindexters, and the Enfields.

The nice thing about living in Kenilworth Close is that all the families are so congenial. Everybody goes to everybody else's parties, and on Wednesday afternoons the wives take turns in giving dessert bridges.

This time it was at the Poindexters', and Mrs. Niles was the first to leave. She simply couldn't stand the conversation a minute longer. It was all right for the other girls to talk about the census man who had gone through Kenilworth Close that morning, but it made her feel out of things.

It was just her luck, of course, to be out having her hair done when the enumerator called. She felt vaguely resentful about government mismanagement, and, her anger mounting, she thought bitterly of her husband.

Whenever she felt cross or put upon, no matter what the first cause was, Albert came in for a large share of the blame. It is difficult to say why this was. Vera Niles certainly loved and cherished her husband, but he made her furious. With all his talent and ability, he should be more than assistant manager of a paper company. Why couldn't he push himself more?

Why couldn't he be like some of his neighbors in the Close? Mike Carmody, for instance, or Jeff Enfield. They were somebody because they acted like somebody. Even at parties, they didn't stand off in a corner being mildly pleasant. They were active in seeing and being seen.

Before going home, she walked to the market and got a can of tuna fish and some potato chips for dinner. It wasn't a very appealing menu, but if he didn't like it he could lump it. She always felt exhausted after bridge.

One thing Vera had to admit. Albert might not make such a wonderful salary, but every bill was paid on the nail, including the premium on an impressive insurance policy. But the other people in Kenilworth Close were able to live a larger life. Their cars, their clothes, their liquor, the places they went on vacations were a step above anything Albert ever could afford.

Well, whose fault was that? she thought, turning in at her gate. His own. He had only to take a more determined attitude toward his employers; and if he did not, it was because he did not care what sort of life she had to put up with.

She was surprised to see a dim, shabby old man standing by her door. "I'm the census enumerator," he said, lifting his hat. "I came this morning, but you were out."

She took him into the living room, and he put his hat on a chair, sat down, and unstrapped a briefcase. Vera curled up in one corner of the divan and lit a cigarette.

Question and answer went smoothly. Only two questions really annoyed her—her age and Albert's salary. She reduced her years by five, but when the census taker asked Mr. Niles' income she hesitated.

Then, "Over five thousand," she said quickly.

"I beg your pardon?"

"Well, it's ninety dollars a week," she explained, telling the truth.

"Forty-six eighty," he said, and wrote it down. She could have bitten her tongue out. He hadn't doubted her. He simply had not heard her.

Then it was all over, and putting his papers back in the briefcase he prepared to leave. His hat had fallen to the floor, and when he retrieved it he dropped his glasses. Vera had to pick them up for him, he was so blind without them. Finally he went, and through the door she watched him turn down the street toward the boulevard.

The briefcase lay on the radiator; he had forgotten it!

Vera's fingers trembled as she unbuckled the strap and took out the sheaf of completed forms. They were arranged by streets, and Kenilworth Close lay on top. Carmody, Warner, Lee, Connell, Schultz, Poindexter, Enfield—she scanned them rapidly, half her attention concentrated on listening for footsteps on the walk outside.

She could hardly believe her eyes, but there was the evidence in black and white. Mike Carmody was only assistant to the sales manager, for all his big talk; and Jeff Enfield wasn't even that, although the way Leona told it, you'd think he was a vice-president at least. And nobody else in the Close owned his own home, free and clear, the way Albert did.

Well, of course you could see why, when you realized that he made almost a thousand dollars a year more than any of the other men. And—

But then she heard a step coming up the walk and quickly slipped the papers back into the briefcase. When the doorbell rang, it was strapped and buckled, and all she had to do was hand it to the old man.

Really, it was amazing how much better she felt. Of course she suffered a small stab of compunction for looking at the forms, but that was soon lost in a larger tenderness toward her neighbors in the Close. With envy and jealousy ruled out by the facts, there was nothing in her heart but loving-kindness. They must have a party soon, she thought, and have everything extra nice.

The paper bag with the tuna fish and the potato chips was on the bookcase, and she picked it up to take it out to the kitchen. But in the hall a new thought struck her, and she picked up the phone and called the market.

"I want you to send something over right away," she said. "A nice thick juicy steak—a sirloin—and be sure it's the best you have. Mr. Niles is very particular!"

THE END

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional $1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1940; $500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of $100 each for the five next best.

THE *Smartest* MAN IN *Baseball*

Branch Rickey

Left: Enos Slaughter, who came from Columbus to hit .320. Right: Sam Breadon.

BY HARLAN EUGENE READ

A lively look at a rags-to-riches magician . . . Meet Mr. Rickey!

READING TIME ● 6 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

THE Time: Early fall, 1939.
The Place: General store at Crocker, Missouri.
Six local citizens are gathered around a radio. A stranger enters.

STRANGER: Is Jed Barker here?

JED BARKER: Nope. I ain't here till after this ball game.

And Jed is not; for the Cards are having it out with the Reds. All trade is suspended at the general store. Likewise at the drugstore. Nobody in town is working.

Crocker, Missouri, is not unique. The same scene is being enacted at the same time at every crossroads in the Ozarks, in offices and homes throughout southern and central Illinois, in Oklahoma and Texas.

The St. Louis Cardinals have created a loyalty to their team that is almost fanatical throughout a hundred thousand square miles of territory. They are the Southwest's favorites, the romantic, colorful idols of fans who are willing to pit them against all that the effete East can produce and call them the best baseball team in the United States, whether they are or not.

There are two reasons for the phenomenal popularity of the Cardinals. The first is geographical. St. Louis is the farthest west and the farthest south of any of the eleven cities with major-league ball clubs. The second reason is Branch Rickey.

Rickey has won his right to be called the smartest man in baseball, partly by his genius in handling the normal problems of management such as game-winning strategy, astuteness in trading, and skill in developing executives in the Cardinal system who have made their marks in other organizations. To this he has added twenty-three years of persistent hammering away at a series of ideas by no means normal that required positive genius to conceive and plenty of oomph to execute—ideas that made the old masters of the game turn over in their graves.

In the year 1917 both of the St. Louis teams had reached an all-time low. The local fans had certain nostalgic memories. They could gloat over the glorious days when saloonkeeper Christ Von Der Ahe and manager Charley Comiskey had brought to the banks of the Mississippi four pennants in a row with one world championship attached. But that was way back in 1885, 1886, 1887, and 1888, and St. Louis baseball addicts could no longer console themselves by exhibiting laurels so long faded.

The Cardinals were in an especially serious plight. They had only three first-class players, no capable management, no money and no courage.

"Honey-Smooth and Rich as Brandy!

Treat Yourself To My Apricot Nectar!"

says Old Mr. Boston

70 PROOF
OLD
ONE PINT
Mr.BOSTON
APRICOT
NECTAR
A BEVERAGE LIQUEUR
"More delicious than brandy"
PREPARED AND BOTTLED BY BEN BURK INC. BOSTON MASS.

HERE'S a honey-smooth liquor with the taste-tempting goodness of fresh-picked apricots, yet with all the vigor of its full 70 Proof. Drink it straight as you would a fine old brandy. You'll like the convenience of the drinking cup that tops each pint bottle.

OLD MR. BOSTON
APRICOT NECTAR
Also Blackberry • Peach • Wild Cherry—70 Proof

A Beverage Liqueur prepared by
Ben-Burk, Inc., Boston, Mass.

The owner of the club, Mrs. Schuyler P. Britton, was about to sell it down the river—to Detroit perhaps, or some other objectionable place. St. Louis was all set to lose its franchise in the National League.

Then the miracle happened. Some public-spirited conspirators, led by Branch Rickey, who had just resigned as manager of the Browns, and by an intelligent lawyer named James C. Jones, got together to save the day. They planned to buy some stock themselves and to sell the rest.

How to get blood out of a turnip and how to sell baseball stock in a gun-shy town are related sciences. The stock sale could never have been made to sport-loving business men on a business basis. The conspirators knew that they had to find suckers.

The vision that saved the Cardinal team began with the idea of the Knothole Gang. The insane idea of the conspirators was to make a knothole of the main entrance!

JONES and Rickey succeeded in getting together Sam Breadon, a prosperous automobile dealer, John A. Leschen, a manufacturer who had never seen a ball game, and twenty or thirty crusaders who believed that you could make silk purses out of sows' ears. I know all about it because I was one of the crusaders. They sold them on this idea: Give season passes to boys whose fathers will buy stock, whose grandfathers will buy stock, whose great-grandfathers will buy stock. That will sell the stock. Give more season passes to poor boys who deserve rewards for good deeds and right living. That will fill up some empty seats with the boys themselves and other empty seats with their fathers and their mothers, their uncles and their brothers, and their sisters and their cousins and their aunts.

It was a great treat in those early days of the Knothole Gang to see thousands of boys flocking into the gate of Sportsman Park to the special section reserved for them, to listen as a leader drilled them in the familiar yell "We want a ho-mer!" It always put life into the party and it still does; but the country is full of it now and it is no longer a novelty, for the other clubs are nearly all heartily in line. First honors in this sort of thing are passing out of Cardinal hands now and going perhaps to Brooklyn, where Branch's son, Branch, Jr., is trying to follow in his dad's footsteps as a whoop-and-hurrah manufacturer. He has a job ahead of him, for Branch, Sr., can design, cut out, sew together, and hemstitch a new whoop and hurrah extemporaneously.

Ladies' Day was another box-office triumph that began by the giving away of samples. It was a St. Louis discovery too, made by Bob Hedges, president of the Browns, in 1912. Bob had seen the time when not many ladies went to ball games and when those who went were likely to hear language, see fist fights, get cut by bottles thrown at the umpire, and endure many other inconveniences, including unpleasant interpretations of their character.

Rickey started having Ladies' Day for the Cards as soon as he got into the saddle. It has been a big moneymaker. The attendance of women and girls at Cardinal games on Ladies' Day Saturdays last year averaged about 3,500. The all-time high for ladies' attendance on Ladies' Day was 20,523 on September 18, 1931.

The greatest contribution of the Cards to organized baseball is the farm system of producing players. Here, if ever, necessity was the mother of invention. When the present management of the Cards took over the job, it was clear that the enormous publicity secured through the Knotholers and the bargain-day ladies would fill the empty seats for a time but that the happy days wouldn't last long unless Branch could hang up a pennant or two.

His idea was to use minor-league clubs as a source of supply for talent that the Cards could not afford to buy. Boys of eighteen or twenty were to be started out in minor-league clubs owned by or affiliated with the Cards, with the idea of developing them for the majors. Syracuse, Fort Smith, and Houston were among the first to become associated with the Cardinals, and by 1939 the number of clubs owned was sixteen and the number of those with working agreements was twelve.

THE other club managers laughed when Branch sat down at the piano, but they were soon dancing to his tune. For they saw the Cards harvest Jim Bottomley, Heinie Mueller, Ray Blades (the Cards' present manager), Enos Slaughter, who last year hit .320 with the Cards, and many other major leaguers from the minors. They saw minors that were about to fold up given new life. They saw a great Cardinal team walk into the pennant winners' list with victories in 1926, 1928, 1930, 1931, and 1934, with World Series victories added in 1926, 1931, and 1934. And last year they saw it, after a lean interval of four years, march up again at the end of the season to threatening distance—a threat that Branch believes will be made into a 1940 reality.

Enlarging on this theme, here's what the "smartest man in baseball" has to say: "It is hard for a team that has only its farms to depend upon to go up against a team that has farms and lots of loose capital besides, such as the Yankees have. However, our farm system has produced results this year that will give the Yankees something to think about. This will be a year of surprise for somebody, either the Yankees or the Cardinals—the Yankees if we lick them, and the Cardinals if we don't."

And he didn't say a thing about winning the National League pennant first. He takes that for granted.

THE END

YOUTH TAKES A FLING

College yesterdays, a captivating baby, and a boy-and-girl romance animate three new films

BY BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

★ ★ ★ THOSE WERE THE DAYS

THE PLAYERS: William Holden, Bonita Granville, Ezra Stone, Judith Barrett, Vaughn Glazer, John Arledge. Screen play by Don Hartman, based on stories by George Fitch. Directed by Ted Reed. Produced by Paramount. Running time, 76 minutes.

THE late George Fitch wrote pleasantly of an imaginary Midwestern college, Old Siwash, at the turn of the century. That was the era of mandolins, peg-top trousers, and Gibson-girl coiffures, of burnt-leather art and croquet. Mr. Fitch's hero, Petey Simmons, was the sort of scholastic hero who put the college bell out of commission, kidnaped a streetcar, defeated a hazing battalion of sophomores singlehanded, always was in trouble. Petey was pretty hard to take, I suspect, but he overcomes his fellow students' annoyance at his prankish cockiness, has the co-eds quivering breathlessly in their dormitories.

Rita Johnson, Cantor, and Baby Quintanilla —who steals the show.

Maybe this mild fable depends upon your nostalgic viewpoint. Those were the days before college students were worried over war clouds, troubled by the menace of impending job searches in a heartless outside world. Life was placid and forthright. America, for all its entrance into the world after the Spanish-American War, still was dozing in comfortable isolation.

There's considerable to be said for this comedy. Ted Reed's direction is spirited and ingratiating, the performances of William Holden, Bonita Granville, and Ezra Stone are excellent, the details are done with nicety and exactness. And it's a college picture without a single football game.

VITAL STATISTICS: The late George Fitch wrote his Siwash stories about his own alma mater, Knox College at Galesburg, Illinois. So director Ted Reed took his cameras to Galesburg and filmed the buildings and campus. Co-eds (294) eliminated their permanents and tinted fingernails, donned Gibson-girl hair-dos and corsets. Later the campus itself was reproduced on the Paramount ranch. The film cuts back and forth between the real thing and the reproduction. The exterior shots of the clock tower, for instance, were made at Galesburg; the interiors on a studio sound stage. . . . That ancient streetcar once ran through Los Angeles. Was brand-new forty years ago. Paramount found it in the old car barns, bought it, and now it's filed away for future use, along with some elderly engines, railroad cars, a half dozen planes, assorted carriages, and covered wagons. The track ran two blocks. The street was built on Paramount studio's twenty-six acres in the middle of Hollywood. Tracks were warped so that the car would bounce along. . . . Ezra Stone makes his film debut as the hero's one real pal. Ezra is the original Henry Aldrich of stage and radio. . . . Bill Holden (remember his Golden Boy?) has one annual chore he always performs at Christmastime: Sings in the choir when a Pasadena church does The Messiah. . . . Company had to import a truckload of elm leaves for use on the studio reconstruction of the Knox campus. Scattered about to be blown by wind machines, thus indicating an Illinois autumn.

★ ★½ FORTY LITTLE MOTHERS

THE PLAYERS: Eddie Cantor, Judith Anderson, Ralph Morgan, Rita Johnson, Bonita Granville, Diana Lewis, Nydia Westman, Margaret Early, Martha O'Driscoll, Charlotte Munier, Louise Seidel, Bertha Priestly, Baby Quintanilla. Screen play by Dorothy Yost and Ernest Pagano, based on a story by Jean Guitton. Directed by Busby Berkeley. Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Running time, 88 minutes.

EDDIE CANTOR discards all the familiar comedy gags to do a timid little professor who finds a deserted baby just as he discovers a job in a smart girls' school. How to father (maybe "mother" is the word) the infant and keep his new position at one and the same time is the plot. Eventually the girls learn of the child, who wins them from a rebellion against the mild little prof, and they take an organized hand in caring for the infant. Then the horrified headmistress learns of the baby and—But why spoil things by telling the rest? All this was a French film of two years ago. Cantor liked the idea, bought it, remade the whole fable.

Eddie, who has been missing from films for two years, contributes a straightforward comedy performance *sans* gags as he co-stars with tiny Baby Quintanilla. The child gurgles, coos, steals the comedy with surprising ease, which obviously is a tribute to painstaking direction. Cantor strains a bit for sympathetic comedy; sings just once. The forty little mothers are Hollywood's idea of what fill our swank girls' schools. In brief, they're all snappy little ingénues, perfect in their mascara, quite sure of themselves in and out of abbreviated gym and rowing scanties.

VITAL STATISTICS: Baby Quintanilla is the child of Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Quintanilla of Maywood, Los Angeles suburb. Dad a purchasing agent for a metal products company. When Busby Berkeley was looking over baby prospects, the Quintanilla offspring reached out, fastened an iron grip on Berkeley's sweater, gurgled, got the job. That is, after screen tests. Age, eight months. . . . Bonita Granville (also the heroine of Those Were the Days) does one of the studes here, is actually seventeen, a daughter of Bernard ("Bunny") Granville, who played with Cantor in the Ziegfeld Follies of 1916. . . . Diana Lewis, another of the studes, is Bill Powell's bride. Born in Asbury Park, New Jersey, daughter of J. C. and Hattie Daly Lewis, stage vets. . . . Baby Quintanilla had its own dressing room, its own hairdresser, who arranged the curls fresh each shot, its own wardrobe girl, who saw to it that everything, and I mean everything, was spotless. Also its own nurse and its own welfare worker, the last to hold a watch on the seconds before the lights. . . . Rita Johnson, who plays the waif's mother, did ten films last year. Born in Worcester, Massachusetts. Attended the New England Conservatory of Music, wanted to enter the Olympics as a swimmer but lacked the necessary cash to pay expenses to try out. After several

How's your "Pep Appeal"? —by Helen Hokinson

Hettie: Why, Horace! Congratulations! We hear you're engaged!
Penelope: He doesn't seem very *happy* about it!

Penelope: Hettie, a little job for us. He hasn't any "pep appeal!" We'll take him in charge and teach him his vitamins.
Hettie: You poor boy! What *have* you been eating? You just *can't* have "pep appeal" unless you get all your *vitamins*. You come with us.

Kellogg's
PEP

Hettie: Yessir, you'll start right with that delicious cereal — appropriately called KELLOGG'S PEP. For it's extra rich in *two* of the most important vitamins, B_1 and D.
Horace: *Saay!* I didn't know PEP *tastes* so delicious. You *bet* I'll eat it—every day!

Horace: Thanks a million for that tip about vitamins and KELLOGG'S PEP. You just watch what a change there's going to be in your nephew!
Penelope: You know what they say—"Where there's pep there's hope!"

Vitamins for pep! Kellogg's Pep for vitamins!

Pep contains per serving: 4/5 to 1/5 the minimum daily need of vitamin B_1, according to age; 1/2 the daily need of vitamin D. For sources of other vitamins, see the Pep package.

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK

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years in stock, she landed on the air with the March of Time. Then a screen test and M-G-M.

★½ TOMBOY

THE PLAYERS: Marcia Mae Jones, Jackie Moran, Grant Withers, Charlotte Wynters, George Cleveland, Marvin Stephens, Clara Blandick, Gene Morgan. Screen play by Dorothy Reid and Marion Orth. Directed by Robert McGowan. Produced by Monogram. Running time, 70 minutes.

THIS film tells the country-school romance of an orphan farm boy and an ex-ballplayer's little girl. The lad has a tough time, what with a hard old uncle who doesn't hold to "edication." In this conventional yarn is the germ of a real story. What happens to diamond stars after they pass their years of usefulness as ballplayers? Tomboy skates around this, centers upon the boy and the girl and how Stevie outwits two big bad hobos.

The youthful featured players are more than adequate for their roles.

COMING NEXT WEEK

Shall We Break with Russia?
By Senator Arthur H. Vandenberg

Money Talks,
a frank novel of old families and new riches by Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.

The Answer to the Kate Smith Riddle
by Frederick L. Collins

AND

Articles and stories by Margaret Lee Runbeck, Harold Judd Alford, Vingie E. Roe, John Erskine, Sarah Torrance, Lawson Robertson, Frederick L. Collins, Louis Kosoff, Oscar Schisgall, and Alan Hynd.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Rebecca, Pinocchio, Dr. Ehrlich's Magic Bullet, The Grapes of Wrath, Abe Lincoln in Illinois, Gone with the Wind, Gulliver's Travels, That They May Live.

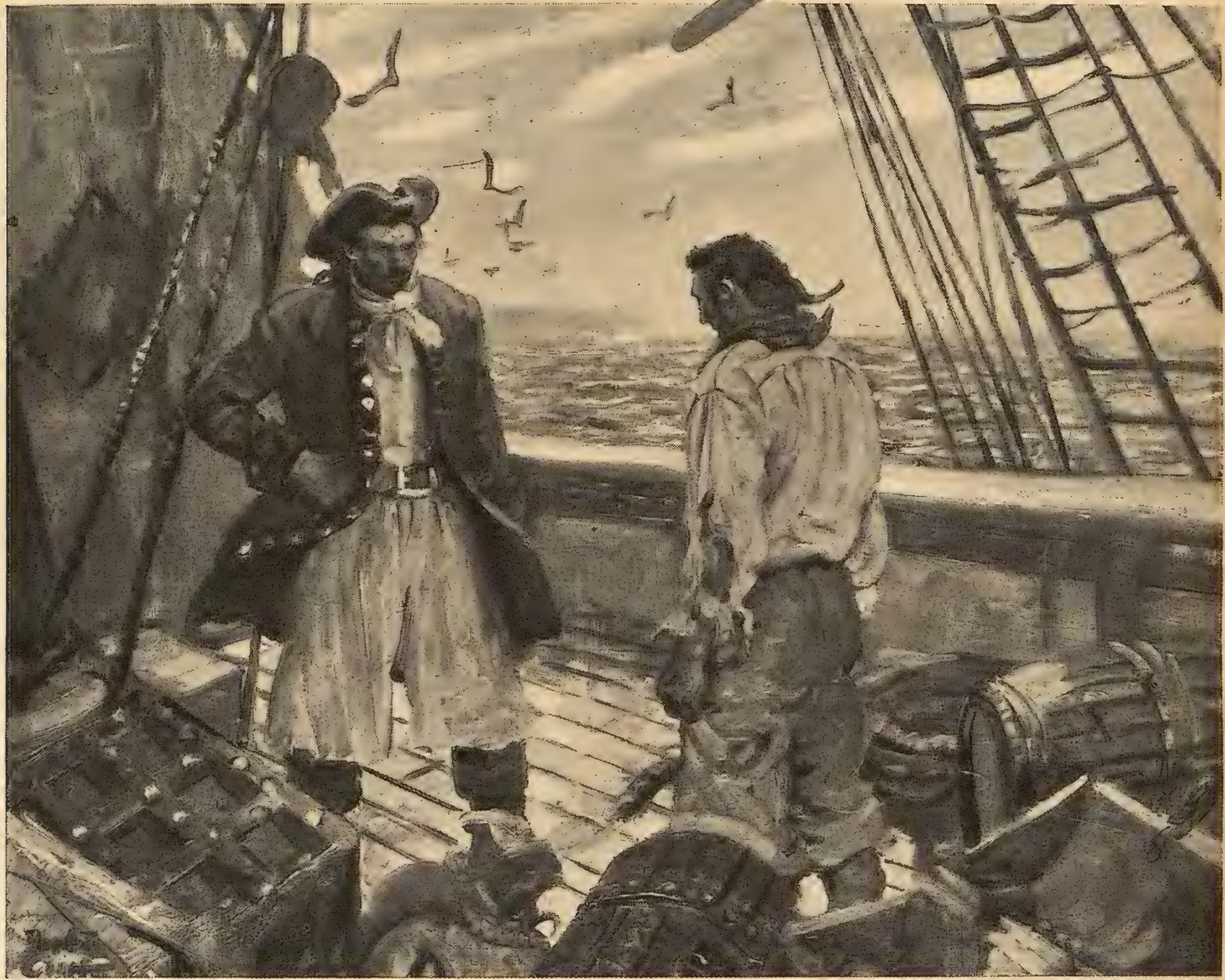
★★★½—Virginia City, The Fight for Life, My Son, My Son, Road to Singapore, Young Tom Edison, Northwest Passage, His Girl Friday, Of Mice and Men, The Hunchback of Notre Dame, The Great Victor Herbert, The Light that Failed, We Are Not Alone, First Love.

★★★—'Til We Meet Again, A Bill of Divorcement, Dark Command, Saturday's Children, Irene, The Biscuit Eater, It's a Date, Johnny Apollo, Primrose Path, The House of the Seven Gables, Too Many Husbands, Strange Cargo, Dr. Cyclops, Buck Benny Rides Again, Seventeen, The Shop Around the Corner, The Fighting 69th, The Blue Bird, Slightly Honorable, The Earl of Chicago, Everything Happens at Night, Remember the Night, Destry Rides Again, Geronimo, Four Wives, Tower of London, That's Right, You're Wrong, Drums Along the Mohawk, The Roaring Twenties.

HORROR ON THE Abigail

The deck was smeared with blood. Sea chests had been broken open.

THE STRANGE CASE OF THE CASK OF RUM


ILLUSTRATOR BENTON CLARK

INTRODUCTION BY
EDWARD DOHERTY

AN ANCIENT MYSTERY WITH SOLUTIONS BY

REX STOUT
PHILIP WYLIE
KURT STEEL
ACHMED ABDULLAH
ANTHONY ABBOT
CLARISSA FAIRCHILD CUSHMAN
FRANK GRUBER

READING TIME ● 18 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

A REPORTER in the employ of the Falmouth (Mass.) Enterprise, digging into scarlet chronicles of colonial America, recently unearthed a murder mystery that has never been officially solved.

In putting into modern type this story—which concerns the frightful doings aboard the schooner Abigail in the year 1772, and the murder trial that left eight judges divided in their opinion as to the guilt of the defendant—the reporter stated:

"Present day writers can hardly solve a puzzle which baffled eight Admiralty judges when all the evidence was fresh before them."

Now there has recently been organized an association of shrewd individuals who always get their man—meaning, of course, writers of detective stories—or who nearly always get him, as for instance, famous real-life prosecutors. They have banded together under the name of The Body Had Disappeared Club.

To the writers in this organization

Mr. Oursler presented all the evidence in the crime on board the Abigail, and asked for their solutions. Before you read their answers it might be well for you to read the facts in the case, the evidence. And it might be interesting for you to figure out your own solution and then compare it with those of the professional writers, Kurt Steel, Philip Wylie, Achmed Abdullah, Rex Stout, Frank Gruber, Anthony Abbot, and Clarissa Fairchild Cushman. These are the facts:

On November 14, 1772, the schooner Abigail sailed out of Boston, bound for Chatham, Massachusetts, its home port. Her skipper was Captain Thomas Nickerson, Jr. His brother, Sparrow Nickerson, was mate. There were two seamen, Elisha Newcomb, the captain's brother-in-law, and Ansell Nickerson, the captain's cousin. The cabin boy was William Kent.

The crew had been paid three years' wages just before they sailed, and Ansell Nickerson had bought a barrel of rum, hoping to dispose of it at a good price in Chatham. It was carried on the deck of the schooner.

ON the morning of November 15 the Abigail was observed off Chatham flying a signal of distress and sailing erratically. Captain Joseph Doane, Jr., of Chatham, boarded the vessel. Ansell Nickerson leaned over the rail to welcome him "with wild gesticulations." He appeared to be in great fright.

The deck of the Abigail was smeared with blood. Sea chests had been brought up from below and had been broken open. The head of the rum cask had been torn out, and only two or three gallons were left.

And—what a treat for The Body Had Disappeared Club!—four bodies had disappeared!

Ansell's story was to this effect: At about two o'clock that morning he and others of the crew had seen a topsail schooner. Ansell thought he might be impressed, so he "hung himself with a rope and let himself down over the stern."

Hanging there, he saw four small boats filled with armed men coming from the topsail craft. The men went aboard. He heard sounds that indicated to him that his two cousins and the captain's brother-in-law had been murdered, and that the boy, William Kent, was taken away alive. He heard the pirates discuss the advisability of burning the Abigail, but they decided not to. They let her drive to sea with sails standing. He also heard shouts of revelry, and knew the pirates were helping themselves to his rum.

When the men left, Ansell regained the deck, found he was all alone, and his barrel of rum almost empty.

Ansell Nickerson was arrested and "slapped into Barnstable gaol."

For many weeks thereafter His Majesty George III's frigates plowed through adjacent waters looking for the topsail schooner. All ports were watched carefully. No topsail schooner was found. No pirates were reported anywhere along the coast. There was some talk to the purport that the men of His Majesty's schooner Halifax might have committed the crime aboard the Abigail, but that was put down to "politics."

Ansell was brought to trial on December 17, 1772. He pleaded not guilty and begged to be allowed to "languish in gaol for a little time," that evidence might be found to prove the topsail schooner existed. Therefore it was not until July 28, 1773, that the trial began.

"There was still no evidence of pirate activity" at this time, says the Falmouth Enterprise reporter.

Eight Admiralty judges listened to the evidence, such as it was. Samuel Fitch, advocate general, was the prosecutor. John Adams and Josiah Quincy, Jr., were counsel for defense. All they could do for their client was to let him tell his story in his own way, and to call character witnesses for him. He told much the same story he had told Captain Joseph Doane, Jr., and reasserted his entire innocence.

The eight judges were divided in their opinion. Four believed the defendant guilty. The others believed him innocent. Either that or they believed that since the *corpus delicti* had not been proved, the evidence was worthless. At any rate, after discussing the verdict for two hours and a half, the judges found Ansell Nickerson not guilty, on the ground that the evidence offered was "insufficient to support the Charge alleged."

"Thus ended a Trial," the Boston News Letter commented, "for the most surprising Event which has happened in this, and perhaps any other Age of the World."

And John Adams wrote in his diary: "This was and remains still a mysterious transaction. I know not to this day what judgment to form of his Guilt or Innocence."

Those are the facts. And these are the solutions of the writing members of The Body Had Disappeared Club.

BY REX STOUT

ANSELL'S story was preposterous. Though eight months elapsed between the bloody day on the Abigail and the trial before the Admiralty judges, nothing had been heard or seen of the pirate ship. There was no pirate ship.

If Samuel Fitch, the advocate general, had been a competent and energetic investigator, he could easily have discovered the key to the mystery, for it was known in various quarters on the Cape that Elisha Newcomb, the husband of Captain Thomas Nickerson's sister, was a violent anti-rum fanatic.

When Ansell bought the cask of rum at Boston, Elisha tried to prevent him from bringing it on board, and there was a fierce altercation which was overheard by the crew of another schooner lying alongside the Abigail.

Captain Nickerson stopped the altercation and upheld Ansell's right to transport the cask as a private speculation, but after the schooner put to sea, Elisha, from the rigging, saw something that infuriated him: William Kent, the cabin boy, sneaking a swig of rum. He descended to the deck and seized the cask; William fought him off; Elisha hurled the boy aside; the ship lurching, William toppled into the sea; Elisha, beside himself, stove in the head of the cask with a hatchet and overturned it.

Captain Nickerson and Ansell rushed up from below; the captain went for Elisha, and Ansell righted the cask, nearly empty. Elisha, frenzied, brandishing the hatchet, assaulted the captain, who fell and died in a pool of his own blood; and Sparrow, the mate, coming to the rescue, suffered the same fate. But by now Ansell, armed with a marlinespike, was behind Elisha; and Elisha's skull was pierced with a blow of the spike.

Ansell then shoved the mangled bodies of his shipmates into the sea. He collected himself enough to concoct a wild story to account for the bloody shambles, and, perceiving that he was himself spattered with blood, he lowered himself over the stern with a rope and doused himself again and again in the sea.

Then he clambered back on deck, smashed chests and lockers and threw their contents overboard, and, hours later, when Captain Doane arrived, was ready with his story.

BY PHILIP WYLIE

THERE is evidence that Ansell lied. Why didn't the Abigail try to pull away from the "four small boats"? Why didn't the others hide? Why didn't the "pirates" fire the Abigail instead of leaving a gory indictment afloat? Why didn't the "pirates" check the ship's papers or the bunks, miss Ansell, and hunt him down?

Assume he lied. A fight over money, or perhaps over a scandal involving the captain's sister (the seaman's wife), might easily have resulted in death or unconsciousness to the captain, mate, and seaman. If Ansell was not drawn into the fight, but if he shared the shame of some family horror, he might have thrown them overboard and murdered the cabin boy to silence the scandal. Ansell's condition, on rescue, suggests a psychopathic personality. Such a personality, gibbering but grim, would invent the thought that "the cabin boy had been carried away alive" to camouflage inside itself a cold-blooded murder. Such a person would think up the piracy alibi, set the stage, and then—because the rum was his own and because broaching it would add to the plausibility of his tale—he might throw overboard *too much.*

Bruno Hauptmann was an example of the silent, devious, unshakable criminal. A grim New England youngster with a fierce reason—however warped—for hiding a family skeleton—could never be budged from whatever protective lie he had invented, no matter how improbable it was proven. Ansell probably died convinced he had acted for the best.

BY KURT STEEL

(From the unpublished journal of Noah Steel (1755-1837)

PASSING to leeward of the craft [Abigail], Hawkins and I saw her master beside a great cask. Shoulder-high it was. From a cup he was slowly pouring wine into a hole in its top. To our hail he only returned curses, keeping his eyes averted from us.

It was a queer enough thing then. But just as we were drawing away I felt my scalp shrink as a sound came to us, a sound I shall hear of nights to my grave.

"A man? No, lad." Hawkins' eyes were somber. "Rather a beast," he muttered, and I thought I heard him add, "among beasts."

For long he stared at the schooner and seemed to struggle within himself. At last he shook his head and murmured, "Yet 'tis in the Creator's image, if the color *be* wrong. 'Tis a Christian man's duty to stop them before—" He blew out his breath and stamped away down the deck.

At nightfall the schooner had dropped well astern, but I could not turn my eyes from her, for by then I had learnt her grisly mission. A blackamoor slave, sodden with wine, had killed the mate's cousin a fortnight before. This Hawkins told me, vowing me to secrecy. They on the Abigail had spirited the black devil from shore and were carrying him the Lord knew where on vengeance bent.

The moon came up and against its yellow face I could see every line of the Abigail's rigging, could see the great cask on deck. I thought of the drunken orgy in store when the deed was done and the cask broached. I thought with horror of the black wretch below deck—

Below deck? My blood leaped. The top of the cask had buckled open and from it was emerging a massive misshapen hulk. Slowly it rose, unfolding, until at last the figure of a giant shewed full against the light.

For an instant it poised on the edge of the cask, then dropped. Like an ape. I let fall the glass and (God forgive me: I was but fifteen) crept away below.

BY ACHMED ABDULLAH

I DISMISS, as Whig propaganda, the charge that H. M.'s sloop of war Halifax perpetrated the crime. All the coastwise sloops of war had American colonials in their crew, and some of the latter would have talked. I also dismiss Ansell Nickerson's account of a pirate ship, as, surely, such a ship would have been heard from, in connection with other acts of piracy, either before or after the Abigail affair.

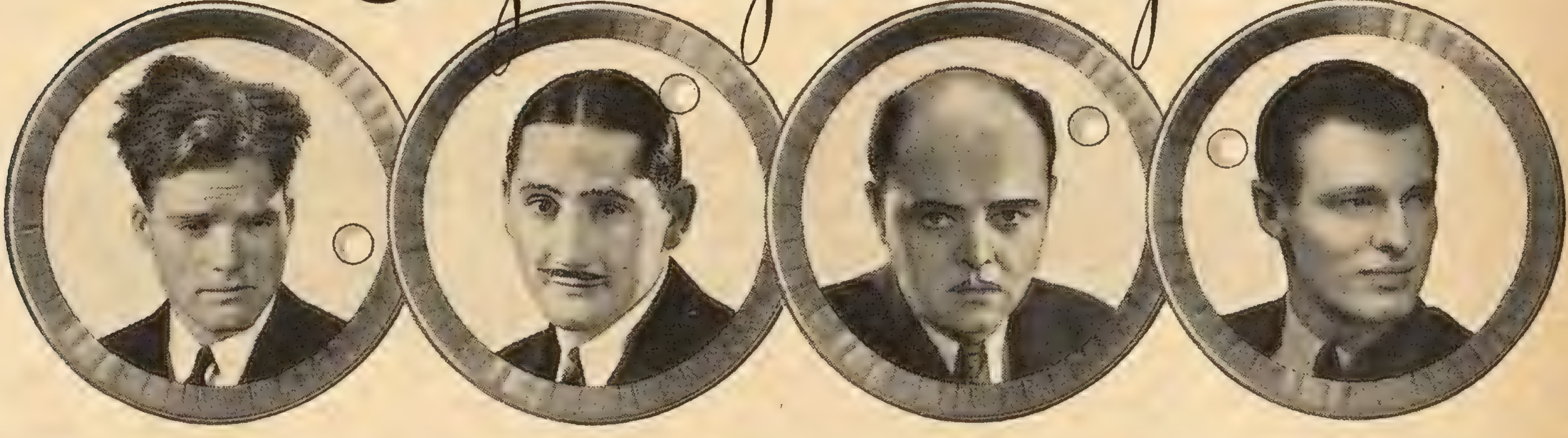
It seems clear, therefore, that Ansell Nickerson committed the crime. The motive must have been greed. For any other motive, such as jealousy, a quarrel over a woman, would have been brought out during the trial.

Greed means money. Ansell Nickerson's savings were invested in the cask of rum. It was, to the man's tight, prosy New England soul, the basis of his future fortune and became to him an almost sacred symbol. Thus when, one day, after heavy weather, Mate Sparrow Nickerson broached the cask and helped himself to a drink, Ansell Nickerson, coming upon the scene, hit the other. There was a fight. Knives were drawn. Sparrow Nickerson was killed. The captain, attracted by the commotion, came on deck. He tried to disarm Ansell Nickerson; was killed in his turn. Thereafter, since killing leads to killing, Ansell Nickerson, this time cold-bloodedly, murdered Elisha Newcomb and William Kent, both of whom, off watch, were asleep in their bunks; getting rid, by the same token, of two witnesses who might have testified against him.

BY ANTHONY ABBOT

THE great John Adams, who defended Ansell Nickerson, was by no means convinced of the innocence of his client. Adams wrote in his diary, "This was and remains still a mysterious transaction. I know not to this day what judgment to form of his Guilt or Innocence."

It may seem presumptuous after 168 years for a mere detective-story



Confessions of a hat-check girl

When this fella checks his hat, you know why he's alone. His water-soaked hair dries out as wild as a caveman's. Enough to make any girl scream, "Get Kreml or get a leopard skin."

I can tell without looking that this guy plasters his hair down with greasy goo. I can feel it on the sticky, soggy leather band in his hat. You'd be surprised how much Kreml would improve his looks.

When he checks his Homburg he checks his youth. That bald pate makes him look too old to trot around with sweet young things. Tough, he didn't care for his hair when he had it.

This chap comes up with the smoothest gal you ever saw. I spotted him right away for a Kreml user . . . Lustrous, well-groomed hair—no messy dandruff scales on his coat, either.

KREML, the famous tonic-dressing, removes dandruff scales, checks excessive falling hair, and relieves itching scalp. Dresses the hair beautifully without being sticky or greasy.

Women tell us that Kreml puts their hair in splendid condition for a permanent—makes permanents look lovelier.

Ask for Kreml at your drugstore or barber shop.

Kreml Shampoo is a splendid ally of Kreml Hair Tonic. Made from an 80 per cent olive oil base, it cleanses hair and scalp thoroughly and leaves hair soft and easy to manage.

KREML

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping Bureau

REMOVES DANDRUFF SCALES
CHECKS EXCESSIVE FALLING HAIR
NOT GREASY—MAKES THE HAIR BEHAVE

writer to indict John Adams for stupidity, yet no man in his sober senses could disregard the manifold evidences that Ansell Nickerson was lying.

Lie No. 1: Ansell said that after they saw a topsail schooner he hung himself with a rope and let himself down over the stern in order to escape being impressed into service. Why did none of his fellows try to stop him? He also says that four boats with armed men came out. Four boats approaching that schooner would not cluster at one little point at her sides; they would be fore and aft, and some one would have seen him hanging from the stern.

Lie No. 2: He says that these boarding parties came from a pirate ship and that they murdered everybody except himself. If that were so, other ships would have been attacked, because the loot from the Abigail was not worth the effort.

No pirate ship was reported along the coast either before or for a long time afterward.

Lie No. 3: He said that the pirates debated among themselves whether to set fire to the ship or to leave her driving out to sea with her sails standing. Why would any sensible pirate do such a thing, leaving evidences of their presence on the high seas behind them? To set fire to the ship would have taken only a few minutes and all evidence would have been destroyed.

Lie No. 4: The barrel of rum is the most conclusive evidence against his story. In the short journey from Boston to Chatham the doomed crew of the Abigail could not have swallowed that much rum. The idea that the pirates, having committed murder, could drink it all up is equally preposterous, except in the imagination of Ansell Nickerson.

IT is my opinion that there was an orgy of drinking on that boat to which Ansell highly objected. The cask of rum was his investment. He saw the others drinking his rum—they probably rode roughshod over him, exerting their authority. They all got drunk, except Ansell. They quarreled and he killed one of his fellows. Like many another murderer, he then proceeded to kill all the others—in their drunken condition that would not be difficult. Then, like many another murderer, he set the stage for a story that he had concocted. Wild confusion and disorder of plundered sea chests and—final dramatic touch—dumping a lot of the rum overboard and saying the pirates drank it.

Thatcher Colt, the New York Police Commissioner of my detective novels, would, I am convinced, have seen through the sham of Ansell Nickerson. Modern police technique would have solved the case in a very few hours. That much maligned and little understood pneumo-cardiosphygmometer, vulgarly known as the lie detector, would have trapped the cunning yet vulnerable Ansell.

Ansell did it!

BY CLARISSA FAIRCHILD CUSHMAN

GENTLEMEN:

I can only now tell the true story of the schooner Abigail because age has come upon me, and death upon all others it might injure. My father had it from his father, who was friend to Ansell Nickerson.

Ansell and the captain's sister Abigail were sweethearts. But one night the captain, being drunk in company with the seaman Newcomb, had his gentle sister from her bed and married to Newcomb. Sober, he repented wildly, but could do naught but take the two to sea and marry them properly, while hating the coarse lout who had tricked him. The mate, a mean and narrow soul, was witness to all.

But remorse was not enough. The gentle Abigail sickened; Newcomb roared with laughter; the mate spied and watched; and Ansell lost his laughter in brooding silence. Yet the captain spoke the seaman fair lest his sister suffer the more. Thus by hatred and distrust were those four men tied to each other's company.

And so to that fateful day when the mate whispered a foul accusation against Abigail and Ansell to the seaman Newcomb. In anger Newcomb struck him down, and when for penance the captain sternly bade Newcomb swab again a deck made spotless only that morning, Newcomb took an ax and broached the rum cask and tipped it upon the deck, and roared that rum was not too good to wash the deck of a rum-drinker's boat. The captain shouted to the boy to bring his pistols, but Newcomb flung the heavy ax, nigh splitting the boy; and when the captain turned in horror, Newcomb caught him by the legs and heaved him to the sea. Ansell grabbed the ax. Gentlemen, I will not describe the bloody end. That night the mate died.

Ansell was alone on a bloody ship. Who was to believe the story? Or who, hearing it, would believe the gentle Abigail was pure? I find in my heart no blame for him that he arranged such evidence of pirates. But the shadow of it all lay on Ansell, and blood stood between him and Abigail. He went away, and in time she married and sang at her loom.

Should you wish to examine the story at length, my grandfather's manuscript is at your disposal.

Your servant,
SYLVANUS CUSHMAN.

BY FRANK GRUBER

ANSELL NICKERSON committed quadruple murder. His story of pirates having perpetrated the atrocity is too flimsy to accept. The Abigail was only a few hours out of Chatham, in the coastal shipping lanes. Only the most reckless and foolhardy pirate crew would have ventured to board a vessel at this point.

If pirates *had* boarded the ship and *had* murdered three of the crew *why did they bother to throw the bodies overboard?* The deck was splattered with blood; the pirates had made no effort to wash it off, so why get rid of the corpses?

Because the pirates broached the cask of rum and got drunk?

The capacity of the cask of rum is not given, but certainly it was of twenty-five gallons, more probably fifty. Only two or three gallons remained. How many pirates could have consumed forty-seven gallons of rum? Grant that they were two-fisted drinkers, their individual capacity would nevertheless have been limited to a quart apiece. So from 100 to 200 pirates must have boarded the small vessel that had a crew of only five!

With that many men aboard, the rope which suspended Ansell Nickerson over the side would most surely have been noted and cut with a cutlass.

No. . . . Ansell Nickerson murdered the other members of the crew. Three possible motives present themselves:

1. Hope of financial gain. Theft of the three years' wages paid the entire crew before sailing from Boston—or—expectation of inheritance. Captain Nickerson, mate Nickerson, and seaman Newcomb were all related to Ansell and he could have become the heir of one or more.
2. Jealousy. Ansell had been in love with his cousin who had chosen seaman Newcomb in preference.
3. Homicidal rage. One or more of the others broached Ansell's private cask of rum. Enraged, Ansell killed.

If Ansell Nickerson killed his shipmates, his most obvious defense was to throw the bodies overboard, scatter some of the cargo, and broach the keg of rum, then issue the hysterical pirate story.

Ansell's one mistake was in spilling out too much of the rum. Yet, the Admiralty court apparently overlooked this and without the bodies of the victims, without incriminating evidence, Ansell's story couldn't be "proved untrue" and the court had no alternative than to free him.

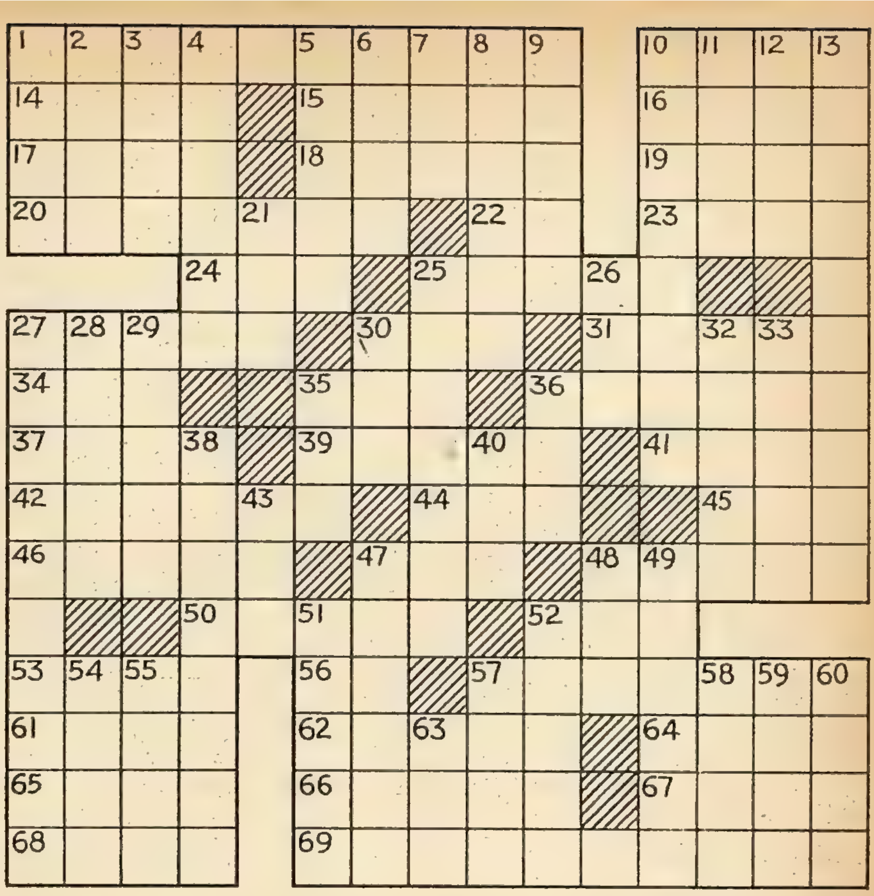
Each of these writers, you must have noticed, has taken a little sip out of that rum cask, to help him in his task. So also did the Falmouth Enterprise reporter.

"It is easy to hazard that Ansell's story had but one strong point," he wrote—"there was no witness to challenge it. There was no reason to things happening on the Abigail as Ansell told them. Neither could a logical mind see what Ansell had to gain if he could—single-handed—have done away with his four comrades. . . . Yet if there is a key to the puzzle, it is that barrel of rum. . . . In some way which no one has guessed in 168 years did that barrel of rum precipitate the tragedy on the Abigail."

THE END

COCKEYED CROSSWORDS

by Ted Shane



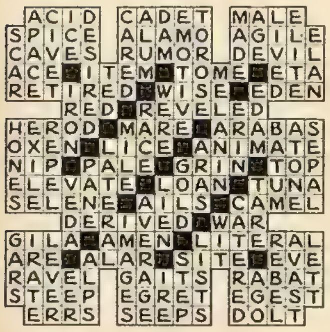
HORIZONTAL

1 Adolf's good at this (Better than Shane is at spelling it.—Ed.)
10 How a frozen turnip feels
14 Honeymoon hail
15 The other fellow's gibberish
16 It has banks in Canada and the U. S. A.
17 Ma's favorite hot spot
18 Frenchman's favorite friends
19 I can find more of these for $1!
20 And they lived scrappily ever after this
22 Preposition
23 Hits bottom yet smartens up the individual
24 Companions of either
25 French Gable
27 Novel title for Mazo de la Roche
30 Huge monster, darts around roads threatening small men in small cars
31 Eberhard the Pencil Peddler
34 Norway's Nemesis
35 The cause of the current boom around Europe
36 Irishman No. 1
37 "If I may so presume, may I beg to inquire as to your general welfare?" (colloq.)
39 Cameraman's eternal quest
41 He started a boom twenty-six years ago
42 Why oranges should wear sarongs
44 Rent, without being torn
45 This is starting to be soiled
46 Make dough and put it into a big roll
47 Woman's pocket
48 Roman stars
50 He has a rye expression and leads an absorbing life
52 Madonna ———
53 What artists do to scratch out a living
56 That little article
57 Persian big shots
61 What peaceful Germans are
62 "What's on your mind, big boy?" "——!"
64 Hitler's desire to protect this was simply overwhelming
65 Related to
66 Greatest ball carrier in the world
67 Kind of gal that's well pressed
68 Bills, bills, bills!
69 Another example of "protection" (And cockeyed spelling.—Ed.)

VERTICAL

1 This end of a bean
2 Dangerous kind of snake
3 How to keep a hangover to lose it
4 Every heel is attached to one
5 Nazis in sheets
6 Before giving up his freedom he gave her this
7 Little Albion
8 Icy manors
9 El Señor Gomez, Yankee globule flinger
10 Leaves on Hitler's artichoke (I hope he does)
11 Lady Bear with the starry eyes
12 Air about you
13 Caucasian gal big Joe Stalin's coveting
21 Angry man
25 Person with taking ways
26 End Foot Acorns! (abbr.)
27 Birdman: munches encyclopedias, then spouts information around air (two words)
28 Hitler's Chosen People (sing.)
29 What to do hurriedly when a bomb drops near
30 This is prohibitive
32 The Harte of Africa
33 One of Crosetti's boots (rare)
35 Hez ben
36 Dog mechanic (abbr.)
38 They believe in gods
40 The understanding thing about a chorus gal
43 Lady Dunkers Organization (abbr.)
47 Big Ben, noisy, uncertain when will strike
48 What the hungry island did
49 Dorothy Lamour made this famous
51 Member of the idol classes
52 Shot around the billiard table
54 Help yourself
55 Where Junior had his first falling out
57 Straw soaked in mayonnaise
58 What is "lost without a rudder"?
59 A paper house
60 Victims of the bottle of life
63 Republicans Love Roosevelt! (abbr.)

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.



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Last week's answer

"PEPSI AND PETE". . . . THE PEPSI-COLA COPS

"I MAKE SURE EACH BOTTLE HOLDS 12 FULL OUNCES!"
"I MAKE SURE IT'S WHOLESOME AND GRAND TASTING!"
PEPSI-COLA
REFRESHING-ENJOYABLE
FAMOUS FOR OVER 30 YEARS
PEPSI-COLA
PEPSI-COLA
PEPSI-COLA
A SPARKLING BEVERAGE
PEPSI-COLA
REFRESHING-SATISFYING
12 OUNCES
PEPSI-COLA
BIGGER-BETTER
5¢
12 OZ. BOTTLE

BRIDGE CLUB ADOPTS OFFICIAL DRINK

The monthly meeting of the local Bridge Club was held last Friday evening. During the evening, Pepsi-Cola was served—to the delight of all members present. "Pepsi-Cola is so grand-tasting and so economical to buy," said the president, "I move we make it the official drink of the club." The motion was put to a vote and unanimously carried.

GOOD NEWS FOR HOSTESSES

It's *easy* and *economical* to entertain when you have Pepsi-Cola in the house. The handy home carton holds 6 big bottles—and each bottle holds 12 full ounces.

Born to KILL

THE LIFE AND BATTLES OF COLLISHAW, CANADIAN WAR ACE

READING TIME ● 19 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

BY ALAN HYND

A hero in '17, he's fighting again today! The vivid saga of a D'Artagnan of the sky

PART TWO—WHEN GOERING TOOK THE AIR—AND CAME A CROPPER

A synopsis of the opening installment of this serial will be found on page 48

WHEN Allmenroeder had riddled his ship, Lieutenant Nash had tumbled through the mists, out of control. But he had been able to make a stab at a landing. He had taxied and crashed into a tree—unharmed save for cuts and bruises. Colly and the rest of the Black Death Flight boys, of course, had no way of knowing that their comrade from the Dominion still lived.

Nash's life, as a matter of fact, was still in jeopardy. The Germans were a moody lot in the summer of 1917. Sometimes they would shoot prisoners, sometimes they wouldn't. In the case of a captive aviator, it might depend on how things were going in the air with Richthofen and his Flying Circus boys.

Nash wanted Colly and the flight to carry on, to win unexampled glory and fame. But if Colly were to kick over the traces in his program of vengeance for a supposedly dead comrade—and that would be just like Colly—then it might be curtains for Nash.

Back on the other side of the lines Raymond Collishaw had put another Canadian boy in the Black Nash, as the new, fifth Sopwith Camel had been named. Besides their machine guns, the Camels now were equipped with bomb racks holding four twenty-five-pounders. The bombs, of course, were meant for troops moving below. The R. F. C. hesitated to use them for such purposes—unless German tactics should warrant it.

Colly and his sky killers continued to go about their grim business of slaughter unlimited from dawn to dusk. Some days they'd bag a ship apiece; some days they'd get in dogfights that were Mexican stand-offs and come back to the drome with wings that looked like sieves.

The first week in July, a fortnight after Nash had been captured, a slim and handsome young German officer walked into the prisoner's quarters and said, through an interpreter, "They tell me you are one of the Black Death officers."

Nash nodded—and waited.

"Your comrades have been doing very well. I regret to announce, however, that their hours in the sky are limited."

Nash gave a start, and demanded to know what the German meant.

Hermann Goering—for that's who it was, and Goering *was* slim then, believe it or not!—flicked the ashes from a cigarette, smiled, and said: "Your commander is a very good fighter, but he will not be good enough for us tomorrow. About twenty of us are going to lead him into an ambuscade." Goering was with the Richthofen Circus.

He walked out, leaving Nash almost beside himself with rage. That would be a typical German stunt—twenty ships against five! And there was no way to get word to Colly and the boys.

The German soldier who had been assigned to guard Nash during the day was friendly, and promised to let him know if he heard anything.

A day passed, and another, and another. On the fourth, the guard, who spoke a smattering of English, brought news that was both inspiring and ominous. The Circus's ambuscade hadn't quite come off.

Richthofen had sent five scarlet ships down below a cloud formation, and Colly and his four Black Death boys had gone streaking after them. When the Canadians had reached the under side of the great cloud, Goering, Richthofen, and a dozen others had popped through it and streaked down upon them from behind.

Colly had caught on instantly, and up he had gone into an inside loop, the four other Dominion flyers following him. Meanwhile the five decoy enemy planes had turned back. The Canadians' sudden loop had taken Richthofen, Goering, and Co. by surprise, with the result that two of their scarlet ships had crashed head-on into two of the scarlet decoy planes. Then there had been so much confusion among the Circus performers that Colly and his lads had knocked off five more of them! That had been sufficient for the baron, and he had thereupon waggled his wings, and his whole outfit, or all that remained of it, had fled.

"So," said Nash's guard, at the conclusion of these tidings, "it could look better for you, here—much better."

"Yeah," said Nash, "I guess it could."

By this time, along certain sectors of the western front, the Black Death Flight was almost as renowned as Richthofen's Flying Circus itself was. The seeming invincibility of the Canadians could hardly be put down to luck; it was due rather to merciless skill and to young Collishaw's own remarkable determination—and to his thoroughness. For when he and his flight weren't dealing death over enemy terrain, they were doing target practice, in which they introduced a new wrinkle. They made huge box kites, sent them aloft, then went up and circled about them and spilled the contents of the Vickers drums at them. The kites moved and swayed suddenly, unpredictably, just as an enemy in combat would.

When such practice was over, each of the five would haul his kite down, and one whose target was least perforated would pay a penalty—washing the socks and underwear of his four comrades.

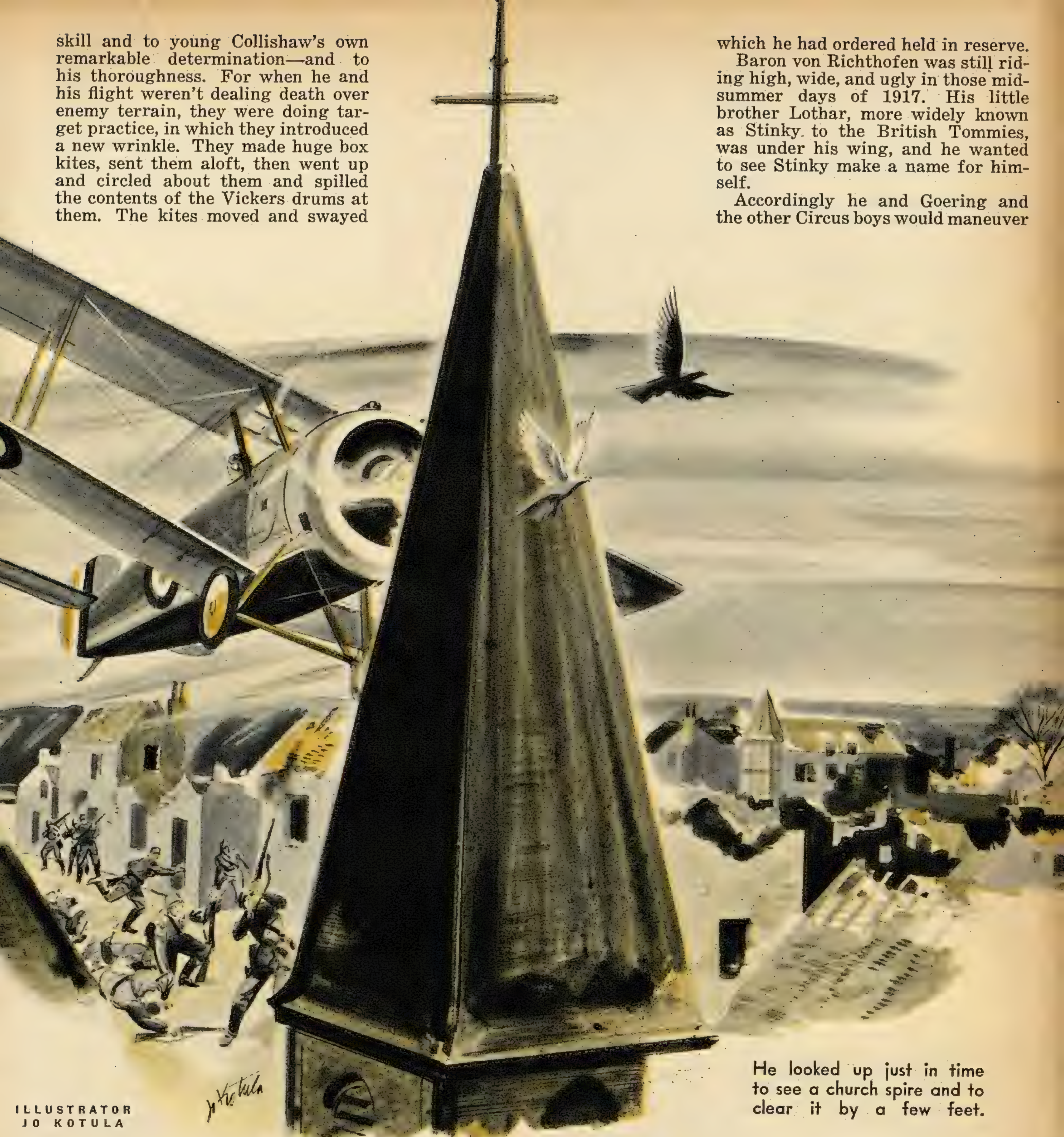
Along in July, with the weather hot and sticky, Colly found his Black Maria refusing to obey his slightest whim. The result was that, on July 15, some Pfalz scouts got him alone below a cloud formation and did some target practice at his expense. He went spinning down, out of control and half conscious; he had instinctively ducked and had bumped his head hard against the instrument panel. The rush of air revived him enough to yank at the stick, and he leveled off after a fashion. But he crashed, right behind the British front-line trenches. He stumbled from the wreckage a moment before it caught fire.

Two days later he was up again in another Black Maria—a duplicate, which he had ordered held in reserve.

Baron von Richthofen was still riding high, wide, and ugly in those midsummer days of 1917. His little brother Lothar, more widely known as Stinky to the British Tommies, was under his wing, and he wanted to see Stinky make a name for himself.

Accordingly he and Goering and the other Circus boys would maneuver a loner or lame duck into a bad spot, then open up a channel for Stinky to streak through, at no danger to himself, and make the kill. Well, just two days after being shot down, Colly ran into the Circus gang over St. Julien, and what did they do but set him up for Stinky! The younger Richthofen couldn't miss—and didn't. Colly's engine was put out of commission, and he spiraled down at a sickening speed.

Whatever it was—fate, Lady Luck, or the gods—that so often smiled on Colly, it must have laughed right out loud this time. For the second time in forty-eight hours he stumbled



He looked up just in time to see a church spire and to clear it by a few feet.

ILLUSTRATOR
JO KOTULA

from the wreckage of a Black Maria an instant before it went up in flames!

That night Goering went into Nash's prison quarters and told him that Lothar Richthofen had downed the Black Death leader. "He didn't even fight back when Lothar went after him," Goering said.

Nash laughed. "Then it couldn't have been Collishaw. Either that, or his guns weren't working."

Meanwhile Colly was so incensed that he sat down and wrote a note:

> Take notice that the Black Death Flight intends to retaliate for the tactics employed by Baron Richthofen's Flight. Henceforth we shall bomb wherever we please. Moreover, in the event that we come upon a number of planes less than that of our own, we shall henceforth attack, a practice that we have avoided until now.
>
> FLIGHT LIEUTENANT
> RAYMOND COLLISHAW.

He dropped several copies of it over the German lines. For the next ten days, on that part of the front, German ships were spotted only in groups of twelve or more!

That only increased Collishaw's quiet rage. Whenever he had an hour off, he would go on solo hedge-hopping expeditions over the German trenches, flying to within thirty feet of the soldiers' heads, letting them have the full benefit of his twin Vickers. He invariably came back with a plane badly riddled by the ground gunners, and sometimes he would shake a dozen or more bullets from the folds of his

IN LIBERTY LAST WEEK

the civilized world was reminded—and so were Hitler and Goering—that, in Air Commodore Raymond Collishaw, whose old home town is Namaimo, British Columbia, Britain's Royal Flying Corps has by far the most experienced and the deadliest of all sky fighters. In the World War and during subsequent service in Russia and the Near East, he is estimated to have shot down 300 enemy planes.

Born in 1893, at fifteen he took a seaman's berth on a ship plying between Victoria and Alaska. At seventeen he joined up as junior navigator with Robert Falcon Scott's South Polar expedition. After Scott and those who reached the Pole with him had perished, young Collishaw brought back the survivors from the expedition's Antarctic base.

In 1915 he went to England as a passenger, hoping to serve in the war with the Grand Fleet. Instead, he enlisted in the Air Service. For some months he took part in the patrol of the Channel. Transferred to the western front, he soon downed his first enemy plane, and then followed victory after victory, interspersed with hairbreadth escapes. By May, 1917, he was a lieutenant, and he made up a flight of his own, picking four promising young Canadians: Reid, Sharman, Nash, and Alexander. They blackened their planes, became known as the Black Death Flight, and quickly made themselves felt by the enemy.

Late in June Allmenroeder of Richthofen's Flying Circus shot down Nash's plane. The next day Collishaw and the others got Allmenroeder. As far as they knew, Nash was dead. Actually, he was a prisoner. His German guard told him how Collishaw had avenged him.

TILL BREATH DO US PART

If you are doubtful about your breath—don't rely on a temporary "cover-upper." Eat CHASERS—made solely to kill unpleasant breath. Convenient, effective tablets. Chasers Inc., New York.

CHASERS per package 5c

Kill alcohol, tobacco, even garlic breath. Leave no odor of their own.

The Finest Tennis Ball That Ever Sailed Over a Net!

There's a thrill waiting for you in this great new Pennsylvania Ball! Greater Zip—Finer Control—more and better games!

PENNSYLVANIA *Championship* TENNIS BALLS

Pressure Packed for Freshness—Every Ball Full of Pep and Life!

Truly a new and different ball! Leads the field again this year in all major improvements in construction and performance. Long-lasting! Uniform! Fast! Accurate! Play the ball with the Monogram—and you play the Nation's *finest* ball!

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Send FOR THIS ATTRACTIVE RUBBER TIRE ASH TRAY

(5½" diameter, white rubber, colored glass center)

Pennsylvania Rubber Co., Jeannette, Pa.

Enclosed 20¢ in coin or stamps—send me a Pennsylvania Rubber Tire Ash Tray—prepaid.

Name____________________

Street____________________

City____________________

flying togs. But his hedge-hopping had the desired effect: the enemy front lines grew jittery.

The upshot was that Nash's prison guard brought him word that Goering had evolved a plan whereby the head—*just the head*—of Lieutenant Nash would be dropped over the British lines some morning if this hedge-hopping business didn't stop!

Nash listened, and began to pace up and down. Finally he turned to the guard and shouted: "To hell with my head! Let 'em cut it off—and more power to Colly!"

After that, convinced that the executioners were coming, he sat on his cot and awaited them.

Colly and the flight ran into another ambuscade about this time, and not one of them got out of it with a whole skin. Their bullet wounds, however, were superficial. Colly's was on his left arm, so he just bandaged it, filled his bomb rack, and went over the German lines all by himself. He plummeted down to within twenty-five feet of a troop line threading its way through a deserted village, and let go. He looked back, and saw German soldiers sprawled all over the wide main street. Then he looked up just in time to see a church spire looming ahead, and to jerk his stick and clear it by a few feet.

When he returned, the boys told him they had a visitor. They took him in, and he saw before him a German flyer. Piloting a scarlet Circus ship, this man had come over the British lines all by himself, and when three of the Black Death boys had spotted him and gone up, he had stayed right there and done the best he could. He had come down with his plane damaged, but had climbed out of it unhurt. As Colly's boys had rushed at him, he had grinned and said, in English: "No use to run. I know when I am defeated."

COLLY studied the prisoner, who was sitting there smoking, as unconcerned as could be. "Order a banquet—champagne and all," Colly said. "A man as brave as this one should be good company."

It was a strange meal. Colly sat at one end of the table, two Black Death flyers on each side. The German was the guest of honor. At the beginning of the meal, the Canadian boys rose and toasted their enemy. The talk was not of the war but of Canada and Germany, and of the things young sportsmen do in times of peace. At the end, the German stood up and lifted his glass. "Gentlemen," he said, "I drink to you, and to your happiness and success. Your black ships have been the envy of many of us. Now I am ready to die."

"To die?" Colly echoed. "Who said anything about dying?"

The German smiled. "A condemned man is usually given a fine meal at the very last."

"We're holding you prisoner, of course," said Colly. "But any man who has the guts to fight three of these hoodlums"—he nodded smilingly at his four pals—"doesn't deserve to die."

The German was so thankful that there were tears in his eyes. "I have a request, then," he said. "May I drop a note to my comrades, letting them know how well I am being treated? I want also to send word to my parents in Dresden that I live."

Colly got pen and ink and the prisoner sat down and wrote a letter. He handed it to Colly to read. It told of the banquet and the information that his life was to be spared, and it said such complimentary things about the five Canadian gentlemen that Colly was embarrassed. The envelope was sealed, and he promised to drop it himself over the territory where the Circus was headquartered.

HE did so the next morning. Little did the enemy understand what was in that envelope, as it floated down with a tiny parachute attached to it, for the moment Colly had appeared over the lines, six scarlet ships had come up after him. When he got back, he was laughing as if his sides would split. He said to the prisoner, "I almost got killed. Imagine those fellows coming after me when all the time I was only your messenger boy!"

Again the German filled a glass and raised it. "To you, lieutenant!" he said this time.

Hermann Goering was still toying with the idea of chopping Lieutenant Nash's head off when the note Colly dropped came to his attention. Goering was a strange mixture of cruelty and sportsmanship. This business of the enemy Black Death Flight giving a captured Circus pilot a banquet struck him as being a very sporting thing. He interceded with Baron von Richthofen on behalf of Nash. The baron's brother, Stinky, was against sparing their prisoner; he was all for having Nash's head chopped off. But the baron was the boss, and he agreed to Goering's suggestion.

When the good news reached Nash, he asked to have a note dropped, telling Colly he was all right. The next day the baron himself dropped it over the British lines. And now the boys—and their prisoner—drank a toast to J. E. Nash of Hamilton, Ontario.

From the middle to the end of July, Colly engaged in just about every kind of work known to fighting flyers. He went on long expeditions far into Germany, where he and his four companions bombed and blew up munitions and small-arms factories. There were dogfights galore, with the Canadians usually outnumbered. Once Colly dived in and out of a scrap with the Richthofen gang and downed five planes within half an hour. He went out on many a solo flight and shot down balloons by the half dozen; occasionally he would come across a lone German plane and bag it.

At the end of July the Black Death Flight was still intact, despite the fact that not one of the original five black ships was still in operation. Colly himself was flying his fourth Black Maria, and of the other pilots, three had their third planes, and the remaining one, his second. Reid of Toronto was still flying a Black Roger, Sharman of Winnipeg a Black Death, and Alexander of Toronto a Black Prince.

Colly's blackboard score had now hit thirty-five. All told, the flight, in the amazingly short time of two months—June and July—had run up a total of ninety-two victories officially, and somewhere in the neighborhood of 175 unofficially but actually; not counting what they and their bombs had done to enemy airdromes, rifle works, soldiers in trenches, troop lines, and scores of observation "sausages."

Needless to say, the Germans were by this time concentrating as much on the Black Death Flight as the R. F. C. was on Richthofen's scarlet Circus. When word of this reached the high command of the R. F. C., the order came to break the flight up. No more black ships. Colly's pilots were to be scattered in other assignments, and he himself was to be given what at this juncture he least wanted—leave to go back to Canada.

IT was a sad parting of the ways for the heroic young Canadians. It left Colly a lonely figure on a ship homeward bound. He spent a short time with his family in Nanaimo, visited old friends . . . and realized, as he had never realized before, that henceforth his life would always be lived beyond the horizon, because that was where danger lay.

Returning to France, he was made commander of No. 13 Naval Squadron, operating out of Dunkirk with the Grand Battle Fleet. Hunting U-boats was a job made to order for him. He swooped up and down the Belgian coast, and, thanks to those remarkable eyes of his, he wrought havoc among undersea craft.

The fleet losses became noticeably less after he had been leading the squadron for a month. But that didn't satisfy the man who was born to kill! He called for volunteers, then early one morning set out with a handful of picked flyers, darted through a curtain of lead sent up from the great German base at Zeebrugge, and all but put the base out of commission by one of the most accurate bomb raids of the war. He wasn't bothering to look at the scoreboard these days. He wasn't shooting down many planes, and submarines didn't count.

In January, 1918, the bitter weather frequently got the men of Thirteen Squadron in trouble. Colly was caught with his wings down one day when he was leading half a dozen fighters. Near Ostend they sighted eight German planes, and they went to it. Leading the parade, as usual, he suddenly found that the trigger of his gun was stuck, the oil having congealed in the intense cold.

Canada's D'Artagnan thought fast.

If he turned around and left, his boys would follow him. He couldn't let that happen! So he dived, looped, and side-slipped. From a distance it looked as if he were maneuvering for advantage. Nobody suspected that he was unarmed.

He put on a great show. Nobody was brought down in the scrap, but several planes on both sides had to limp home badly damaged. It wasn't until they got back to Dunkirk, with the commander's plane looking like something the cat had dragged in, that the boys learned about his jammed gun.

Late in January he was sent to the western front again, this time as commander of No. 3 Naval Squadron, but was kept grounded, on orders from above. Now recognized as one of the most valuable men in the Allied lines, he was given administrative and teaching assignments where he wouldn't be risking his neck. But you can't keep an ace on the ground. By midsummer he was up again. He had already been awarded the Croix de Guerre, the Distinguished Service Order, the Distinguished Service Cross, and the Distinguished Flying Cross, and now he picked up a coveted bar to go with the D.S.O. It came to him for a little job he and another chap did at four one morning. Here is the official report from the Air Ministry on that one:

> A brilliant squadron leader of exceptional daring, who has destroyed fifty-one enemy machines. Early one morning he [Collishaw], with another pilot, attacked an enemy aerodrome. Seeing three machines brought out of a burning hangar, he dived five times, firing bursts at these from a very low altitude, and dropped bombs on the living quarters. He then saw an enemy aeroplane descending over the aerodrome; he attacked it and drove it down in flames. Later, when returning from a reconnaissance of the damaged hangars, he was attacked by three Albatros Scouts, who pursued him to our lines, when he turned and attacked one, which fell out of control and crashed.

Then they grounded him again. It wasn't until September that he got back into his natural element. The Germans had a large and important drome over St. Amand-les-Eaux way, so on a brilliant afternoon Colly led thirteen other Camels to the objective, dropped to fifty feet above the startled drome, and gave the signal to unload. All four hangars and some huge gas drums caught fire. Thirty-odd men broke for the open country. These were a gang who had been specializing in nailing lame ducks. Colly hadn't unloaded; he was saving his twenty-five-pound Coopers for this crowd. He dropped to within twenty feet of them and let 'em have it; he killed every last one. The lame ducks would be somewhat safer now.

He got two Fokkers on the way back—by the scoreboard, Nos. 59 and 60 to his credit.

They sent Colly to England. Given the rank of lieutenant colonel, his job was to help organize the Royal Canadian Air Force. Meantime he was making plans of his own for a bombing expedition over Berlin. He was to be accompanied by a good friend, Colonel R. H. Mulock, a Montreal youth who was in command of another squadron. The two were deep in their grim plans when news came that was good to the rest of the world but, believe it or not, bad to Collishaw—news of the armistice.

Disgusted, he returned to Canada to visit his family. There he began preparations to make a solo flight across the Atlantic from Newfoundland in one of the new Handley-Pages. He proposed to leave in April, the earliest feasible time.

Then he heard of a British plan to send aid to the White Russians, who were standing off the Bolshevik avalanche in south Russia. It looked as if General Denikin stood a chance of success—and Colly was back in England within three weeks. There he met Nash, on his way home. A fortnight later Colly was on the south Russian front, in command of six flights of fleet single-seater scouts and the latest whisper in bombers. His outfit consisted mostly of Canadians.

TWENTY-FOUR hours after his arrival in Russia, Colly went out alone. He was looking for trouble—and found it in the form of a fast Albatros. It took him half an hour to shoot this fellow into the Volga. Surprised at such skill, Colly had the remains examined. The enemy proved to have been a one-time Flying Circus killer!

One day the Bolshies winged the plane of one of Colly's scouts with antiaircraft fire. The pilot grinned and waved to Colly, who saw him landing, and saw a crowd of Bolsheviks going after him.

The commander swooped low, hoping to mow them down. But they grabbed the pilot, and held him over their heads in self-protection. Colly couldn't fire now without risk of killing his own man. The Bolshies took their prisoner to cover.

Forty-eight hours later the revolutionists dropped a little parachute over Denikin's lines, near flying headquarters. The message read:

"This is what happens when you land over our lines."

Attached was a photograph—large and clear. It was that of the youth who had waved to Colly as he went down with a crippled ship. He was naked, hanging on a cross, with spikes through his hands and feet.

What did Collishaw—being the man he was, and having up-to-the-minute bombers right there at his command—do in reprisal for this unspeakable atrocity? What were his subsequent victorious adventures during service in Persia, Mesopotamia, and Palestine? A true story as enthralling as it is timely! It will be rounded out and concluded next week.

M-M-M Serve 'em with Parkay

IT TASTES SO GOOD!

PARKAY—the new Margarine made by Kraft is popular everywhere in these three ways:

1 As a delicious spread for bread, hot biscuits and toast . . . and as a tasty seasoning for baked potatoes and all hot foods.

2 As an excellent flavor-shortening for baking light, fine-textured cakes, pies and cookies.

3 For pan frying . . . it adds flavor to pan fried foods and doesn't spatter or stick to the pan.

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OLEOMARGARINE
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CONTAINS VITAMIN A (8000 U.S.P. units per lb.)

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MADE BY THE MAKERS OF MIRACLE WHIP SALAD DRESSING

To the Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

FIRST of June—month of roses. I've been talking about them with Francis W. Ruzicka, president of the National Rose Growers of America. Here's what he tells me:

We cultivate more roses than any other country in the world, but our once famous American Beauty rose is practically extinct today. Its place has been taken by the Better Times rose, introduced six years ago. When you buy a so-called American Beauty now, the chances are it is really a Better Times. . . . Yellow roses are hardest to produce. . . . Bees and bugs, greatest pollinating agents, always prefer pink roses; so when roses go wild they go pink. . . . Every year New Jersey grows enough roses to strew the Transcontinental Highway, end to end, from Trenton to Pasadena.

White roses jump high in price during June and September wedding seasons; are almost unsalable through the rest of the year. . . . Best rose to dry for potpourri smelling is the Pink Radiance. . . . Train your rosebushes to lofty heights if you want to exhibit them: fifty-four inches for the New York flower show; eighty-four inches for Philadelphia. . . . The Red Rose Inn, near West Grove, Pennsylvania, has paid its rent for more than two hundred years with roses instead of money. . . . Protoparent of most of our fine American roses was the old-time Ophelia.

Rose man Ruzicka is of Hungarian origin. His father was a rose grower, and so was his grandfather, and so was his *great*-grandfather.

☆ At an informal dinner one recent evening a fairly successful man, happily married and the father of two young sons, amazed us by disclosing his secret desire to vanish from his home and start life anew, alone by himself, if he could leave his family well provided for. His words shocked every woman present, but not a single man. In fact, three other husbands confessed that they too would welcome the adventure of beginning over again, were it not for their obligations. The thought was completely alien to all the wives. Try it out on your own crowd sometime. I'd be interested to know if it holds true generally.

☆ College commencements and class reunions are due around the end of this month. You'd be surprised by the number of alumnae who go in for diets and quick reducing stunts just before attending. It doesn't make much difference whether they went to coed halls of learning or strictly female universities; what they want, naturally enough, is to look as unchanged as possible to old friends, girls or boys, who knew them back in college. Well, there isn't much time left if you're in that class.

☆ Toasty brown on top, succulent within the crust, this *Tuna Rice Casserole* may solve your problem if your family craves a good fish dinner. The ingredients are obtainable anywhere. . . . Make a cream sauce with 2 tablespoons butter, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 cup rich milk. Blend the hot sauce slowly into 2 beaten egg yolks; add ¼ teaspoon mace, 1 teaspoon paprika, a little salt. Let cool slightly, then stir in 2 heaping cups canned tuna (the flaked kind), well drained. Add 1 cup *brown* rice flakes, a few drops onion juice, 2 tablespoons toasted bread crumbs, 2 tablespoons minced parsley, and last of all the well whipped whites of 2 eggs. Pour into buttered casserole; set in pan of water; bake 45 minutes in moderate oven. Serve very hot, straight from baking dish, accompanied by a tartly seasoned salad generously sprinkled with chopped fresh mint.

☆ Prowling an art gallery, I discovered an old-time fashion that might profitably be revived by up-to-date jewelers. In Italian portraits of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries I found stylish women wearing uniform sets of rings—three, four, five, or even six rings of identical design. The effect is extremely handsome. One Renaissance lady has on three broad rings with diagonal stripes of red and white enamel running across the gold.

She wears two on her left hand, the third on her right. Another beauty of the period has three on each hand—little finger, third finger, and index. Her six rings are exactly alike in design, all of twisted gold, but each bears a small oblong stone of a different color.

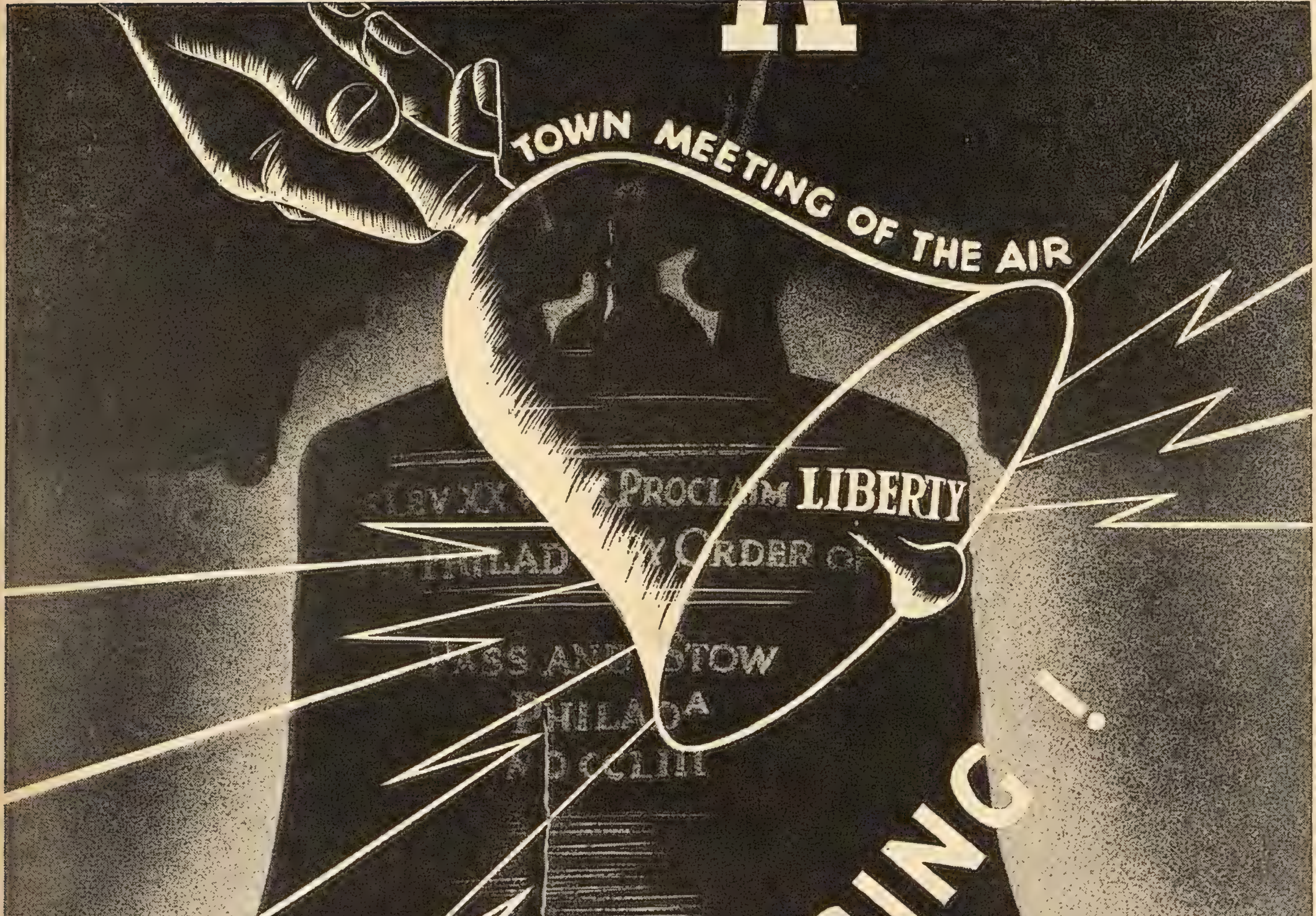
☆ Horace Coon has helped solve the great summer problem with his very useful new book, 101 American Vacations from $25 to $250. (Published by Doubleday, Doran & Co. $1.98.)

☆ More letters bring news of unusual business women. From Albuquerque I learn about Ada Williams, a most attractive widow who operates a large pest-control service with branches in Texas, Colorado, Arizona, and New Mexico. She exterminates bugs in a big way, often on government contract.

Her trademark, I notice, is a *male* insect wearing a top hat. She calls him Billy the Bug.

"If that's some one to see me, Parkins, I'm not in."

ANNOUNCING


TOWN MEETING OF THE AIR
LIBERTY
LEV XX ... PROCLAIM
PHILAD ... Y ORDER OF
PASS AND STOW
PHILADA
MDCCLIII
KEEP IT RINGING !

H. Wilson Smith won the $1,000 first prize with this cartoon.

THE PRIZE-WINNING LIBERTY TOWN HALL Cartoons

EARLY last December Town Hall and Liberty Magazine went shopping for cartoons that would tell, with artistry and clarity and power, "How the Town Meeting idea can best preserve American Liberty and Democracy."

The editors of the magazine and the directors of the radio program hoped to find cartoons that would symbolize the spirit of those old town hall meetings our forefathers knew—the gatherings called to offer suggestions for the good of the community, the town, the commonwealth, and the country, where every man had his say, where everybody could let off steam, where things were settled by the rule of the majority—the spirit that still exists in America's Town Meeting of the Air and in the pages of Liberty.

As George V. Denny, Jr., president of Town Hall, put it:

"If we are to preserve our liberty . . . the time has come for us to turn back to the fundamental principles of the early American town meeting and, with tolerance for all points of view, reason together as intelligent Americans in order to preserve a great democracy based upon justice and fair play for a nation of free men."

Now Liberty takes pleasure in announcing the winners of the contest:

First prize, $1,000: H. WILSON SMITH, 830 Market Street, San Francisco, California.

Second prize, $300: REYNOLDS JONES, 1033 Williams Boulevard, Springfield, Illinois.

Five prizes of $100 each:

SAMUEL GREENBURG, 625 Wrightwood Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

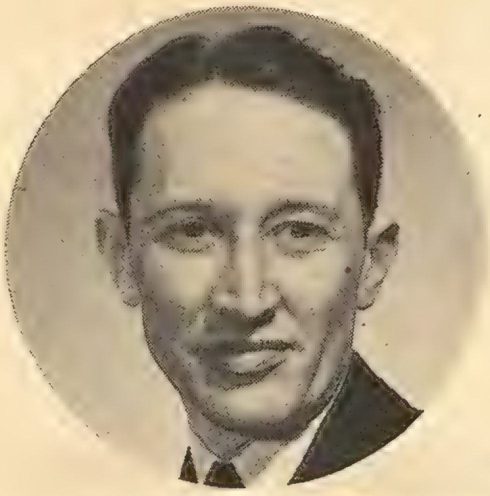
J. C. WHITE, 155 West Twentieth Street, New York City, New York.

ROBERT W. GILMORE, 1009 Franklin Street, Olympia, Washington.

HERB COOK, 600 East Cecil Street, Springfield, Ohio.

FRED H. KETTLEHOLM, 926 Garson Avenue, Rochester, New York.

The winner of the first prize, H. Wilson Smith, is thirty-six years old and a free-lance artist.



H. Wilson Smith

Mr. Smith was born in Nebraska. He studied at the Art Institute of Chicago and for a short time in Europe. He has several magazine covers to his credit, but previously had done no cartoon work. He treasures a collection of rejection slips, which he says were well deserved.

Efforts were made to contact all the prize winners immediately after the judging. Each winner was asked to tell the editors of Liberty something about himself, but most all who replied were sketchy about themselves. Two have not been heard from at the present date; and it is possible they will not know they have won until they read this story in Liberty, or hear the broadcast over the air.

The cartoons of the other prize winners will be printed in subsequent issues.

Mr. Denny has arranged to announce the result of the contest during the broadcast of the Town Meeting program on Thursday, May 23.

This broadcast will be one of the features of the annual convention of the American Adult Education Association, of which Mr. Denny is a director. The subject will be, Do Political Parties Educate?

The cartoon contest, which was announced in Liberty's issue of December 16, closed at midnight February 21. Everybody, professional cartoonists and amateurs, was welcome to enter the competition under certain rules. The entries were to be judged for aptness, originality, power, simplicity, and draftsmanship.

Mr. Smith's cartoon was adjudged the best of more than 3,000, which were sent to Liberty from all over the United States and Canada.

The competition was keen up to the last day—on which nine big mailbags full of cartoons were received. The mail included the efforts not only of cartoonists with national and international reputations, but also those of unknowns and of schoolboys.

Professional and amateur cartoonists were about evenly divided, and most of their offerings showed excellent thought. There were few poor cartoons, but even these contained ideas that merited the attention of the judges.

About 80 per cent of the cartoonists attacked the isms of the present day—Communism, Fascism, etc.—all except 100-per-cent Americanism.

"This," said one of the judges, "seems to prove that the cartoonists of America are not only a highly intelligent body but also a loyal one."

The contestants had been instructed to sign their names on the back of the cartoons submitted. When the day came for the final judging, these names were covered with strips of adhesive paper. No "big names" influenced the selection of the judges.

Before the final judging, the 3,000 and some entries had been winnowed to 2,000, then to 1,000, then to fifty, and finally to twenty. The winning entries were chosen from these twenty.

The judges were Bernarr Macfadden and Fulton Oursler for Liberty; George V. Denny, Jr., and Arthur E. Bestor for Town Hall; and Arthur T. Robb, editor of Editor and Publisher.

At the close of the contest—after all the winning cartoons have been published—it is planned to hold an exhibition of the twenty best. Mr. Smith will be asked to appear on America's Town Meeting of the Air program to accept the award.

THE END

READING TIME ● 11 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

This senator's daughter—who is the real article, and whose father is well known—told last week how Washington gossip had reacted to the social capers of the younger Roosevelts, and to the marital infelicities of some of them. She gave it as her own opinion that, of the ninety-six senators, about two out of three owe their positions in life to the money or brains of their wives. One who does so, according to her, is Senator Taft; one who doesn't is Truman of Missouri, to whom a nomination that looked hopeless was tossed in 1934, and who coasted into office on a New Deal landslide. She told how tirelessly the mamas of marriageable daughters tried to snare that handsome bachelor Frank Murphy until his Supreme Court appointment put him out of their reach.

PART FOUR—SHAKESPEARE AND MR. LEWIS

IN disrespectful private sessions we DOTS can't agree on which is Washington's most magnificently amusing masquerade—John L. Lewis trying to be high society or Paul V. McNutt trying not to be.

We hear that McNutt, the Hoosier schoolmaster and ex-Governor of Indiana who aspires to the Democratic Presidential nomination, was warned a few weeks ago by his advisers that his popularity was on the wane because he looked too beautiful and dressed too handsomely. Since then he has been reported diligently trying to make the crease in his trousers run east and west instead of north and south. Local political delegations on excursions from the hinterland to get acquainted with the potential candidate went home more than a little confused because his clothes were unpressed and he talked to them out of the corner of his mouth.

If McNutt is not nominated—and I'll bet my silver-fox scarf against your old girdle that he won't be—here's the reason. He couldn't obey Rule No. 1: "Be yourself."

Meanwhile John L. Lewis is putting on a fresh boiled shirt and wing collar every night. Especially since Lewis has been attacking the New Deal has he been welcomed in homes where social climbers with family trees and genuine pearls are barred. The Lewises have more invitations than they can accept. No hostess considers her big party of the season a success unless John L. is present to scare her aristocratic guests with his scowl and to astonish them with his quotations from Shakespeare.

One of my fellow DOTS—I wouldn't give her away even if her papa didn't need C. I. O. votes—says she looked out of the window during a party one night in January and remarked that it had begun to snow.

John L. frowned at the whirling flakes and declaimed:

"Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
How shall your houseless heads and unfed sides,
Your looped and windowed raggedness, defend you
From seasons such as these?"

He let his somber eyes roam accusingly over her pretty gown. "That's from King Lear," he rumbled. She says it took two highballs to make her feel that it was all right for her not to be hungry!

The la-di-da partygoers get a delicious thrill out of rubbing elbows with the man they believe to be the American dictator of labor. Personally, I think there is a lot more sense in the lionizing of labor leaders than in the Washington smart set's earlier fad of having horses and dogs as guests of honor at lavish parties.

Evelyn Walker Robert, wife of "Chip" Robert, secretary of the Democratic National Committee, is whirling-dervish-in-chief to the political smart set. It takes energy and ingenuity, but Evie is plentifully supplied with both. She reached an all-time high when she gave a birthday party for her favorite horse, John the Baptist. (John has a stablemate named Salome.)

John's party costume was a massive collar of white carnations. All of Washington's cocktail aristocracy attended. The Italian ambassador (who was recalled by Mussolini shortly afterward) was there with his four spaniels, the Cuban minister brought his chow dog, Alice Roosevelt Longworth was accompanied by her daughter Paulina's pony, Mrs. William MacCracken, wife of President Coolidge's Assistant Secretary of Commerce, brought her spaniel, and so on. Mrs. J. Borden Harriman helped entertain the canine guests by serving them half-pound hamburger sandwiches, while apples and carrots were provided for the horses.

It was innocent enough, but it reminded a lot of spoilsports of ancient Rome at its lowest ebb, when an emperor's favorite horse was made consul.

Well, as I said in the beginning, partygoing is Washington's chief recreation and exercise. Even breakfast parties are no novelty in a town where nobody but shopkeepers, policeman, and government office workers have to be awake before 9 A. M. I work for a living myself, but even if I didn't have to be on the job at eight thirty I think I'd hate to drive a dozen miles on an empty stomach just to see the same old familiar faces being stuffed with kidney stew.

That proletarian-sounding dish, incidentally, is the socially correct one for a breakfast party. Guests are greeted with demitasses of extra strong black coffee and snifters of brandy. Then they sit down to grapefruit that has been steeped in sugar and rum, kidney stew, and tiny hot buttered biscuits. After that, coffee as you like it and Scotch or Bourbon.

Pat Hurley, who was Secretary of War in Hoover's Cabinet, is a notable "hunt breakfast" host. Ex-fighting man and son of the Indian frontier, he has changed himself into a pink-coated Virginia gentleman of the horsiest kind. One of his most frequent guests is the Polish ambassador, Count Potocki, who is immensely popular with everybody except persons of Polish birth or descent, including the embassy staff, who resent the fact that while Poland was being invaded by the Nazis and Communists the Count was riding to hounds with the Yankee-born Virginia gentry.

Which reminds me that I've thus far neglected two factors that share in making Washington what it is. These are the foreign embassies and legations, and the city's newspapers.

Let's admit at once that the United States doesn't seem to rate the best diplomatic talent of its sister countries. Perhaps the reason for that is our own habit of sending political fatcats abroad as our representatives and giving our ambassadorships to the highest cash bidders. Just let some-

Tales OUT OF SCHOOL

BY A SENATOR'S DAUGHTER

Close-up of the famous! The frankest revelations from Washington in years

They were retrieved for her by the gallant Italian military attaché with the words: "Madame, your handkerchief."

body bring that up in meeting, and you'll hear some other body tell how Jimmy Cromwell, husband of Doris Duke, was awarded the ministership to Canada and then hustled into a concealed office in the State Department and given a map of the Dominion and some descriptive literature, such as is furnished tourists, before he was allowed to speak for the newsreels and talk to reporters. Then, after the Jackson Day dinner, for which he bought fifteen tickets at $100 to help swell the Democratic campaign fund, he was hurried off to be our representative in the capital of our largest neighbor, a nation whose ever-important relationship with our own was further complicated by its participation in the war.

The next mentioned is sure to be diplomat Joseph E. Davies, who also married a staggering fortune, the one personified by Marjorie Post Hutton Close. You will remember having read in the newspapers of the crates of frozen cream and bathroom tissue they shipped ahead of them to Russia and then to Belgium. They came home when the war broke out, and Mrs. Davies made her husband demand a Cabinet job of President Roosevelt. The only Cabinet vacancy was in the Department of the Navy, which Mr. Roosevelt promptly gave to Charles Edison, who knows a lot about ships and industry; so now Joe is "special adviser on European affairs" to Secretary of State Hull.

We hear many whispers about our professional diplomat, Sumner Welles, whose wife can't get along with Mrs. Roosevelt, a breach Sumner's diplomacy is powerless to heal.

FALSE ALARM! IT'S JUST A MOTORIST WHO HASN'T HEARD ABOUT SANI-FLUSH!

TRUE, Sani-Flush was made originally to clean toilet bowls. And today you'll find it in almost every bathroom. Sani-Flush is also the best way many motorists have found to keep a radiator free of rust, scale and sludge.

It only costs 10c to clean out a car radiator with Sani-Flush (25c for the largest truck or tractor). You can do it yourself in a few minutes (*directions on the can*). If you prefer, have the job done at the service station—insist on Sani-Flush. It cannot injure motor or fittings. Sold by grocery, drug, hardware, and 5-and-10c stores. 10c and 25c sizes. The Hygienic Products Company, Canton, Ohio.

Sani-Flush
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When he was sent to Europe as the President's special roving peace ambassador—one of his jobs, we heard, was to warn Mussolini against entering the war on Germany's side—they say every member of the Senate crossed his fingers and knocked on wood, remembering Sumner's first diplomatic assignment as ambassador to Cuba. That was when he took active sides in a three-cornered political row, and was wafted home by the explosion of the revolution that unseated President Machado. As a dove of peace my father doesn't rate Sumner Welles as even a fair-to-middling poll parrot.

"Well," somebody always says, "we get as good as we send—or vice versa. Remember that extremely prominent ambassador?" That poor darling of the cave-dwelling Washington upper crust suffered so from indigestion—and suffered audibly. He was the only man in Washington allowed to get away, in mixed company, with *that!* And we hear he fell asleep during an important conference with State Department and Treasury officials on the details of stabilizing their foreign currency with the American dollar, and punctuated the discussion with his snores! His government has since replaced him with an ambassador less ornamental.

Since the war began, the embassies are not entertaining so heavily. Everybody misses the late Hirosi Saito, Japan's quart-of-Scotch-a-day ambassador and lavish entertainer. His successor, Ambassador Horinouchi, is a very devout Christian and a follower of Dr. Buchman's Oxford Group, whose entertaining would probably be a whole lot more sedate than Saito's was, if he were giving any. The Japanese, however, are of no mind to invite the snubbing administered to the Soviet Embassy shortly after the invasion of Finland. Not half the invited guests appeared, and half of those who did present invitations at the door were ringers.

Gone but not regretted are the *Bierabends* of the Nazi Embassy, where Acting Ambassador Hans Thomsen now seethes in solitude except when he pays protocol calls at the Soviet Embassy.

AH, the good old prewar days—how official Washington misses them! Who can forget the night the wife of the Turkish ambassador lost her silken step-ins, which were retrieved for her by the gallant Italian military attaché with the words: "Madame, your handkerchief."

That *is* diplomacy.

This awful letdown in formal entertainment is also keenly felt by the society reporters of Washington's newspapers, which are very much a part of the whole fantastic Washington picture. On top of the heap is the Star, a stolid, immensely wealthy sheet with a querulous editorial policy, controlled by the Noyes family, who are Cliff Dwellers of the loftiest and have had only one social calamity. Ethel, younger daughter of co-owner Frank B. Noyes, married Sir Willmott Lewis, the Washington correspondent of the London Times. Noyes noses rose even higher with a Lady Lewis in the family. Then the marriage went on the rocks, and since the divorce Sir Willmott's name is blacklisted in the Star editorial rooms.

That divorce simply delighted the owner of a rival paper, Eleanor Medill Patterson, who publishes the Times-Herald. "Cissie" Patterson used to be a noblewoman by marriage herself as wife of a Count Gizycki, and she too came back to the level of untitled Americanism via the divorce court. Cissie bought the morning Herald and the evening Times from Hearst, and merged them. She is a sister of Joseph M. Patterson, publisher of the New York Daily News, and cousin to Colonel Robert R. McCormick, owner of the Chicago Tribune. She belongs to the horsy smart set headed by Evie Robert, and uses her newspaper to deflate the upper crust to which the Noyeses belong. She carries on feuds with her personal enemies on the front page.

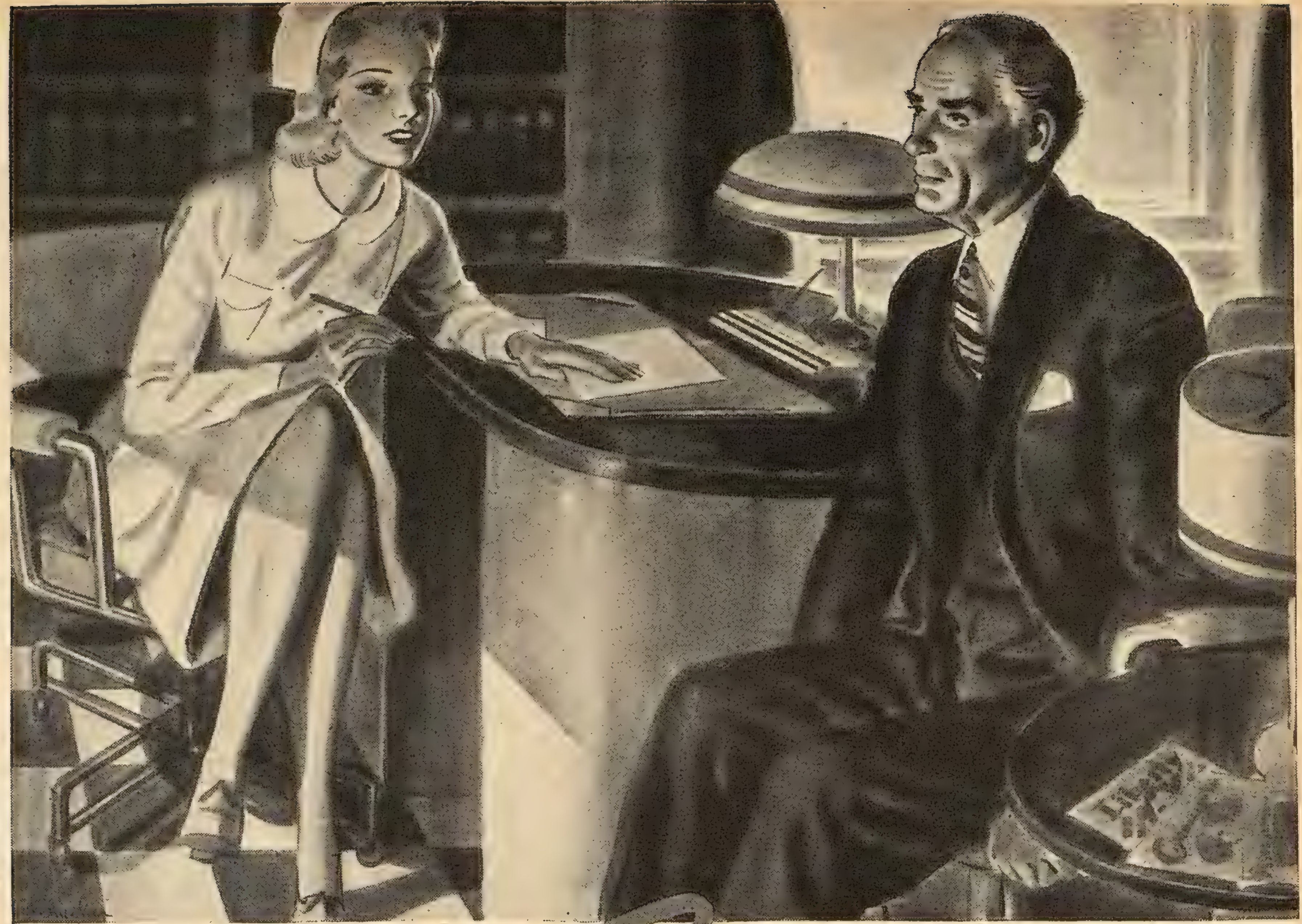
CISSIE tried to make society chit-chat columnists out of Evie and Mrs. Evalyn Walsh McLean. Then she hired "Count" Igor Cassini to spill the dirt about her enemies and to advertise her friends. Cassini performed so well that he was tarred—with road oil—and feathered by the menfolk of his gossip victims. He cinched his job with Cissie by telephoning to a staff photographer so he could have his picture taken for the Times-Herald front page looking like a half-plucked pullet.

Then there is the morning Post, which Mrs. McLean used to own, but sold to Eugene Meyer, who was head of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation and governor of the Federal Reserve under President Hoover. Although it is edited by brilliant Pulitzer Prize Winner Felix Morley and employs some of America's most brilliant writers, the Post is not as popular as some other papers. Maybe that is because there is a feeling that Meyer maintains it to further his political and social ambitions.

There is a fourth paper, the Daily News, a tabloid owned by the Scripps-Howard chain, but it employs no society leaders and caters to the people who work for a living, so it has absolutely no stuffed-shirt prestige!

Ho hum! When even the newspapers descend to mud fights against each other in efforts to make or break the social standing of their owners, a young woman like myself with certain stubborn ideals about democracy begins to wonder where we are heading out of Washington.

Senatorial clubbishness that keeps even bitter enemies mutually loyal in the presence of outsiders; the First Lady as fashion leader; Washington's pet snobberies—such will be the Senator's Daughter's topics as she concludes her tale-telling next week.



A young woman said, "Mr. Miller? If you'll sit here, I'll fill out your chart."

ILLUSTRATOR JAMES SCHUCKER

OLD Man's HEART

BY PHYLLIS DUGANNE

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

The blithe tale of a calamity's happy ending

EFFIE MILLER was aware of Fred's excitement as soon as he entered the house. She knew, from long experience, that there was no use in trying to hurry him; he would tell her when he was ready and not before. When he finished his second plate of deep-dish apple pie, he was ready.

"How old would you say I looked, Effie?" he inquired, with a casualness which seemed to bristle.

She looked back at him without smiling, and wondered if she could possibly see him, even for an instant, through the eyes of a stranger. Sometimes it seemed to her that he had not changed in the least, after forty-six years of marriage. She knew that was absurd. He was seventy-one now. They had five grandchildren.

"It's so hard, Fred. I guess what Betty would describe as sixty-ish," she answered.

His hazel eyes, watching to gauge her truthfulness, were as bright and eager as a young man's.

"There's a lot of talk been going around the factory," he said, "and today Mr. Plympton himself spoke to me. They're going to send a representative to South America to try to pick up some of the business that Germany and England were doing there, before this war."

"Can I go with you?" she asked.

"Now, Effie. Did I say that they were sending me?"

"No," she admitted, "but you'd be the logical one to go. You've been with them longer than any one and you know more about the business."

"M-mm," he assented, and pushed back his chair. She followed him into the living room, sat down, and picked up her knitting.

"How long a trip would it be?"

"Couple of months. We'd fly." His sudden smile was like a boy's, more of a grin than a smile and a little sheepish. "I'm probably talking through my hat," he added. "They'll send some younger fellow, probably."

"They'd be fools if they did," she declared indignantly.

At ten o'clock Effie went to bed. "Don't sit up too late over your geography, Junior," she teased him, and he looked up from the big atlas and answered, "All right, teacher."

By eleven o'clock the absorption of so many facts had made him hungry. He tiptoed into the kitchen, because Effie did not approve of his eating late at night, and quite inadvertently finished the deep-dish apple pie. The small spiced sausages he had not intended to eat at all; with the door of the electric icebox open and the engine purring supper music, he had reached inside now and again and popped one into his mouth.

He felt fine the next morning, and never gave his midnight snack a thought until noon in his office. Miss Pratt had just finished taking his dictation, and Jim Robbins, one of the younger salesmen, had come in for expert assistance in solving a timetable. Fred stood up abruptly and pain stabbed him in the midriff and surged upward, catching his breath. With the surprise of the pain, he slipped, and suddenly he was lying sprawled beside his desk, with young Robbins kneeling beside him, saying urgently, " Take it easy, sir," and Miss Pratt, big-eyed, crying, " It's his heart! " While he tried to deny it, voices like a Greek chorus, voices terribly, horribly sympathetic, caught it up. " A heart attack! " . . . " Mr. Miller's sick! " . . .

Fred shook off young Robbins' helping hand and stood erect just as Schuyler Plympton's distinguished figure appeared in the doorway.

" What are you up to, Miller? Trying to frighten us? " Mr. Plympton inquired in his smooth rich-man's voice, his eyes kind.

Fred began explaining about the pie and the sausages.

Schuyler Plympton nodded, cutting him short. " Better take it easy for a few days. We're none of us as young as we used to be, you know. Fried scallops are my Waterloo," he confided. " I never can resist them."

Fred took a little soda at the drugstore before he had lunch, and was perfectly all right, so far as his physical condition went. His mental state grew momentarily worse. What, he wondered, had Mr. Plympton really been thinking behind that smooth exterior?

EFFIE was properly sympathetic and only faintly reproachful. She waited until they were in bed to say, idly, " You know, Fred, it mightn't be a bad idea if you had Dr. Wentworth look you over sometime."

Her husband snorted. " I suppose *you* think I'm sick! "

" No," she denied it placidly. " But I can see you're going to fret about it. You'd feel better if you knew."

He snorted again. " If I *did* see a doctor," he informed her, " Wentworth would be the last one I'd go to."

" Why? " asked Effie.

" For one thing, he's Mr. Plympton's closest friend. If there *was* anything wrong with me—" He snapped off the light. " Anyway, I don't trust doctors like Wentworth. They don't get limousines and big houses for finding nothing wrong with people! "

Miss Pratt and the pretty receptionist continued to treat him as though he were made of spun glass. At the end of a week of their combined sympathy and concern, he felt like an old man. " If you'd just see Dr. Wentworth—" Effie tried again. " I won't," he said. Wentworth would inevitably report to Mr. Plympton, and Mr. Plympton, with his generosity and sense of fairness, would undoubtedly retire him. And Fred Miller did not want to be retired. He wanted, more than any one in the world, even Effie, suspected, to go to South America.

Finally they compromised. This young Dr. Barton who had recently come to town seemed all right to Fred. No fancy nonsense about him. His waiting room was small, empty, and comfortingly shabby, and he smiled boyishly at Fred and Effie.

" Come in, sir."

Effie waited, turning the pages of magazines disinterestedly. She had the patience of her years, and it did not seem to her that Fred had been gone long, certainly not long enough to have changed so completely. He had walked into Dr. Barton's inner office a vigorous man, and he emerged with a look in his eyes that brought Effie across the room to his side.

WE'VE got to take care of this husband of yours, Mrs. Miller," Dr. Barton was saying.

Fred did not seem to be listening as the doctor gave Effie instructions. Strict diet, a regime of frequent rest and quiet. He wandered across the room and stood bleakly by the window. Dr. Barton lowered his voice.

" Heart's not good," he told Effie. " Can't he retire? "

" Fred doesn't want to retire," she answered defensively.

" He's seventy-one, Mrs. Miller," Dr. Barton said.

There was a flash in Effie's eyes, but she said nothing. She was sixty-eight, and Betty was always saying that she wished she had half her mother's energy.

Fred did not tell any one at the office, yet they seemed to sense something wrong. There was an undercurrent of sympathy, a new friendliness, as though they felt he might not be with them always. It was less than a week after his consultation with Dr. Barton that the blow fell.

Mr. Plympton, ruddy and glowing with health, stopped him in the outer office. " Miller, you're looking seedy. Why don't you let Archie Wentworth look you over this afternoon? " Protests only made it worse. " My secretary will make an appointment," Mr. Plympton added with finality.

Fred entered Dr. Wentworth's reception room with the step of a man approaching the guillotine.

Here was everything he mistrusted: rich modernistic furnishings, queer paintings on the silver-gray walls, a brisk young woman at a mahogany desk who said, " Mr. Miller? If you'll sit here, I'll fill out your chart."

When she had finished with him, he sat down gingerly in a chromium chair and looked around the expensive room. Doctors like this had to find plenty wrong with their patients.

Archibald Wentworth brought a vitality into the room with him. He was a tall slender man with a gray Vandyke beard and very blue eyes.

He held out his hand to Fred. " You're Fred Miller? I've been hearing tales about you."

Fred flinched. " I guess I'm in bad shape, doctor," he admitted.

Archie Wentworth grinned. " More deep-dish apple pie? "

" Oh, no," Fred denied.

" Burned child, eh? Come on in and I'll have a look at you."

This inner office gleamed with machinery, ominous-looking instruments hiding beneath rubber covers, strange tanks, shining glass cases.

" Suppose you take off your coat," suggested the doctor, and wound a length of rubberized silk about Fred's arm. " Seen the new Garbo picture? "

At the end of ten minutes, the doctor pushed back his chair, offered Fred a cigarette, lighted one himself.

" What do you think is wrong with you? " he inquired.

Fred blinked.

" You'll have to tell me," Archie Wentworth said, " because I can't find anything."

Fred said, " My heart—"

The doctor laughed. " It isn't precisely like a young man's heart," he said, " but what do you expect? "

Fred said, almost belligerently, " I don't believe you know how old I am! " And the doctor's eyes twinkled.

" At our age, I think it's a good idea not to tell," he retorted. " Just between ourselves, I'm seventy-four."

Fred swallowed. " You—you don't look it," he stammered.

" I don't feel it," answered the doctor. " What's worrying you, Miller? Somebody scare you about your heart? " He chuckled. " Somebody young, maybe? " he added shrewdly. " Your heart—" He shrugged. " It's like mine. It's like Sky Plympton's. It's an old man's heart, but what of it? It does its job."

Fred was still holding his breath when there was a knock on the door.

" Come in," said Archie Wentworth, and Schuyler Plympton stood there, smiling genially. " It must be pretty soft, working for you, Sky," the doctor said. " Miller tells me he's been with you forty years, and he's as healthy a human specimen as I ever put a stethoscope on."

GOOD! " said Mr. Plympton. " No reason why he shouldn't do a little flying down around South America? "

" None that I know of."

Fred Miller tried to say something and words would not come. Somehow he had gotten to his feet, and Dr. Wentworth was smiling at him cryptically. Mr. Plympton was smiling at his other side. The doctor dropped a hand on Fred's shoulder, clapped the other on Schuyler Plympton's.

" As a medical man," he murmured, " I'd say this calls for a drink."

Still dazed, Fred Miller found himself, ten minutes later, standing between the city's two most distinguished men at the bar of the exclusive Hunt Club. Archie Wentworth lifted his glass.

" To an old man's heart," he offered, and Fred drank, his own heart almost bursting.

THE END

DEATH IN THE Bonfire

The Story of a Certain Rich Man and a Sinister Mystery

BY FREDERICK L. COLLINS

READING TIME • 17 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

RICH men can be heroes, too. If any one doubts it, the case of Frank W. Griswold of Minneapolis, who shyly admits to an annual income in excess of $50,000 a year, is indisputable evidence that it is so.

Frank Griswold's heroism was of the type which places him in the front rank of possibilities for Liberty's Annual Gold Medal Award for Valor in Citizenship. In fact, his name is among the first to be given serious consideration by the distinguished board of judges, composed of John Edgar Hoover, Lieutenant General Robert L. Bullard, and Rear Admiral Yates Stirling.

But Griswold's achievement is different from that of the average nominee, because his valorous conduct continued over seven months, and involved not only personal sacrifice and devoted effort in the face of very real danger but a remarkable mastery of the psychology of the criminal.

Griswold hadn't always been rich in depositable funds. But even as a struggling young engineer, he had a mind which was teeming with ideas, and all he needed was a little ready money to pay for supplies and patent lawyers. Sam Brolin furnished it.

Brolin wasn't a rich man either. Much older than young Frank, he was still working as a mechanic when Frank first knew him. He liked the youthful engineer and advanced him money out of his savings. Brolin considered these advances strictly as loans, and Griswold treated them as such, paying back every cent, and with interest.

When, in the course of time, Frank Griswold, still youngish, had reached the top of the industrial heap as president of the Griswold Signal Company, he looked up Sam Brolin, the man who had befriended him.

Brolin was an old man now, but he had worked too long to wish to be idle. So Griswold put him on the pay roll as handy man at twenty-five dollars a week. The foreman and the skilled mechanics liked the gentle old fellow, but they had to admit that he was a good bit in the way.

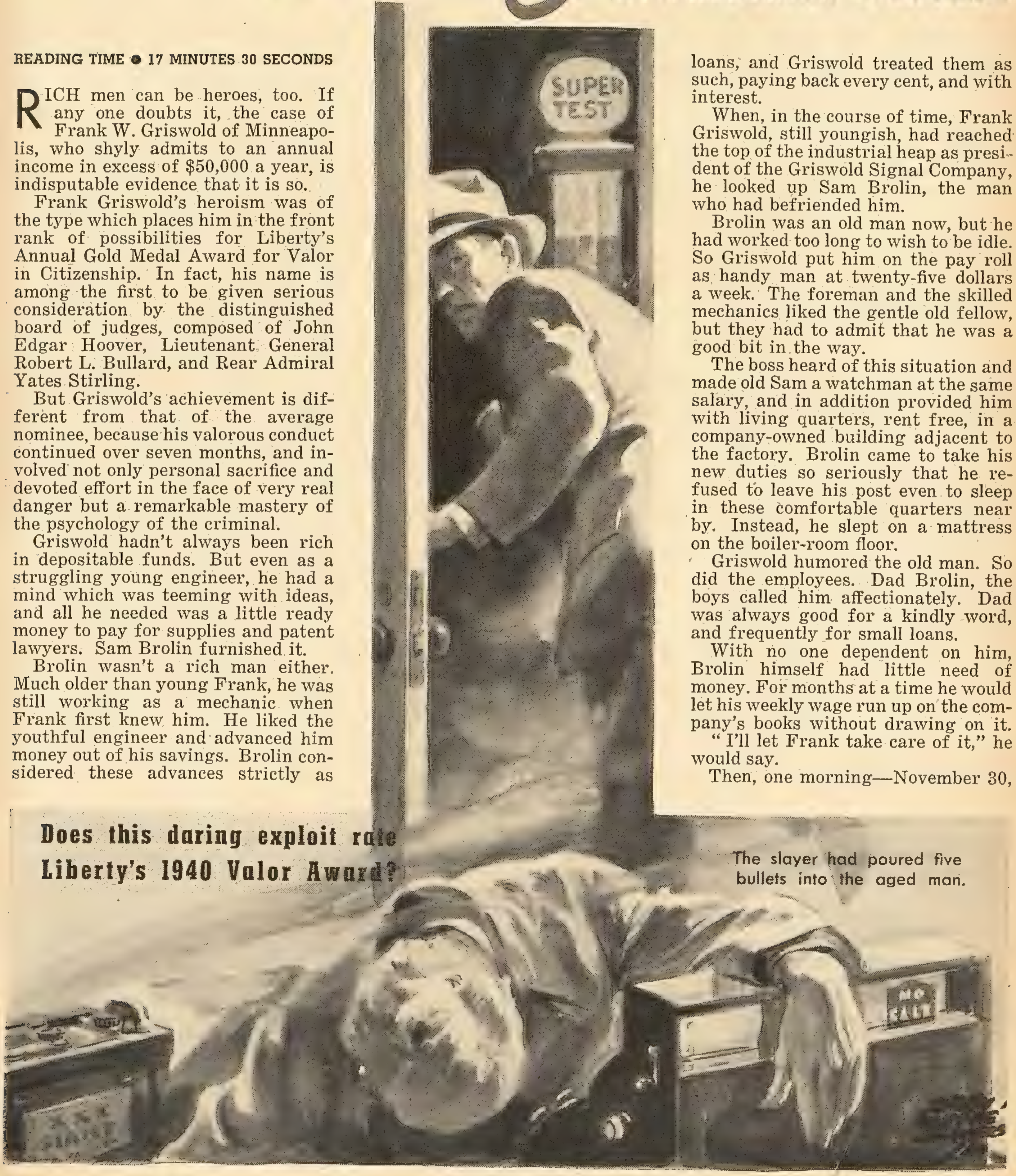
The boss heard of this situation and made old Sam a watchman at the same salary, and in addition provided him with living quarters, rent free, in a company-owned building adjacent to the factory. Brolin came to take his new duties so seriously that he refused to leave his post even to sleep in these comfortable quarters near by. Instead, he slept on a mattress on the boiler-room floor.

Griswold humored the old man. So did the employees. Dad Brolin, the boys called him affectionately. Dad was always good for a kindly word, and frequently for small loans.

With no one dependent on him, Brolin himself had little need of money. For months at a time he would let his weekly wage run up on the company's books without drawing on it.

"I'll let Frank take care of it," he would say.

Then, one morning—November 30,



Does this daring exploit rate Liberty's 1940 Valor Award?

The slayer had poured five bullets into the aged man.

1936, it was—two Griswold employees entered the boiler room and beheld in the middle of the floor a pile of debris: old sacks, boxes, broken boards, oily waste, and a mattress.

It was the kind of rubbish pile one might have assembled with the intent of building a bonfire, except for one difference—a human hand.

Frank Griswold reached the scene before the police. What he saw, after the mattress was removed, was the body of Samuel Brolin, wrists roped to ankles, head bashed in.

When Captain Mullen, chief of detectives of the Minneapolis Police Department, arrived, his men made the usual thorough police investigation, but uncovered surprisingly little in the way of clues. The murder weapon turned out to be an ordinary hammer. Its handle yielded no fingerprints. Neither did the rope.

There was little doubt that the intruder had gotten together the pile of inflammable debris with the idea of burning not only the body of his victim but the entire factory. Apparently something had happened to scare him away in time. He had plugged the heat duct from the furnace room in such a way as to force the flames to the upper stories.

There was only one other trace of him. A glass panel had been removed from one of the factory doors by prying off the molding which held it.

IN answer to the question as to whether he suspected any one, Griswold named a discharged employee. The man was brought in for questioning, but there was no evidence, the police felt, that would justify their holding him. Griswold didn't press this phase of the matter because, on a previous occasion, immediately following this man's dismissal from his employ, he had suggested him as a possible suspect in connection with an attempt to set fire to the factory, and then also the police had found no evidence on which to proceed against him.

Mullen, a conscientious officer, with the support of Chief of Police Forestal, pursued the investigation for a considerable time, but without result. Then official Minneapolis seemed to lose interest in the case.

Not so Frank Griswold.

There were certain features of the crime which, although they might not constitute evidence, confirmed his first instinctive suspicion as to the identity of the murderer. And as he sat at his desk day after day, trying to concentrate on business, he could see only the crumpled body of his former benefactor lying on the boiler-room floor. Finally came the moment when he shoved aside the blueprints on his desk and reached for his hat.

"I won't be around much for a while," he told his assistants. "I've got to find out who killed Dad Brolin."

The first thing he did was to review from the beginning his experience with the man he suspected.

Lawrence Brown was a personable young fellow with an inventive mind. When he applied for employment, Griswold had been sufficiently impressed to give him a chance as a sort of idea man. At first he was assigned to Sam Brolin, who was then doing odd jobs and was working on a pet idea of his own for a new type of signal. But the old man and the young one didn't get on together very well. Brolin, who liked almost everybody, could not bring himself to like Lawrence Brown; and Brown openly voiced his contempt of the old putterer.

Brown bought himself a flashy new car, and boasted that he had done so with the boss's financial assistance. Actually, he had asked Griswold to make possible the purchase of the car and take the purchase price out of his pay envelope from week to week. Griswold had agreed. Brown, however, used the incident to make old Brolin feel that Brown had supplanted him in the boss's affections.

LIBERTY MAGAZINE VALOR IN CITIZENSHIP AWARD
FOR OUTSTANDING BRAVERY IN THE WAR OF CIVIC RIGHTEOUSNESS

Liberty's Gold Medal for Valor in Citizenship

To Liberty itself, the nation-wide interest in the awards of its Gold Medal for Valor in Citizenship is gratifying but has not been at all surprising. The importance of these recognitions of outstanding heroism in every-day life was certain to be generally appreciated. Nominations for the award for 1940 are still open. The judges who will pass upon them are JOHN EDGAR HOOVER, Lieutenant General ROBERT LEE BULLARD, and Rear Admiral YATES STIRLING. The story accompanying one early nomination is told herewith. Do you know of a fellow citizen who displayed courage in helping law enforcement and who may thus merit these judges' consideration? If so, Liberty will be glad to hear from you about him or her—and the sooner, the better!

Frank Griswold became aware of this growing antagonism, but hoped that Brolin's transfer to watchman's duties would end it. To make doubly sure, however, he called in young Brown, reprimanded him for his misrepresentations in the automobile matter, and extracted a promise from him that he would leave the old man alone.

But Brown was in the habit of returning to the plant at night, with the boss's full knowledge, to work on some ideas of his own for a new type of signal. Brolin, in his capacity of watchdog, refused to believe that these nocturnal visits had Griswold's approval, and locked Brown out.

Here, Griswold reasoned, was motive of a sort—perhaps stronger in the case of an egotist like Brown than it would be with most men.

But Griswold felt that he knew of a possible motive stronger still. Young Brown had developed a penchant for getting into trouble, not only in the plant but in the town. He came to the attention of the police first as a speed driver, then in connection with the issuance of a rubber check. Also, he was once accused of striking a young girl who refused his company home from a dance. Finally he fell into the hands of the authorities for beating up another girl.

That was the last straw with Frank Griswold. "I've tried to help you," he told the young man, "but I can't tolerate this sort of thing any longer. Here's your pay check and fifty dollars additional. You haven't earned it, but you may need it."

That was Frank Griswold, generous in any circumstances. The fire in his plant occurred a few days later.

Sheets of celluloid from a company storeroom had been slipped under the rafters of the paint room and ignited with a match. Only four men had access to that storeroom: Griswold himself; Brolin, the watchman; the foreman of the paint room, who was in no way involved; and Brown—who, when leaving, had retained his key to that room.

Even more significant, to Frank Griswold's mind, was the attitude Brown had exhibited toward himself. Brown had circulated among Griswold's acquaintances the fantastic story that he, Brown, had invented the signals which the company was manufacturing, and that Griswold had let him go in order to steal the patent without paying him his share of the profits.

That flagrant lie, of course, had not impressed any one at all familiar with the Griswold business. But it had shown how far Brown was willing to go to injure his former employer.

Upon his arrest as a suspect, Brown's hatred of Griswold took even more definite form. "Griswold set the fire himself," he told the police, "to get the insurance. He's hard up and needs the money. He's trying to blame it on me."

THIS lie no more held water than the other had. The manufacturer's reputation in Minneapolis was too good in all respects. Moreover, the signal business was known to be especially profitable at the time.

Frank Griswold had laughed off the accusations and well-nigh forgotten them, but they came to mind again with added significance when Brown, on being questioned about the murder, made another of the same nature.

"Did you kill old Brolin?" Mullen asked him.

"No, but I can tell you who did."

"Griswold, I suppose," laughed Mullen. "You said he was the one who set the fire."

"Exactly. And I'll tell you why he killed Brolin. He owed the old man a lot of back salary."

Brown obviously had the greatest

scorn for the police. He went so far as to say to them, "You can't catch a criminal even when he is pointed out to you."

Mullen told him to go on with his story. He did so, glibly:

"You can believe it or not, but old man Brolin had been kicking back part of his salary to hold his job. I can prove to you that Griswold owed him several thousand dollars. I can prove it by the company's books."

The accusation was ridiculous on its face; but Frank Griswold quickly showed what had really been happening in the matter of Dad Brolin's salary. It was at this point that he produced receipts to show that he had paid income tax the previous year on an income in excess of $50,000, and could hardly have been reduced to stealing the earnings of a twenty-five-dollar-a-week employee, let alone murdering an old and beloved friend.

NOW, thinking all this over, Griswold could not escape the conclusion that it indicated sufficient motive for Brown's entry into the factory that November night. Whether Brown's intention had been robbery or arson or both, he had obviously entered to do Griswold some kind of harm.

As for the murder itself, if Brolin had made an attempt to interfere with Brown's project, whatever it was, Brown might well have attacked this old man he hated.

The heating system in the signal factory was an unusual one. Only some one familiar with it would have been aware that plugging the duct would divert flames to the upper stories. Brown *was* familiar with the system; he had worked on it.

The knots in the rope that bound Brolin's hands and feet were Boy Scout knots. And Griswold remembered that Brown, applying for work, had stressed his training as a Scout.

Most significant of all, however, was the matter of that missing glass panel. Griswold remembered that at least once, in the period when Brown was trying to get into the plant at night and Brolin was trying to keep him out, Brown had let himself in by removing that identical panel in the very same way!

It would be useless, Griswold knew, to go to the authorities with these results of his cogitations. All of the facts on which he based his conclusions had presumably been available to them, and had not constituted, in their opinion, evidence sufficient to justify a murder warrant. He must go to them with something more.

The situation was a difficult one. Brown had withstood questioning by the authorities and was now free. Griswold, a private citizen, had no authority to make him talk. Yet this intrepid defender of the right determined to risk all on a daring plan.

Brown had stated to the police that he had gone to a show the evening before the murder with a young acquaintance named Gordon Peterson, and that after they had parted he had dropped in at a corner restaurant. He had reached his lodgings, he said, about 1.30 A. M. The killing, according to the medical officers, had occurred at 4 A. M.

Detective work in his home town was not easy for such a well known figure as F. W. Griswold. However, he came to be accepted as more or less of an habitué by the waitresses at that restaurant. One of them was positive that Brown had not been in the café in the early hours of November 30.

Careful inquiries convinced Griswold that young Peterson was thoroughly reputable. He proceeded to lay all the facts before him. Naturally Peterson started off on the assumption that his friend Brown was innocent. Griswold said frankly that he did not agree with him but was quite willing to be convinced.

Thus assured, Gordon Peterson went into all the facts thoroughly. Having done so, he said manfully, "I'll do all I can to get the truth out of Lawrence. If he is guilty, then I will go just as far to prove it as I would to prove his innocence."

That was good enough for Frank Griswold, and the two men shook hands on it.

From the beginning of the undertaking, Griswold had shadowed his former employee all day and a good part of the night, but apparently without result. Whether Brown was aware that his former boss was following him, Griswold couldn't tell, but he could see that his man was behaving most circumspectly, and he continued the shadowing for its possible effect upon Brown's state of mind. He felt sure that the same egotism and exhibitionism which had led Brown to play a know-all's part before the police would lead him, sooner or later, to do the like before himself.

Once more the manufacturer's inference proved right. The day came when Brown phoned him for an appointment.

"Sure," he answered cheerily. "I'll see you. Meet me here after lunch."

He had had a voice-recording instrument installed in his office.

"I know you think I killed Brolin," Brown began when he arrived, "but I'm going to convince you I didn't."

"O. K.," answered his former employer. "You can make a thousand dollars. I've offered that amount for the apprehension of the killer, and if you can convince me beyond doubt that you didn't kill Brolin, it's yours."

"I think I know who did kill him," Brown said. "The old man was bothering some of the young girls down at the plant, and the father of one of them bumped him off. If you give me a little time, I think I can tell you who the guilty man is."

Griswold pretended to be impressed.

"Run in and see me any time," he said. "Let me know how you're getting along."

Brown became an almost daily phone caller, a frequent visitor. Always he was on the point of disclosing

"I hadn't even noticed it was burning—
I'm using MENNEN MENTHOL-ICED LATHER!"

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LATHER
SHAVE
MENTHOL-ICED
MENNEN

Crave cool comfort?...then just try icy Mennen Menthol-iced Lather. Man, how it cools your chin! And how it wilts those whiskers! Your beard just breezes off. No yank. No pull. Say "Ha-Ha" to heat and discomfort, by saying to your druggist—"Mennen Menthol-iced for mine!"

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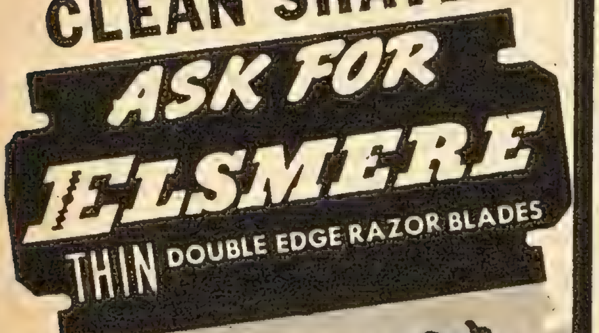

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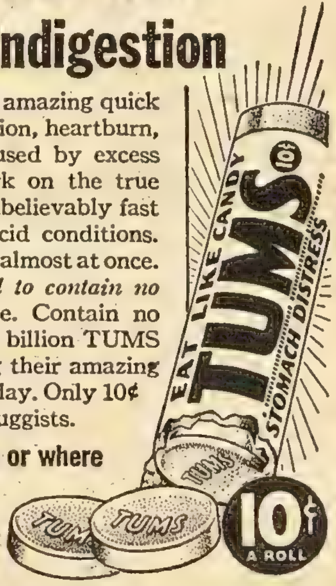

PERSONALITIES MAKE NEWS: People are behind the headlines of events. Read articles *about* them and *by* them in Liberty.

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KLUTCH forms a comfort cushion; holds dental plates so much firmer and snugger that one can eat and talk with greater comfort and security; in many cases almost as well as with natural teeth. Klutch lessens the constant fear of a dropping, rocking, chafing plate. 25c and 50c at druggists . . . If your druggist hasn't it, *don't waste money on substitutes*, but send us 10c and we will mail you a generous trial box. © I. P. INC
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Mothersills
SEASICK REMEDY

STOPS TRAVEL NAUSEA ON YOUR VACATION TRIPS

the slayer's identity. In time, he began to change his story from the irate father to a gang of crooks just out of Stillwater Penitentiary. Then he said this gang was planning to bump Griswold off, just as it had Brolin, unless Griswold would give up the hunt for Brolin's slayer.

Griswold had expected Brown to make just this move, and was prepared for it. He told Brown he had thought lately that he was being followed. As for what he should do, he would have to think it over. After giving Brown a chance to cool off, he sent for him.

"Do you know where these men are now?" he asked.

"Sure," boasted Brown. "I went to see two of them one night—Turk and Red. I know where Red lives."

OF course nothing came of it. Brown took Griswold and Captain Mullen on a wild-goose chase all over town, and impressed Mullen so unfavorably that he threw him into jail. This was the last thing Griswold wanted. Now, he feared, Brown would take fright and run away, and so Brown did, when released.

All Griswold could do now was wait. Gordon Peterson had been useful in handing Brown small sums of money, actually furnished by Griswold, which had kept him fed and kept his car's tank filled. Griswold counted to some extent on Brown's coming back for further handouts, but counted more on his theatrical bravado.

A month after the arrest Griswold's telephone rang and the familiar voice said, "This is Brown. I want to see you." He named a lonely spot near the golf links, where Griswold must come unaccompanied late that night.

The manufacturer had not underestimated the grave risk he had run throughout his dealings with Lawrence Brown. He had kept a loaded revolver in a drawer of his desk, and whenever Brown called, the drawer had been slightly open. But tonight he might be armed to the teeth and still not be safe in the dark at the spot Brown had named.

He thought of notifying the police, but that might result this time in scaring Brown away permanently. There was but one thing to do: to go to the meeting place himself and, as the killer had specified, unaccompanied. So he answered:

"O. K. I'll be there."

Brown did not keep the rendezvous. The next day an attorney called on Griswold and said he had been retained by Brown to file a damage suit against him for false arrest. A settlement out of court would be best for all concerned. Griswold, restraining his anger, told the man to ask Lawrence to drop around and discuss a settlement.

When Brown came, he proposed that Griswold, to save the expense of such a suit, should set him up in business in a bicycle-repair shop. Griswold showed no displeasure and said he would think it over.

A month later, Brown returned for a long talk. As to the search for Sam Brolin's slayer, the police, he pointed out, were satisfied. Why shouldn't Griswold be? Griswold suggested that Brown sit down with him and Peterson and state his side of the case. If Peterson, having listened to it, should decide that Brown was guiltless, Griswold would drop the search. Brown, recalling Peterson's belief in his innocence, readily agreed.

The meeting was finally arranged and took place at the home of a woman friend of both Brown and Peterson. His suspicions lulled by Griswold's apparently friendly attitude, and believing that a confession—which, of course, he could repudiate if the matter ever came into court—was the best way to soothe his ex-boss, Brown called for pen and ink and confessed to the murder of Samuel Brolin.

Griswold also realized that the confession would be no good if Brown said he had made it under coercion. So, instead of turning Brown over to the authorities, as most laymen would have done, he simply pocketed the paper with the air of being fully satisfied, shook hands, and went home.

When nothing happened—that is, no police came after him—Lawrence Brown, being the type he was, had to go around to see Griswold and gloat over his cleverness.

In the course of this visit he not only repeated his confession for the benefit of the concealed recording device, but boasted that the police were no good, and that he could tell them, if he wished to, who had committed the murder of an aged filling-station operator on Highway 12 over the Wisconsin line at Fort Atkinson.

The moment Brown left him, Griswold called up Sheriff O'Brien in Fort Atkinson and learned that the Wisconsin slayer, who had poured five bullets into the aged man, bore a striking resemblance to Lawrence Brown!

WELL, it is a long story how the patient Griswold continued to play on Brown's mania for the spotlight until he actually got him into County Attorney Goff's office, where, under Griswold's prompting, Brown made his confession of the murder of Brolin official and apparently irrevocable. However, he then demanded a further audience with the prosecutor, and told him that he had confessed because his former employer had paid him one thousand dollars to do so.

Fortunately, Sheriff O'Brien of Fort Atkinson arrived with a warrant for the arrest of Lawrence Brown for the murder on Highway 12. Thus bulwarked, the Minneapolis authorities went ahead with their prosecution on the Brolin charge.

Today lifer Brown is safely behind the bars of a Minnesota penitentiary. If he is ever paroled, Sheriff O'Brien will be waiting at the prison gates.

Frank Griswold, of course, has gone back to the signal business. Every good citizen should join in the wish that he may prosper!

THE END

BERNARR MACFADDEN EDITORIAL QUOTATION CONTEST

$2,000 in Cash Prizes!

LIBERTY invites you to try for one of the 223 cash prizes offered by this new contest. Your chance to capture one of the major awards is excellent if you abide by the brief simple Rules given below and study the editorials by Bernarr Macfadden carefully. Turn to his editorial on page 4 of this issue. After you have read it carefully, select the sentence or paragraph you wish to quote. Then clip Coupon 1 from this page and copy the quotation on it. If you need additional space, paste the coupon on a larger sheet and continue your quotation thereon. When you have done this you will be well on your way toward a finished entry and a claim for one of the cash prizes. The second coupon in this series of ten will be published next week. Do not submit any coupons until your set of ten is complete at the end of the series.

THE RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks, ending in the issue dated August 3, Liberty will publish a Bernarr Macfadden Editorial Quotation Contest coupon.

2. To compete, study carefully the Bernarr Macfadden editorial in each issue in which these coupons appear. Select from each editorial the sentence or paragraph you believe most worthy to be quoted for its power to awaken the reader to his duties as an American citizen. Copy the selected sentence or paragraph on the coupon appearing in the same issue. Use typewriter, pen and ink, or pencil. If you require additional space, paste the coupon on a larger sheet and continue your quotation on that.

3. Save all coupons until the end of the contest and submit them as a unit, together with a statement of not more than 50 words explaining, "The editorial in this series of ten that I liked best, and why."

4. The entry presenting the set of ten quotations which in the opinion of the judges best expresses the Macfadden ideal of patriotic Americanism, accompanied by the most convincing, logical statement, will be awarded the $500 First Prize. In the order of their excellence on this basis other entries will receive the following awards: Second Prize, $200; Third Prize, $100; 20 prizes, $10 each; 200 prizes, $5 each. In the event of ties duplicate awards will be paid.

5. The judges will be the editors of Liberty, and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final. Winning entries become the property of Liberty for publication wherever desired. No correspondence can be entered into concerning any entry.

6. Mail entries to Bernarr Macfadden Editorial Quotations Editor, Liberty, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. All entries must be postmarked on or before midnight, Saturday, August 3, 1940, the closing date of this contest.

BERNARR MACFADDEN EDITORIAL QUOTATION CONTEST

COUPON NO. 1 (Paste this coupon on a larger sheet if you need more space)

Liberty

INVITES CIVIC ORGANIZATIONS EVERYWHERE

to sponsor one of the great series of patriotic dances now being arranged from coast to coast

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Each LIBERTY BALL

is dedicated to a realization of the priceless benefits of

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Each LIBERTY BALL

will feature the nomination of a

LIBERTY BELLE

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Already patriotic groups in many cities are enthusiastically preparing to participate in this great nation-wide honor to a great free nation.

Any civic organization wishing to sponsor a Liberty Ball in its city can obtain complete particulars by writing to Liberty Magazine, 205 East Forty-second Street, New York City, where all information is now available.

WHY NOT PUT CONGRESS ON THE AIR?

SEATTLE, WASH.—This is important enough for public attention: In the State of Washington during the past two years a powerful movement has grown up around a resolution which I drafted demanding that the proceedings of Congress be broadcast to the nation. Thousands of persons who have adopted this resolution firmly believe that the enactment of such a proposal in the law would be the greatest safeguard to our democracy.

Throughout the nations of the world today the lights of democracy are being snuffed out, one by one. In America the lights still burn brightly, and if we are to keep them burning in the future, all of the people of this nation must take an *active interest* in their government.

The tomorrow of America belongs to all of the American people, and the only way to get them to take an interest in their government is to give them a clear understanding of the fundamental issues being raised in Congress.

If our democracy is to survive, intelligence must sit upon the throne in the seats of our government. Should the proceedings of Congress be broadcast upon such issues as the Supreme Court, the foreign policies, low-cost medicine, low-cost housing, the National Labor Relations Act, WPA allotment, old-age pensions, and other equally important issues, it would cause millions of people to take an immediate and active interest in our governmental problems.

The surest guaranty for the ideals of American democracy is the participation in and the realization of what our government *really* means to all of us as a whole. —*Ward Coley, Business Agent, Building Service Employees International Union.*

PUGILIST SUPREME

FLOYD, VA.—After reading Why Joe Louis Wins, by Alex Sullivan (March 30 Liberty), I must say, Hats off to Jimmy Braddock! He is by far the greatest sports writer of all time.

He should have said, "I (James J. Braddock) am the greatest fighter of all times, after having knocked out the invincible Louis before five hundred millionaire sportsmen sworn to secrecy in a barn near Stamford, Connecticut, on March 31, 1937."

This would seem to indicate that Braddock rates above Dempsey, Jeffries, or Fitzsimmons.—*H. H.*

STAMPS—YES AND NO!

LEXINGTON, KY.—Replying to your query on a stamp article (April 13 Vox Pop), I would like to see something on the *first* stamps issued by the federal government.

It is true the first United States postage dates from 1847, and volumes have been written on most every issue since, but the first stamps were really what is now known as Embossed Revenues and date from 1798.

The idea for these stamps must have been taken from the so-called Boston Tea Party stamps.

As far as I know, nothing has ever appeared concerning them in a prominent magazine.—*H. H. Harned.*

BOSTON, MASS.—I'm ag'in' wasting good Liberty space on F. D. R.'s and Farley's sacred hobby, philately. They have spent seven long years on it and other vote-getting schemes, and the country is getting no better fast.—*G. B. McDaniel.*

SHE KNEW MR. HOOVER, SO—

ATLANTA, GA.—Just to keep the record straight, I am noting the error made by Frederick L. Collins in the second installment of his story on J. Edgar Hoover (March 23 Liberty).

I was the "beautiful Southern girl" who interviewed Mr. Hoover on the kind of girl he wanted to marry and the story was syndicated. But I did not call on him in Washington armed with a letter of introduction, as Mr. Collins wrote in his story. I knew Mr. Hoover.

Also Mr. Hoover knew I was going to interview him when I visited Washington.—*Yolande Gwin.*

❡ "Sane Americans, if asked, will agree that they think the greatest gold hoard in all history is the greatest war hazard any country has ever had," warns R. S. Carver of Austin, Texas.

"NO PRODIGIES WANTED"

PHOENIX, ARIZ.—How about hearing something on this recently much discussed matter of the "child prodigy"? Norman Alexandroff, director of the National Artists' Foundation, in searching for musical genius, says, "No prodigies wanted."

He stated something about judging quality as to music, and not judging music by the age of the musician. Personally, I think Alexandroff is all wet. Menuhin, the great violinist, made his debut at eight, and Rubinstein at six, and many more can be added to the list.

All child prodigies do not fade out later in life, as Alexandroff seems to want us all to believe. Let's hear something about this from experts. —*Martin H. Herlick.*

❡ "Get rid of hidden taxations," says John W. Storms of Memphis, Tennessee. "It's got Mr. Macfadden and everybody else locoed!"

IS THIS A FISH STORY?

ORRS ISLAND, ME.—A couple of summers ago John Johnson, a lobsterman, was sitting on his wharf when a woman approached and requested six live boiled lobsters. Johnson got into his dory, rowed out to his trap, and brought back a half dozen lively lobsters. The customer looked at them doubtfully.

SWEET ADELINE
RUM

"Have these been boiled?" she asked.

"No, madam," replied Johnson. "You'll have to boil them yourself, of course."

"Didn't you hear me?" exclaimed the woman indignantly. "I told you I wanted them all alive but all boiled."

And she strode away.—*Benjamin Watt.*

❡ "Perhaps," speculates H. E. Westerberg of St. Cloud, Minnesota, "Mr. Sokolsky still believes that Washington chopped down the cherry tree."

"THE LAW IS AN ASS"

PORTLAND, ORE.—Mr. Oursler's entertaining comment (April 13 Liberty) on Percival E. Jackson's Look at the Law brought to mind an ordinance passed by the municipal authorities of Houston, Texas, which classes making goo-goo eyes as a misdemeanor punishable by heavy fine and imprisonment.

One is impelled to wonder what manner of men are these municipal authorities of staid old Houston who by rigid legal enactment would rob life of one of its chief joys.

On the other hand, I call attention to the following Associated Press dispatch from Somerville, New Jersey, of November 10 last which read: "Oscar Phillipson is serving a sentence in jail here for killing a rabbit out of season which devoured vegetables in his mother's garden. Two charges, one of killing it, the other of using a repeating rifle holding more than two shells, were preferred against Phillipson. For the first offense Phillipson was given choice between a fine of $104 or ninety days in jail; for the second offense a sentence of thirty days in jail or a fine of $24 was imposed. As the youth could not pay the fine, he was sent to jail."

"What fools," etc., as Puck says.—*W. A. Williams.*

❡ "First thing I read in Liberty is Macfadden's fine editorial and the last thing I read are the whisky ads," declares E. C. Thomson of Hannibal, Missouri.

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

BISHOP FREEMAN ON AMERICANISM

WASHINGTON, D. C.—For some years now I have been a reader of Liberty, which I take largely because of its excellent editorials. Mr. Macfadden's strong stand for American ideals has prompted me to send the enclosed definition of Americanism which I wrote some time ago for the American Legion.

It may be that you would care to use it in Liberty. I am happy to say that it has been favorably received. I am only prompted to send it to you because of your own fine stand for American ideals.—*James E. Freeman, Bishop of Washington.*

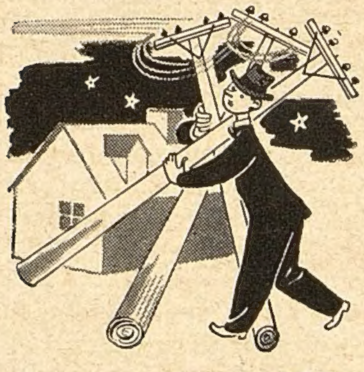
AMERICANISM

Americanism is complete and unqualified loyalty to the ideals of government set forth in the Bill of Rights, the Declaration of Independence, and the Constitution of the United States. It is respect for and ready obedience to duly constituted authority and the laws of the land. It is freedom without license, religion without bigotry, respect for all nations without entangling alliances, Christian charity without bias or race hatred, love of flag and a readiness to defend that for which it stands against every alien and subversive influence from without or within. This, I believe, is Americanism.

HOLLERS BACK AT BARLASS

ST. JOSEPH, MO.—Jack Barlass of Des Moines, Iowa, complains something awful about the Wage and Hour Law in March 16 Vox Pop. He hollers because he can't take his work home with him, and states in effect the forty-two-hour week is holding him down something terrible.

I'll help finance a campaign to get a Jack Barlass clause written into the Wage and Hour Law allowing him as a special favor to work twenty-two hours per day, and I hope it's laying tin roof with the thermometer up around 106° or trouble-shooting for an electric-power company in a blizzard with the mercury down to 20° below.



But I don't think he should be allowed to take the telephone poles home with him, no matter how loud he bellows.—*Bill Burton.*

◖ "Some one wants the veterans' racket exposed," remarks E. D. Sebold of Washington, D. C., "but I say it's high time to expose the horseless Jesse Jameses who run employment agency rackets."

SPICE AND CHUCKLES

ROCK CAVE, W. VA.—Vox Pop certainly doesn't lack for spice. I get more chuckles from reading it than from reading pages full of jokes found elsewhere. Then, too, there is much food for thought contained there. I find plenty of sentiments to agree with, plenty to argue about, and as soon as I get my new copy of Liberty each week, these pages are the first I turn to.

However, I consider the entire magazine one to be amazed at. No place else can one find such a variety of good reading, interesting contests, and other features as are found in this one small magazine.

It certainly fulfills the old saying, "Good things come in small packets."—*Mrs. K. Martin.*

THERE'S PLENTY OF IT!

AURORA, ILL.—Now that we have had several articles in Liberty about German propaganda, Hitler agents, Nazi spy systems, Jewish persecutions, etc., I suggest we hear about the British agents overrunning our country with their propaganda, their influence on our political and industrial life, their agents in Washington trying to influence our congressmen and senators.

We are supposed to be neutral, so let's have both sides of the story.—*Frank C. Anderson.*

PAGE SECRETARY WALLACE

SUNBURY, OHIO—The Congressional Record for March 1, 1940 (page 3455) shows that the government at Washington spent $30,000,000 for some twenty varieties of farm surplus products to give away, and then imported $92,298,000 of these same twenty different farm surplus products.

Tell us, please, is this a part of these "reciprocal trade treaties"?

What kind of business *is* this!—*W. F. Richmond.*

BOY BRANDS BONE BONER

HUMBOLDT, ARIZ.—Will you please tell Mr. James Stuart (April 6 Liberty cover) that a leg of beef always has a bone in it?

I live on an Arizona cattle ranch and my daddy butchers for the market.

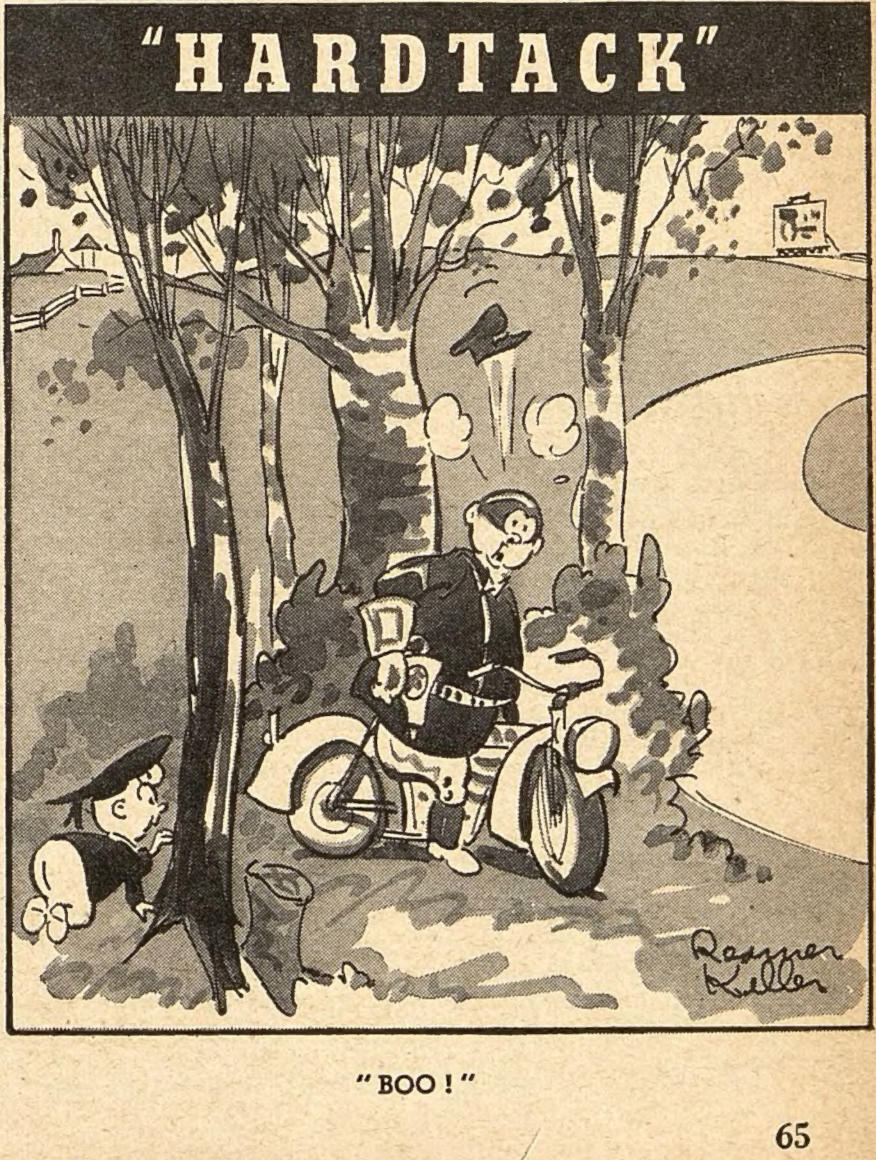
How could a cow walk, Mr. Editor Man, with no bone in her leg?—*Loyd Jones (eight years old).*

◖ Recommends Noochie Lerer of Maynard, Massachusetts: "How not to sleep at the wheel: Take off your shoes and drive in your stocking feet. Try it!"

LIKED MANVILLE SAGA

SAN DIEGO, CALIF.—I would say to Tommy Manville, Jr.:

You get us all set and on the *qui vive* for something different, and then you say good-by and tell us there won't be any more. Why do you do that to us?—*Seer.*



"BOO!"

A Short-Short Visit to Minneapolis

FULTON OURSLER

IT WAS my good fortune recently to spend twenty-four hours in Minneapolis as a guest of that city's Advertising Club. For me it was an enriching adventure. I left Chicago in the company of two most companionable men, O. A. Feldon of the Chicago Liberty office and J. Lithgow Mitchell, Western representative of True Story. At the station to wish us a good journey was Mr. Charles Youle of the Chicago & North-Western, very proud of the brilliant yellow streamliner on which we were to travel, the famous 400, one of the sleekest and fastest trains on earth. Traveling on the 400 is a “ moving experience ” in speed, safety, and comfort. . . . Before ten o'clock we reached Station WCCO in Minneapolis. There I met a newspaper columnist and radio commentator of great fame in the Northwest, Mr. Cedric Adams. His regular broadcasts are sponsored by a baking company and I learned that Minneapolis housewives often ask for Cedric Adams bread. Mr. Adams' fascinating daily column appears in the Minneapolis Star-Journal. I listened with admiration to his succinct, well informed, and expertly proportioned digest of foreign and domestic news. Mr. Adams asked me a number of pertinent questions during his broadcast that night. It was a pleasure to be with him on the air.

THEN I WAS YANKED to the Nicollet Hotel, where I met some well informed Minneapolis newspapermen. That night, as I went to sleep in a bed far more comfortable than one finds in many Eastern hotels, I kept telling myself that I was in the very heart of the North American continent, halfway between the equator and the north pole. And it was good to be there!

EARLY THE NEXT MORNING came a telephone call from an old friend, Phyllis Abdullah, daughter of Captain Abdullah who has written so many fine stories for Liberty. Phyllis is a nurse at the Minneapolis General Hospital. Then came Ed Lewis, wholesaler for the Macfadden Publications, with whom I had recently had a visit in Miami Beach. Now Ed undertook to show me the sights of his adopted town, which he loves with all the fervor of a settler. He told me he knew almost every one in town. If he had been a native he would have known the other three. . . . He took me to a bridge over the broad Mississippi, ice still lingering on its solemn bosom. Here we were at the head of navigation on the Father of Waters. Yonder was the Falls of St. Anthony; the power of those falls was the secret of the city's prosperity. Within sight was the greatest flour-milling center in the world. The great flour mills and the large creameries had given a name to the panorama of fine modern buildings etched against the bright sky—they call it “ the bread-and-butter sky line.” Ed drove me through a city of sturdy accomplishment and yet imaginative beauty, a town of pleasant homes and wide clean streets and an extraordinary number of parks and drives. We passed six large and several smaller lakes within the city limits. We traversed a splendid modern boulevard called the Grand Rounds—more than fifty miles of modern highway around the city. I admired the Cathedral, the new Municipal Auditorium, the Federal Reserve Bank of the Ninth District, and was especially impressed with the main campus of the University of Minnesota near the Mississippi in southeastern Minneapolis. What fan could look on the Memorial Stadium without recalling that this was the native habitat of those Minnesota Gophers, football players to challenge the admiration of the whole world of sport?

ON OUR WAY FARTHER OUT we talked about other aspects of life in Minneapolis which interested me particularly. I knew of the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra, of course, but Ed told me also of schools of music, of the Minneapolis Institute of Arts. He showed me the imposing Walker Art Gallery. Finally he brought me to a little park, where we left the car and walked over to a railing above a gorge. There I saw a falling stream of water surrounded by curtains of ice, and Ed told me that this was the Falls of Minnehaha. Here I was in the Hiawatha story land—

Where the Falls of Minnehaha
Flash and gleam among the oak trees,
Laugh and leap into the valley.

Minnehaha Falls interrupt the flow of Minnehaha Creek, which flows from Lake Minnetonka—you know the song, By the Waters of Minnetonka—and empties into the Mississippi. I would have enjoyed staying here a longer time. I would have wished to explore Minneapolis for hours on end. But Ed was inexorable. He fetched me back to the hotel on time.

THERE I MET Mr. E. R. Champion, president of the Advertising Club of Minneapolis and advertising manager of Investors Syndicate. Mr. Champion is a vigorous and forthright man, a fine type of the modern young American executive. It was he who introduced me to a friendly audience in the Terrace Room of the Hotel Nicollet and I am indeed grateful for the kind attention with which they listened to my little talk. When that was over there were two more broadcasts made as electrical recordings and broadcast that night. One was over Station WCCO with the charming Miss Florence Lehmann, and the other was over Station KSTP, where I was met by Mr. Ray Jenkins, sales manager of KSTP. Mr. Jenkins introduced me to the popular commentator Mr. Val Björnson. He has a large following. After he had interviewed me, we went back to the hotel for a little reception, where I met some more interesting people from Minneapolis. I wish there was space to tell you about them all. Too soon came traintime, and as we hurried to the station we found waiting for us at the train gate Mr. J. M. Rogers, who invited us to ride in the cab of the great Diesel-engined locomotive of the Burlington's fast and famous Zephyr. There are two other famous streamliners on which I hope some day to ride—the Milwaukee road's Hiawatha and the Rock Island Rocket. But that is for another time, and let me tell the good people of Minneapolis I do hope there will be another time.

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.
FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty
The American Way of Life

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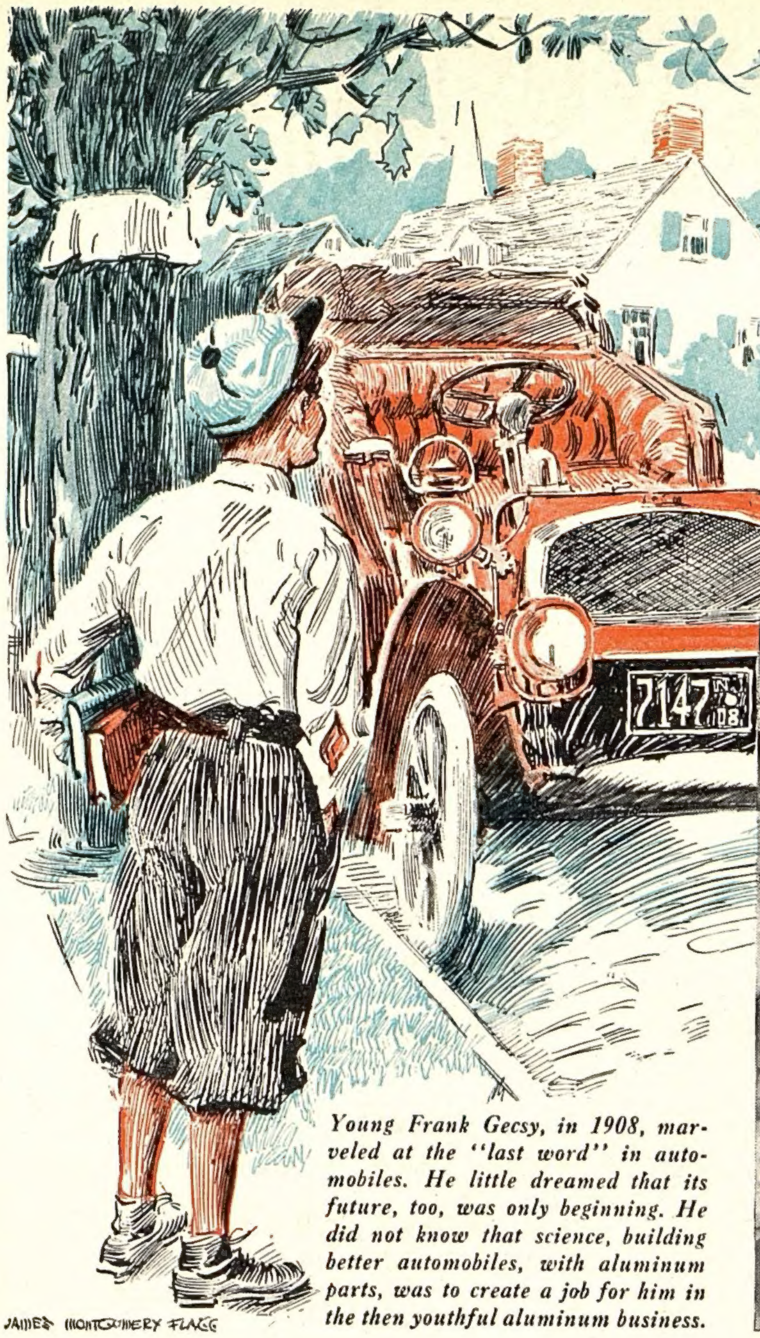
The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

COVER BY ALDEN WEEKS

Frank Gecsy, worker in Aluminum

HIS STAR WAS HITCHED TO A HORSELESS CARRIAGE



Young Frank Gecsy, in 1908, marveled at the "last word" in automobiles. He little dreamed that its future, too, was only beginning. He did not know that science, building better automobiles, with aluminum parts, was to create a job for him in the then youthful aluminum business.

Today Frank Gecsy, a solid citizen of Cleveland, Ohio, is a valued worker in our foundry, where we make, among other things, aluminum alloy pistons for automobiles. And a fine second generation of Gecsys is growing up.

READING TIME ● 1 MINUTE 50 SECONDS

Every job in the aluminum industry is a made job, and Frank's was no exception. It was created just in time to be ready when he was ready to go to work.

Frank works in one of the plants where we cast molten aluminum into all sorts of useful things — automobile pistons, washing machine "dollies," and hundreds of other parts for all kinds of machines.

Plain unalloyed aluminum wouldn't have done for making these castings. Science had to develop special alloys before aluminum castings could be practical. And science had to discover many more alloys before the making of aluminum castings became enough of a business to create jobs for young fellows like Frank Gecsy.

Making new alloys isn't like mixing up a new cake and hoping for the best. A man may spend years, drawing upon all that is known about the behavior of metals melted together, in perfecting just one useful alloy.

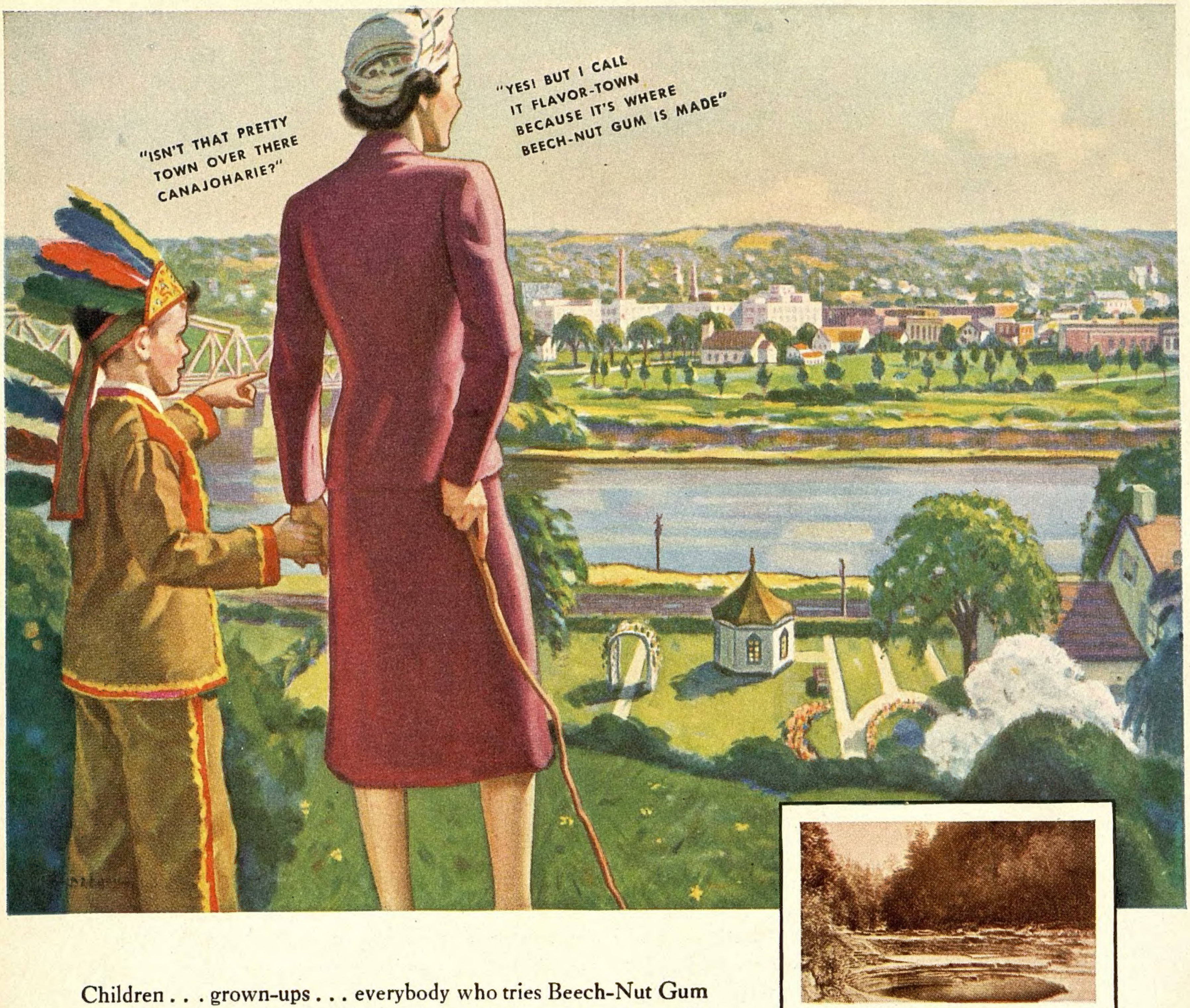
But many men, banded together in a common search, provided with the finest equipment, and pooling their daily findings, are likely to multiply their results many fold. They look, so to speak, with many eyes through the same microscope; they peer into the same experimental furnace; they check the results of thousands of tests.

That sort of organized effort is one phase of the broad field called research.

In our own company we are spending millions of dollars in research. This means there will be more jobs created, just as Frank Gecsy's job was made.

ALUMINUM COMPANY ALCOA ALCOA ALUMINUM OF AMERICA

Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

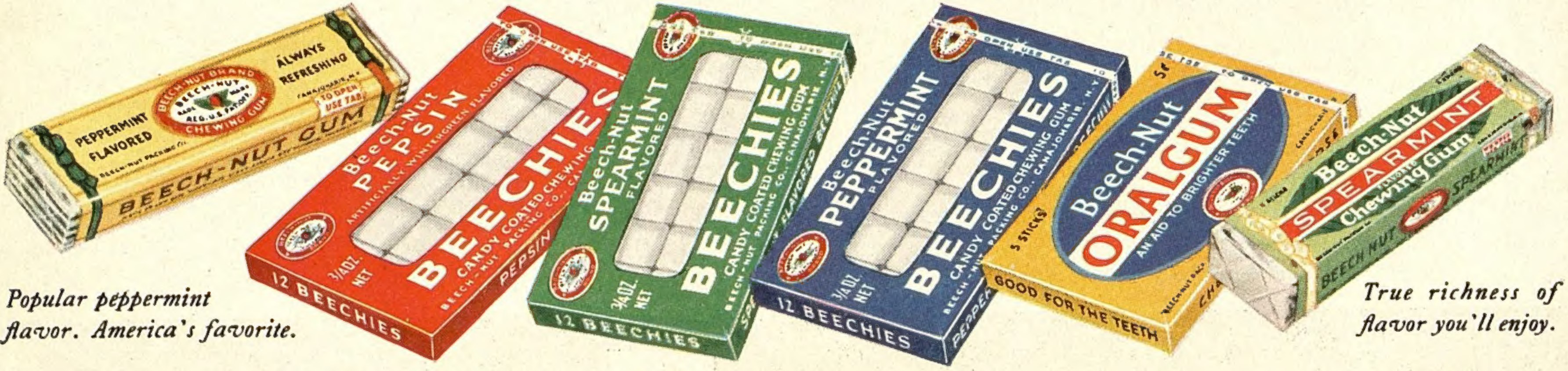

"ISN'T THAT PRETTY TOWN OVER THERE CANAJOHARIE?"
"YES! BUT I CALL IT FLAVOR-TOWN BECAUSE IT'S WHERE BEECH-NUT GUM IS MADE"

Indians named this "boiling pot" *Canajoharie* which means "pot that washes itself." It is today's name for this Mohawk Valley town.

Children . . . grown-ups . . . everybody who tries Beech-Nut Gum enjoys its extra-delicious, fresh flavor and its fine quality. You will, too! So try all six tempting varieties and see which you like the best. Find out how restful and refreshing chewing gum can really be!

Beech-Nut Gum

made with care, in country air, at Flavor-Town, (*Canajoharie*) N.Y.


BEECH-NUT GUM
PEPPERMINT FLAVORED
ALWAYS REFRESHING
Beech-Nut PEPSIN BEECHIES
Beech-Nut SPEARMINT FLAVORED BEECHIES
Beech-Nut PEPPERMINT FLAVORED BEECHIES
CANDY COATED CHEWING GUM
12 BEECHIES
Beech-Nut ORALGUM
AN AID TO BRIGHTER TEETH
GOOD FOR THE TEETH
Beech-Nut SPEARMINT Chewing Gum

Popular peppermint flavor. America's favorite.

Tempting candy-coated individual pieces. In 3 flavors . . . handy for purse or pocket.

Delicious chewing gum made firmer in texture for mouth health. Chew with a purpose.

True richness of flavor you'll enjoy.

ONE OF AMERICA'S GOOD HABITS